



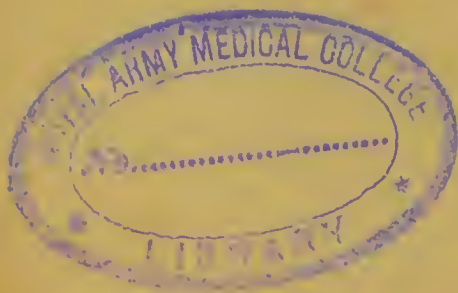
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HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ.

*If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here
disallow thee to be a competent judge.*—IZAAK WALTON.

HORÆ SUBSECIVÆ.

LOCKE AND SYDENHAM

WITH

OTHER OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

By JOHN BROWN, M.D.

FELLOW AND LIBRARIAN OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF
PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH.

*Non ulla nobis pagina gratior
Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.*

DR. JOHNSON.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE AND CO.

HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO. LONDON.

1858.

“ The treatment of the illustrious dead by the quick, often reminds me of the gravedigger in Hamlet, and the skull of poor æfunct Yorick.”—W. H. B.

TO MY TWO FRIENDS

at Busby, Renfrewshire,

In Remembrance of a Journey from Carstairs Junction
to Toledo and back,

The Story of "Rab and his Friends" is inscribed:

To the Memory of

JAMES ABERCROMBY first BARON DUNFERMLINE,

And to MY FATHER'S,

is dedicated

What of Moral and Intellectual Truth

is in these

B Y E - H O U R S .



PREFACE.

IN that delightful and provoking book, "THE DOCTOR, &c.," Southey says: "'Prefaces,' said Charles Blount, Gent., 'Prefaces,' according to this flippant, ill-opinioned, and unhappy man, 'ever were, and still are, but of two sorts, let the mode and fashions vary as they please,—let the long peruke succeed the godly cropt hair; the cravat, the ruff; presbytery, popery; and popery, presbytery again,—yet still the author keeps to his old and wonted method of prefacing; when at the beginning of his book he enters, either with a halter round his neck, submitting himself to his readers' mercy whether he shall be hanged or no, or else, in a huffing manner, he appears with the halter in his hand, and threatens to hang his reader, if he gives him not his good word. This, with the excitement of friends to his undertaking, and some few apologies for the want of time, books, and the like, are the constant and usual shams of all scribblers, ancient and modern.' This was not true then," says Southey, "nor is it now." I differ from Southey, in thinking there is some truth in both ways of wearing the halter. For though it be neither manly nor honest to affect a voluntary humility (which is after all, a sneak-

ing vanity, and would soon show itself if taken at its word), any more than it is well-bred, or seemly to put on (for it generally is put on) the “huffing manner,” both such being truly “shams,”—there is general truth in Mr. Blount’s flippancies.

Every man should know and lament (to himself) his own shortcomings—should mourn over and mend, as he best can, the “confusions of his wasted youth;” he should feel how ill he has put out to usury the talent given him by the Great Taskmaster—how far from being “a good and faithful servant;” and he should make this rather understood than expressed by his manner as a writer; while at the same time, every man should deny himself the luxury of taking his hat off to the public, unless he has something to say, and has done his best to say it aright; and every man should pay not less attention to the dress in which his thoughts present themselves, than he would to that of his person on going into company.

Bishop Butler, in his Preface to his Sermons, in which there is perhaps more solid living sense, than in the same number of words anywhere else, says, after making the division between “obscurity” and “perplexity and confusion of thought,”—the first being in the subject, the others in its expression,—“confusion and perplexity are, in writing, indeed without excuse, because any one may, if he pleases, know whether he understands or sees through what he is about, and it is unpardonable in a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. *It is coming abroad in*

disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home."

There should therefore be in his Preface, as in the writer himself, two elements. A writer should have some assurance that he has something to say, and this assurance should, in the true sense, not the Milesian, be modest.

My objects, in this volume of odds and ends, are, among others—

I. To give my vote for going back to the old manly intellectual and literary culture of the days of Sydenham, Arbuthnot, and Gregory; when a physician fed, enlarged, and quickened his entire nature; when he lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and revered the ancients, while, at the same time, he pushed on among his fellows, and lived in the present, believing that his profession and his patients need not suffer, though his *horæ subserviæ* were devoted occasionally to miscellaneous thinking and reading, and to a course of what is elsewhere called "fine confused feeding," or though, as his Gaelic historian says of Rob Roy at his bye hours, he be "a man of incoherent transactions." As I have said, system is not always method, much less progress.

II. That the study in himself and others of the human understanding, its modes and laws as objective realities, and his gaining that power over mental action in himself and others, which alone comes from knowledge at first-hand, is one which every physician should not only begin in youth, but continue all his life long, and which in fact all men of

fenſe and original thought do make, though it may lie in their minds, as it were, unformed and without a tongue.

III. That phyſiology and the laws of health are the interpreters of diſeaſe and cure, over whoſe porch we may beſt inſcribe *hinc ſanitas*. That it is in watching Nature's methods of cure¹ in ourſelves, and in the lower animals,—and in a firm faith in the ſelf-regulative, recuperative powers of nature, that all our therapeutic intentions and means muſt proceed, and that we ſhould watch and obey this truly Divine voice and finger, with reverence and godly fear, as well as with diligence and worldly wiſdom—humbly ſtanding by while He works, guiding, not ſtemming or withdrawing His current, and acting as His miniſters and helps. Not, however, that we ſhould go about making every man, and above all, every woman, his and her own doctor, by making them ſwallow a doſe of ſcience and phyſiology, falſely ſo called. There is much miſchievous nonſenſe talked

¹ “ ‘That there is no curing diſeaſes by art, without firſt knowing how they are to be cured by nature,’ was the obſervation of an ancient phyſician of great eminence, who very early in my life ſuperintended my medical education, and by this axiom all my ſtudies and practice have been regulated.”—Grant on Fevers, Lond. 1771. An admirable book, and to be read ſtill, as its worth, like that of nature, never grows old, *naturam non pati ſenium*. We would adviſe every young phyſician who is in practice, to read this unpretending and now little-known book, eſpecially the introduction. Any “ancient phyſician,” and the greater his eminence and his age the better, ſo that the eminence be real, who takes it up, will acknowledge that the author had done what he ſaid, made “this axiom” the rule of his life and doctrine.

and acted on, in this direction. The physiology to be taught in schools, and to our clients the public, should be the physiology of common sense, rather than that of dogmatic and minute science ; and should be of a kind, as it easily may be, *which will deter from self-doctoring*, while it guides in prevention and conduct ; and will make them understand enough of the fearful and wonderful machinery of life, to awe and warn, as well as to enlighten.

Much of the strength and weakness of Homœopathy lies in the paltry fallacy, that every mother, and every clergyman, and “loose woman,” as a wise friend calls the restless public old maid, may know when to administer *aconite*, *arsenicum*, and *nux*, to her child, his entire parish, or her “circle.” Indeed here, as elsewhere, man’s great difficulty is to strive to walk through life, and through thought and practice, in a straight line ; to keep *in medio*—in that golden mean, which is our true centre of gravity, and which we lost in Eden. We all tend like children, or the blind, or the old, or the tipsy, to walk to one side, or wildly from one side to the other : one extreme breeds its opposite. Hydropathy sees and speaks some truth, but it is as in its sleep, or with one eye shut, and one leg lame ; its practice does good, its theory is sheer nonsense, and yet it is the theory that its masters and their constituents doat on.

If all that is good in the Water-Cure, and in Rubbing, and in Homœopathy, were winnowed from the false, the useless, and the worse, what an important and permanent addition would be made to our operative knowledge,—to our powers as healers ; and here it is,

where I cannot help thinking that we have, as a profession, gone astray in our indiscriminate abuse of all these new practices and nostrums: they indicate, however coarsely and stupidly, some want in us. There is in them all something good, and if we could draw to us, instead of driving away from us, those men whom we call, and in the main truly call, quacks,—if we could absorb them with a difference, rejecting the ridiculous and mischievous much, and adopting and sanctioning the valuable little, we and the public would be all the better off. Why should not “the Faculty” have under their control and advice, and at their command, rubbers, and shampoos, and water men, and milk men, and grape men, and cudgelling men, as they have cuppers, and the like, instead of giving them the advantage of crying out “persecution,” and quoting the martyrs of science from Galileo downwards.

IV. As my readers may find to their discontent, the natural, and, till we get into “an ampler æther and diviner air,” the necessary difference between speculative science and practical art is iterated and reiterated with much persistency, and the necessity of estimating medicine more as the Art of healing than the Science of diseased action and appearance,¹ and its being

¹ When the modern scientific methods first burst on our medical world, and especially, when morbid anatomy in connexion with physical signs (as distinguished from purely vital symptoms, an incomplete, but convenient distinction), the stethoscope, microscope, &c., it, as a matter of course, became the rage to announce with startling minuteness what was the organic condition of the interior—as if a watchmaker would spend most of his own time and his workmen’s, in debating on the beautiful ruins of his wheels, instead

more teachable and better by example than by precept, insisted on as one of the most urgent wants of the time. But I must stick to this. Regard for, and reliance on a

of teaching himself and them to keep the *totum quid* clean, and going, and winding it up before it stopped. Renowned clinical professors would keep shivering, terrified, it might be dying, patients sitting up while they exhibited their powers in auscultation and pleximetry, &c., the poor students, honest fellows, standing by all the while and supposing this to be their chief end; and the same eager, admirable, and acute performer, after putting down everything in a book, might be seen moving on to the lecture-room, where he told the same youths *what they would find on dissection*, with more of minuteness than accuracy, deepening their young wonder into awe, and begetting a rich emulation in all these arts of diagnosis,—while he forgot to order anything for the cure or relief of the disease! This actually happened in a Parisian hospital, and an Englishman, with his practical turn, said to the lively, clear-headed professor, “But what are you going to give him?” “Oh!” shrugging his shoulders, “I quite forgot about that;” possibly little was needed, or could do good, but that little should have been the main thing, and not have been shrugged at. It is told of another of our Gallic brethren, that having discovered a specific for a skin disease, he pursued it with such keenness on the field of his patient’s surface, that he perished just when it did. On going into the dead-house, our conqueror examined the surface of the subject with much interest, and some complacency—not a vestige of disease or life—and turning on his heel, said, “*Il est mort guéri!*” Cured indeed! with the disadvantage, single, but in one sense infinite, of the man being dead; dead, with the advantage, general, but at best finite, of the *scaly tetter* being cured.

In a word, let me say to my young medical friends, give more attention to steady common observation—the old Hippocratic ἀκριβεία, exactness, literal accuracy, precision, niceness of sense; what Sydenham calls the natural history of disease. *Symptoms* are universally available; they are the voice of nature: *signs*, by which I mean more

person, is not less necessary for a young learner, than belief in a principle, or an abstract body of truth; and here it is that we have given up the good of the old artificial and refined means of scrutiny—the stethoscope, the microscope, &c.—are not always within the power of every man, and with all their help, are additions, not substitutes. Besides, the best natural and unassisted observer—the man bred in the constant practice of keen discriminating insight—is the best man for all instrumental niceties; and above all, the faculty and habit of gathering together the entire symptoms, and selecting what of these are capital and special; and trusting in medicine as a tentative art, which even at its utmost conceivable perfection, has always to do with variable quantities, and is conjectural and helpful more than positive and all-sufficient, content with *probabilities*, with that measure of uncertainty which experience teaches us attaches to everything human and conditioned. Here are the candid and wise words of Professor Syme:—“In performing an operation upon the living body, we are not in the condition of a blacksmith or carpenter, who understands precisely the qualities of the materials upon which he works, and can depend on their being always the same. The varieties of human constitution must always expose our proceedings to a degree of uncertainty, and render even the slightest liberties possibly productive of the most serious consequences; so that the extraction of a tooth, the opening of a vein, or the removal of a small tumour, has been known to prove fatal. Then it must be admitted that the most experienced, careful, and skilful operator may commit mistakes; and I am sure that there is no one of the gentlemen present who can look back on his practice and say he has never been guilty of an error.” This is the main haunt and region of his craft. This it is that makes the rational practitioner. Here again, as in religion, men now-a-days are in search of a sort of fixed point, a kind of demonstration and an amount of certainty which is plainly not intended, for from the highest to the lowest of these compound human knowledges, “*probability*,” as the wise and modest Bishop of Durham says, “is the rule of life;” it

apprenticeship system, along with its evil. This will remedy, and is remedying itself. The abuse of *huge classes* of mere hearers of the law, under the *Professor*, has gone, I hope, to its utmost, and we may now look for the system breaking up into small bands of doers acting under the *Master*, rather than multitudes of mere listeners.

Connected with this, I cannot help alluding to the crying and glaring sin of *publicity*, in medicine, as indeed in everything else. Every great epoch brings with it its own peculiar curse as well as blessing, and in religion, in medicine, in everything, even the most sacred and private, this sin of publicity most injuriously prevails. Every one talks of everything and everybody, and at all sorts of times, forgetting that the greater and the better—the inner part, of a man, is, and should be private—much of it more than private. Public piety, for instance, which means the looking after the piety of others and proclaiming our own—the Pharisee, when he goes up to the temple to pray, looking round and criticising his neighbour the publican, who does not so much as lift up his eyes, even to heaven—the watching and speculating on, and judging (scarcely ever with mercy or truth) the intimate and unspeakable relations of our fellow-creatures to their infinite Father, is often not co-existent with the inward life of God in the soul suits us best, and keeps down our always budding self-conceit and self-confidence. Symptoms are the body's mother-tongue; signs are in a foreign language; and there is an enticing, absorbing something about them, which, unless feared and understood, I have sometimes found standing in the way of the others, which are the staple of our indications always at hand, and open to all.

of man, with that personal state, which alone deserves the word piety.

So also in medicine, every one is for ever looking after, and talking of everybody else's health, and advising and prescribing either his or her doctor or drug, and that wholesome modesty and shame-facedness, which I regret to say is now old-fashioned, is vanishing like other things, and is being put off, as if modesty were a mode, or dress, rather than a condition and essence. Besides the bad moral habit this engenders, it breaks up what is now too rare, the old feeling of a family doctor—there are now as few old household doctors as servants—the familiar, kindly, welcome face, which has presided through generations at births and deaths; the friend who bears about, and keeps sacred, deadly secrets which must be laid silent in the grave, and who knows the kind of stuff his flock is made of, their “constitutions”—all this sort of thing is greatly gone, especially in large cities, and much from this love of change, of talk, of having everything explained,¹ or at least named, especially if it be in Latin, of running from one “charming” specialist to another; of doing a little privately and dishonestly to one's-self or the children with the globules; of going to see some notorious great man without telling or taking with them their old family friend, merely, as they say, “to

¹ Dr. Cullen's words are weighty: “Neither the acutest genius, nor the soundest judgment, will avail in judging of a particular science, in regard to which they have not been exercised. *I have been obliged to please my patients sometimes with reasons, and I have found that any will pass, even with able divines and acute lawyers; the same will pass with the husbands as with the wives.*”

fatisfy their mind," and of course, ending in leaving, and affronting, and injuring the wise and good man. I don't say these evils are new, I only say they are large and active, and are fast killing their opposite virtues. Many a miserable and tragic story might be told of mothers, whose remorse will end only when they themselves lie beside some dead and beloved child, whom they, without thinking, without telling the father, without meaning anything, have, from some such grave folly, sent to the better country, leaving themselves desolate and convicted. Publicity, itching ears, want of reverence for the unknown, want of trust in goodness, want of what we call faith, want of gratitude and fair dealing, on the part of the public; and on the part of the profession, cupidity, curiosity, restlessness, ambition, false trust in self and in science, the lust and haste to be rich, and to be thought knowing and omniscient, want of breeding and good sense, of common honesty and honour, these are the occasions and results of this state of things.

I am not however a pessimist, I am, I trust, a rational optimist, or at least a meliorist. That as a race, and as a profession, we are gaining, I don't doubt; to disbelieve this, is to distrust the Supreme Governor, and to miss the lesson of the time, which is, in the main, enlargement and progress. But we should all do our best to keep of the old what is good, and detect, and moderate, and control, and remove what of the new is evil. In saying this, I would speak as much to myself as to my neighbours. It is in vain, that γνῶθι σεαυτὸν (know thyself), is for ever descending afresh from heaven like dew, and silent dew; all this in vain, if ἐγὼ γε γινώσκω (I myself know,

I am as a god, what do I not know !) is for ever speaking to us from the ground and from ourselves.

Let me acknowledge—and here the principle or habit of publicity has its genuine scope and power—the immense good that is in our time doing by carrying Hygienic reform into the army, the factory, and the nursery—down rivers and across fields. I see in all these great good ; but I cannot help also seeing those private personal dangers I have spoken of, and the masses cannot long go on improving if the individuals deteriorate.

There is one subject which may seem an odd one for a miscellaneous book like this, but in which I have long felt a deep and deepening concern. To be brief and plain, I refer to *man-midwifery*, in all its relations, professional, social, statistical, and moral. I have no space now to go into these fully. I may, if some one better able does not speak out, on some future occasion try to make it plain from reason and experience, that the management by accoucheurs, as they are called, of natural labour, and the separation of this department of the human economy from the general profession, *has been a greater evil than a good* ; and that we have little to thank the Grand Monarque for, in this as in many other things, when to conceal the shame of the gentle La Vallière, he sent for M. Chifon.

Any husband or wife, any father or mother, who will look at the matter plainly, may see what an inlet there is here to possible mischief, to certain unseemliness, and worse. Nature tells us with her own voice what is fitting in these cases ; and nothing but the omnipotence of custom, or the urgent cry of peril, and terror, and agony, what Luther calls *miferrima*

miseria, would make her ask for the presence of a man on such an occasion, when she hides herself, and is in travail. And as in all such cases, the evil reacts on the men as a special class, and on the profession itself.

It is not of grave moral delinquencies I speak, and the higher crimes in this region; it is of affront to Nature, and of the revenge which she always takes on both parties, who actively or passively disobey her. Some of my best and most valued friends are honoured members of this branch; but I believe all the real good they can do, and the real evils they can prevent in these cases, would be attained, if instead of attending—to their own ludicrous loss of time, health, sleep, and temper, some 200 cases of delivery every year, the immense majority of which are natural, and require no interference, but have nevertheless wasted not a little of their life, their patience, and their understanding—they had, as I would always have them to do, and as any well-educated resolute doctor of medicine ought to be able to do, confined themselves to giving their advice and assistance to the *sage femme* when she needed it.

I know much that may be said against this—ignorance of midwives; dreadful effects of this, &c.; but to all this I answer, take pains to educate carefully, and to *pay well*, and treat well these women, and you may safely regulate ulterior means by the ordinary general laws of surgical and medical therapeutics. Why should not “Peg Tamson, Jean Simson, and Alison Jaup”¹ be sufficiently educated and paid to enable

¹ *Vide* Sir Walter Scott's *Surgeon's Daughter*.

them to conduct victoriously the normal obstetrical business of "Middlemas" and its region, leaving to Gideon Gray the abnormal, with time to cultivate his mind and his garden, or even a bit of farm, and to live and trot less hard than he is at present obliged to do. Thus, instead of a man in general practice, and a man, it may be, with an area of forty miles for his beat, sitting for hours at the bed-side of a healthy woman, his other patients meanwhile doing the best or the worst they can, and it may be, as not unfrequently happens, two labours going on at once; and instead of a timid, ignorant, trusting woman—to whom her Maker has given enough of "forrow," and of whom Constance is the type, when she says, "I am sick, and capable of fears; I am full of fears, subject to fears; I am a woman, and therefore naturally born to fears," being in this hour of her agony and apprehension—subjected to the artificial misery of fearing the doctor may be too late, she might have the absolute security and womanly hand and heart of one of her own sex.

This subject might be argued upon statistical grounds, and others; but I peril it chiefly on the whole system being *unnatural*. Therefore, for the sake of those who have borne and carried us, and whom we bind ourselves to love and cherish, to comfort and honour, and who suffer so much that is inevitable from the primal curse, and for its own sake, let the profession look into this entire subject in all its bearings, honestly, fearlessly, and at once. Child-bearing is a process of health; the exceptions are few indeed, and would, I believe, be fewer if we doctors would let well alone.

One or two other things, and I am done. I could have wished to have done better justice to that noble class of men—our country practitioners, who dare not speak out for themselves. They are underpaid—often not paid at all—underrated, and treated in a way that the commonest of their patients would be ashamed to treat his cobbler. How is this to be mended? It is mending itself by the natural law of starvation, and descent *per deliquium*. Generally speaking, our small towns had three times too many doctors, and, therefore, each of their Gideon Grays had two-thirds too little to live on; and being in this state of chronic hunger they were in a state of chronic anger at each other not less steady, with occasional seizures more active and acute; they had recourse to all sorts of shifts and meannesses to keep soul and body together for themselves and their horse, whilst they were acting with a devotion, and generally speaking, with an intelligence and practical beneficence, such as I know, and I know them well, nothing to match. The gentry are in this, as in many country things, greatly to blame. They should cherish, and reward, and associate with those men who are in all essentials their equals, and from whom they would gain as much as they get; but this will right itself as civilized mankind return as they are doing, to the country, and our little towns will thrive now that lands change, lairds get richer, and dread the city as they should.

The profession in large towns might do much for their friends who can do so little for themselves. I am a voluntary in religion, and would have all State churches abolished; but I have often thought that if there was a class that ought to be helped by the State,

it is the country practitioners in wild districts; or what would be better, by the voluntary association of those in the district who have means—in this case creeds would not be troublesome. However, I am not backing this scheme. I would leave all these things to the natural laws of supply and demand, with the exercise of common honesty, honour, and feeling, in this, as in other things.

The taking the wind out of the rampant and abominable quackeries and patent medicines, by the State withdrawing altogether the protection and sanction of its stamp, its practical encouragement (very practical), and giving up their large gains from this polluted and wicked source, would, I am sure, be a national benefit. Quackery, and the love of being quacked, are in human nature as weeds are in our fields; but they may be fostered into frightful luxuriance, in the dark and rich soil of our people, and not the less that Her Majesty's superscription is on the bottle or pot.

I would beg the attention of my elder brethren to what I have said on Medical Reform and the doctrine of free competition. I feel every day more and more its importance and its truth. I rejoice many ways at the passing of the new Medical Bill, and the leaving so much to the discretion of the Council; it is curiously enough almost verbatim, and altogether in spirit, the measure Professor Syme has been for many years advocating through good and through bad report, with his characteristic vigour and plainness. Holloway's Ointment, or Parr's Pills, or any such *monstra horrenda*, attain their gigantic proportions and power of doing mischief, greatly by their having

Governmental sanction and protection. Men of capital are thus encouraged to go into them, and to spend thousands a year in advertisements, and newspaper proprietors degrade themselves into agents for their sale. One can easily see how harmless, if all this were swept away, the hundred Holloways, who would rise up and speedily kill nobody but each other, would become, instead of one huge inapproachable monopolist; this is the way to put down quackery, by ceasing to hold it up. It is a disgrace to our nation to draw, as it does, hundreds of thousands a year from these wages of iniquity.

I have to apologize for bringing in "Rab and his Friends." I did so, remembering well the good I got from them long ago, as a man and as a doctor. It let me see down into the depths of our common nature, and feel the strong and gentle touch that we all need, and never forget, which makes the world kin; and it gave me an opportunity of introducing, in a way which he cannot dislike, for he knows it is simply true, my old master and friend, Professor Syme, whose indenture I am thankful I possess, and whose first wheels I delight in thinking my apprentice-fee purchased, thirty years ago. I remember as if it were yesterday, his giving me the first drive across the west shoulder of Corstorphine Hill. On starting, he said, "John, we'll do one thing at a time, and there will be no talk." I sat silent and rejoicing, and can remember the very complexion and clouds of that day and that matchless view: *Damyat* and *Benledi* resting couchant at the gate of the Highlands, with the huge Grampians, *immane pecus*, crowding down into the plain.

This short and simple story shows, that here, as everywhere else, personally, professionally, and publicly, reality is his aim and his attainment. He is one of the men—they are all too few—who desire to be on the side of truth more than to have truth on their side; and whose personal and private worth are always better understood than expressed. It has been happily said of him, that he never wastes a word, or a drop of ink, or a drop of blood; and his is the strongest, exactest, truest, immediatest, safest intellect, dedicated by its possessor to the surgical cure of mankind, I have ever yet met with. He will, I firmly believe, leave an inheritance of good done, and mischief destroyed, of truth in theory and in practice established, and of error in the same exposed and ended, such as no one since John Hunter has been gifted to bequeath to his fellow-men. As an instrument for discovering truth, I have never seen his perspicacity equalled; his mental eye is *achromatic*, and admits into the judging mind a pure white light, and records an undisturbed, uncoloured image, undiminished and unenlarged in its passage; and he has the moral power, courage, and conscience, to use and devote such an inestimable instrument aright. I need hardly add, that the story of “Rab and his Friends” is in all essentials strictly matter of fact.

There is an odd sort of point, if it can be called a point, on which I would fain say something—and that is an occasional outbreak of sudden, and it may be felt, untimely humorousness. I plead guilty to this, sensible of the tendency in me of the merely ludicrous to intrude, and to insist on being attended to, and

expressed: it is perhaps too much the way with all of us now-a-days, to be for ever joking. *Mr. Punch*, to whom we take off our hats, grateful for his innocent and honest fun, especially in his *Leech*, leads the way; and our two great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens, the first especially, are, in the deepest and highest sense, essentially humorists,—the best, nay, indeed the almost only good thing in the latter, being his broad and wild fun; Swiveller, and the *Dodger*, and *Sam. Weller*, and *Miggs*, are more impressive far to my taste than the melo-dramatic, utterly unreal *Dombey*, or his strumous and hysterical son, or than all the later dreary trash of *Bleak House*, &c.

My excuse is, that these papers are really what they profess to be, done at bye-hours. *Dulce est desipere*, when in its fit place and time. Moreover, let me tell my young doctor friends, that a cheerful face, and step, and neckcloth, and button-hole, and an occasional hearty and kindly joke, a power of executing and setting agoing a good laugh, are stock in our trade not to be despised. The merry heart does good like a medicine. Your pompous man, and your selfish man, don't laugh much, or care for laughter; it discomposes the fixed grandeur of the one, and has little room in the heart of the other, who is literally self-contained. My Edinburgh readers will recall many excellent jokes of their doctors—"Lang Sandie Wood," Dr. Henry Davidson our *Guy Patin* and better, &c.

I may give an instance, when a joke was more and better than itself. A comely young wife, the "cynosure" of her circle, was in bed, apparently dying from swelling and inflammation of the throat, an inaccessible abscess

stopping the way ; she could swallow nothing ; everything had been tried. Her friends were standing round bed in misery and helplessness. “ *Try her wi’ a compliment,*” said her husband, in a not uncomic despair. She had genuine humour, as well as he ; and as physiologists know, there is a sort of mental tickling which is beyond and above control, being under the reflex system, and instinctive as well as sighing. She laughed with her whole body and soul, and burst the abscess, and was well.

Humour, if genuine (and if not, it is not humour), is the very flavour of the spirit, its rich and fragrant *ozmazome*—having in its aroma something of everything in the man, his expressed juice : wit is but the laughing flower of the intellect or the turn of speech, and is often what we call a “ gum-flower,” and looks well when dry. Humour is, in a certain sense, involuntary in its origin in one man, and in its effect upon another ; it is systemic, and not local.

Sydney Smith, in his delightful and valuable *Sketches of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, to which I have referred, makes a touching and impressive confession of the evil to the rest of a man’s nature from the predominant power and cultivation of the ludicrous. I believe Charles Lamb could have told a like, and as true, but sadder story. He started on life with all the endowments of a great, ample, and serious nature, and he ended in being little else than the incomparable joker and humorist, and was in the true sense, “ of large discourse.”¹

¹ Many good and fine things have been said of this wonderful and unique genius, but I know none better or finer than

It only remains now for me to thank my cousin and life-long friend, John Taylor Brown, the author of the tract on "St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh."

these lines by my friend John Hunter of Craigcrook. They are too little known, and no one will be anything but pleased to read them, except their author. The third line might have been Elia's own:—

". . . . Humour, wild wit,
Quips, cranks, puns, sneers,—with clear sweet thought
profound;—
And stinging jests, with honey for the wound;—
The subtlest lines of ALL fine powers, split
To their last films, then marvellously spun
In magic web, whose million hues are ONE!"

I knew one man who was almost altogether and absolutely comic, and yet a man of sense, fidelity, courage, and worth, but over his entire nature the comic ruled supreme—the late Sir Adam Ferguson, whose very face was a breach of solemnity; I dare say, even in sleep he looked a wag. This was the way in which everything appeared to him first, and often last too, with a serious enough middle.

I saw him not long before his death, when he was of great age and knew he was dying; there was no levity in his manner, or thoughtlessness about his state; he was kind, and shrewd as ever; but how he flashed out with utter merriment when he got hold of a joke, or rather when it got hold of him, and shook him, not an inch of his body was free of its power—it possessed him, not he it. The first attack was on showing me a calotype of himself by the late Adamson (of Hill and Adamson; the Vandyke and Raeburn of photography), in the corner of which he had written, with a hand trembling with age and fun, "Adam's-fun fecit"—it came back upon him and tore him without mercy.

Then, his blood being up, he told me a story of his uncle, the great Dr. Black the chemist; no one will grudge the reading of it in my imperfect record, though it is to the reality, what reading music is to hearing it.

Dr. Black, when Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh

I am sure my readers will thank me not less heartily than I now do him. The theory that the thorn of the great apostle was an affection of the eyes is not new ;

University, had a gruff old man as his porter, a James Allston. James was one of the old school of chemistry, and held by phlogiston, but for no better reason than the endless trouble the new-tangled discoveries brought upon him in the way of apparatus.

The professor was lecturing on Hydrogen Gas, and had made arrangements for showing its lightness, what our preceptor, Dr. Charles Hope, called, in his lofty way, its "principle of absolute levity." He was greatly excited, the good old man of genius. James was standing behind his chair, ready and sulky. His master told his young friends that the bladder he had filled with the gas, must on principle, ascend ; but that they would see practically if it did, and he cut the string. Up it rushed, amid the shouts and upturned faces of the boys, and the quiet joy of their master ; James regarding it with a glum curiosity.

Young Adam Ferguson was there, and left at the end of the hour with the rest, but finding he had forgotten his stick, went back ; in the empty room, he found James perched upon a lofty and shaky ladder, trying, amid much perspiration, and blasphemy, and want of breath to hit down his enemy, who rose at each stroke—the old battling with the new. Sir Adam's reproduction of this scene, his voice and screams of rapture, I shall never forget.

Let me give another pleasant story of Dr. Black and Sir Adam, which our Principal (Dr. Lee) delights to tell ; it is merely its bones. The doctor sent him to the bank for £5—four in notes, and one in silver ; then told him that he must be paid for his trouble with a shilling, and next proceeded to give him good advice about the management of money, particularly recommending a careful record of every penny spent, holding the shilling up before him all the time. During this address, Sir Adam was turning over in his mind all the trash he would be able to purchase with the shilling, and his feeling may be imagined when the doctor finally put it into his waistcoat pocket.

it will be found in Hannah More's Life, and in Conybeare and Howson; but his argument and his whole treatment, I have reason to believe, from my father and other competent judges, is thoroughly original; it is an exquisite monograph, and to me most instructive and striking. Every one will ask why such a man has not written more—a question my fastidious friend will find is easier asked than answered.

This Preface was written, and I had a proof ready for his pencil, when I was summoned to the death of him to whom I owe my life. He had been dying for months, but he and I hoped to have got and to have given into his hands a copy of these *Horæ*, the correction of which had often whiled away his long hours of languor and pain. God thought otherwise. I shall miss his great knowledge, his loving and keen eye—his *ne quid nimis*—his sympathy—himself. Let me be thankful that it was given to me *assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*

Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ; placide quiescas!

Or, in more sacred and hopeful words, which, put there at my father's request, may be found at the close of the paper on young Hallam: "O man greatly beloved, go thou thy way till the end; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

It is not for a son to speak what he thinks of his father so soon after his death. I leave him now with a portrait of his spiritual lineaments, by Dr. Cairns,—which is to them what a painting by Velasquez and

Da Vinci combined would have been to his bodily presence.

“ As he was of the Pauline type of mind, his Christianity ran into the same mould. A strong, intense, and vehement nature, with masculine intellect and unyielding will, he accepted the Bible in its literal simplicity as an absolute revelation, and then showed the strength of his character in subjugating his whole being to this decisive influence, and in projecting the same convictions into other minds. He was a believer in the sense of the old Puritans, and, amid the doubt and scepticism of the nineteenth century, held as firmly as any of them by the doctrines of atonement and grace. He had most of the idiosyncrasy of Baxter, though not without the contemplation of Howe. The doctrines of Calvinism, mitigated but not renounced, and received simply as dictates of Heaven, without any effort or hope to bridge over their inscrutable depths by philosophical theories, he translated into a fervent, humble, and resolutely active life.

“ There was a fountain of tenderness in his nature as well as a sweep of impetuous indignation ; and the one drawn out, and the other controlled by his Christian faith, made him at once a philanthropist and a reformer, and both in the highest departments of human interest. The union of these ardent elements, and of a highly devotional temperament, not untouched with melancholy, with the patience of the scholar, and the sobriety of the critic, formed the singularity and almost the anomaly of his personal character. These contrasts were tempered by the discipline of experience ; and his life, both as man and a Christian, seemed to become more rich, genial, and harmonious as it approached its close.”—*Scotsman*, October 20th.

J. B.

23, RUTLAND STREET,
October 30, 1858.

LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

“ *Ils n'étoient pas Savans mais ils étoient Sages.*”

“ PHILOSOPHIA *dividitur in SCIENTIAM et HABITUM ANIMI:— unam illam qui didicit, et favenda et vitanda præcepit, nondum SAPIENS est, nisi in ea quæ didicit, animus ejus transfiguratus est.*”



LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

THE studies of Metaphysics and Medicine have more in common than may perhaps at first sight appear. These two sciences, as learnt, taught, and practised by the two admirable men we are about to speak of, were, in the main, not ends in themselves, but means. The one, as Locke pursued it, is as truly a search after truth and matter of fact, as the other; and neither Metaphysics nor Medicine are worthy a rational man's while, if they do not issue certainly and speedily in helping us to keep and to make our minds and our bodies whole and strong. Soundness of mind, the just use of reason—what Arnauld finely calls *droiture de l'âme*, and the cultivation for good of our entire thinking nature, our common human understanding—is as truly the one great end of the Philosophy of Mind, as the full exercise of our bodily functions, and their recovery and relief when de-

ranged or impaired, is of the Science of Medicine,—the Philosophy of Healing; and no man taught the world to better purpose than did John Locke, that mental science, like every other, is founded upon fact—upon objective realities, upon an induction of particulars, and is in this sense as much a matter of proof, as is carpentry, or the doctrine of projectiles. The *Essay on Human Understanding* contains a larger quantity of facts about our minds, a larger amount of what everybody knows to be true, than any other book of the same nature. The reasonings may be now and then erroneous and imperfect, but the ascertained truths remain, and may be operated upon by all after-comers.

John Locke and Thomas Sydenham,—the one the founder of our analytical philosophy of mind, and the other of our practical medicine,—were not only great personal friends, but were of essential use to each other in their respective departments; and we may safely affirm, that for much in the *Essay on Human Understanding*, we are indebted to its author's intimacy with Sydenham, "one of the master builders at this time in the commonwealth of learning," as Locke calls him, in company with "Boyle, Huygens, and the incomparable Mr. Newton:" And Sydenham, it is well known,

in the third edition of his *Observationes Medicæ*, expresses his obligation to Locke in his dedicatory letter to their common friend Dr. Mapletoft, in these words:—"Nôsti præterea, quam huic meæ methodo suffragantem habeam, qui eam intimius per omnia perspexerat, utrique nostrum conjunctissimum Dominum Johannem Lock; quo quidem viro, sive ingenio judicioque acri et subactò, sive etiam antiquis (hoc est optimis) moribus, vix superiorem quenquam inter eos qui nunc sunt homines repertum iri confido, paucissimos certe pares." Referring to this passage, when noticing the early training of this *ingenium judiciumque acre et subactum*, Dugald Stewart says, with great truth, "No science could have been chosen, more happily calculated than Medicine, to prepare such a mind for the prosecution of those speculations which have immortalized his name; the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater proportion of discriminating sagacity than those of Physics, strictly so called; resembling, in this respect, much more nearly, the phenomena about which Metaphysics, Ethics, and Politics are conversant." And he shrewdly adds, "I have said that the study of Medicine forms one of the best preparations for the study of Mind, *to such*

an understanding as Locke's. To an understanding less comprehensive, and less cultivated by a liberal education, the effect of this study is likely to be similar to what we may have in the works of Hartley, Darwin, and Cabanis; to all of whom we may more or less apply the sarcasm of Cicero on Aristoxenus the musician, who attempted to explain the nature of the soul by comparing it to a harmony; *Illic ab artificio suo non recessit.*"

The observational and only genuine study of mind—not the mere reading of metaphysical books, and knowing the endless theories of mind, but the true study of its phenomena—has always seemed to us (speaking *quâ medici*), one of the most important, as it certainly is the most studiously neglected, of the necessary disciplines of the student of medicine.

Hartley, Mackintosh, and Brown, were physicians; and we know that medicine was a favourite subject with Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Berkeley, and Sir William Hamilton. We wish our young doctors kept more of the company of these and such like men, and knew a little more of the laws of thought, the nature and rules of evidence, the general procedure of their own minds in the search after, the proof and the application of, what is true, than we fear

they generally do.¹ They might do so without knowing less of their Auscultation, Histology, and other good things, and with knowing them to better purpose. We wonder, for instance, how many of the century of graduates sent forth from our University every year—armed with microscope, stethoscope, uroscope, pleximeter, etc., and omniscient of *râles* and *rhonchi* sibilous and sonorous; crepitations moist and dry; *bruits de râpe, de scie, et de soufflet*; blood plasmata, cyto-blasts and nucleated cells, and great in the infinitely little,—we wonder how many of these eager and accomplished youths could “unsphere the spirit of Plato,” or are able to read with moderate relish and understanding one of the Tusculan Disputations, or have so much as even heard of Butler’s *Three Sermons on Human Nature*, Berkeley’s *Minute Philosopher*, or of a

¹ Pinel states, with great precision, the necessity there is for physicians to make the mind of man, as well as his body, their especial study. “L’histoire de l’entendement humain, pourroit-elle être ignorée par le médecin, qui a non-seulement à décrire les vésanies ou maladies morales, et à indiquer toutes leurs nuances, mais encore, qui a besoin de porter la logique la plus sévère pour éviter de donner de la réalité à de termes abstraits, pour procéder avec sagesse des idées simples à des idées complexes, et qui a sans cesse sous ses yeux des écrits, où le défaut de s’entendre, la séduction de l’esprit de système, et l’abus des expressions vagues et indéterminées ont amené de milliers des volumes et des disputes interminables?”—*Méthodes d’étudier en Médecine*.

posthumous *Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding*, of which Mr. Hallam says, "I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in the hands of a boy about the time that the reasoning faculties become developed," and whose admirable author we shall now endeavour to prove to have been much more one of their own guild than is generally supposed.

In coming to this conclusion, we have been mainly indebted to the classical, eloquent, and conclusive tract by Lord Grenville,¹ entitled, *Oxford and Locke*; to Lord King's life of his great kinsman; to Wood's *Athenæ and Fasti Oxonienses*; to the letters from Locke to Drs. Mapletoft, Molyneux, Sir Hans Sloane and Boyle, published in the collected edition of his works; to Ward's *Lives of the Gresham Professors*; and to a very curious collection of letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney, the second Lord Shaftesbury, and others, edited and privately printed by Dr. Thomas Forster; and to a Medical Common-place Book, and many very interesting letters on medical subjects, by his great kinsman, in the possession of Lord Lovelace, and to which, by his Lordship's kindness, we had access; some of the letters are to Fletcher of Saltoun, on the health of his brother's wife,

¹ See Note A.

and, for unincumbered good sense, rational trust in nature's *vis medicatrix*, and wholesome fear of polypharmacy and the *nimia diligentia* of his time, might have been written by Dr. Combe or Sir James Clark.

Le Clerc, in his Eloge upon Locke in the *Bibliothèque Choisie* (and in this he has been followed by all subsequent biographers), states, that when a student at Christ Church, Oxford, he devoted himself with great earnestness to the study of Medicine, but that he never practised it as his profession, his chief object having been to qualify himself to act as his own physician, on account of his general feebleness of health, and tendency to consumption. To show the incorrectness of this statement, we give the following short notice of his medical studies and practice; it is necessarily slight, but justifies, we think, our assertion in regard to him as a practitioner in medicine.

LOCKE was born in 1632 at Wrington, Somersetshire, on the 29th of August, the anniversary, as Dr. Forster takes care to let us know, of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist—eight years after Sydenham, and ten before Newton. He left Westminster school in 1651, and entered Christ Church, distinguishing himself chiefly in the departments of medicine and

general physics, and greatly enamoured of the brilliant and then new philosophy of Descartes.

In connexion with Locke's university studies, Anthony Wood, in his autobiography, has the following curious passage: "I began a course of chemistry under the noted chemist and rosicrucian Peter Sthael of Strasburg, a strict Lutheran, and a great hater of women. The club consisted of ten, whereof were Frank Turner, now Bishop of Ely, Benjamin Woodroof, now Canon of Christ Church, and John Locke of the same house, now a noted writer. This same John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented; while the rest of our club took notes from the mouth of their master, who sat at the upper end of a long table, the said Locke scorned to do this, but was for ever prating and troublesome." This misogynistical rosicrucian was brought over to Oxford by Boyle, and had among his pupils Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Wallis, and Sir Thomas Millington. The fees were three pounds, one-half paid in advance.

Locke continued through life greatly addicted to medical and chemical researches. He kept the first regular journal of the weather, and published it from time to time in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in Boyle's *History of the Air*. He used in his observations a baro-

meter, a thermometer, and a hygrometer. His letters to Boyle are full of experiments and speculations about chemistry and medicine; and in a journal kept by him when travelling in France is this remarkable entry: "M. Toinard produced a large bottle of muscat; it was clear when he set it on the table, but when the stopper was drawn a multitude of little bubbles arose. It comes from this, that the included air had liberty to expand itself:—*query, whether this be air new generated.* Take a bottle of fermenting liquor, and tie a bladder over its mouth, how much new air will this produce, *and has this the quality of common air?*" We need hardly add, that about a hundred years after this Dr. Black answered this capital query, and in doing so, transformed the whole face of chemistry.

We now find that, in contradiction to the generally received account, "sour" Anthony Wood, who was an Oxford man, and living on the spot, says, in his spiteful way, "Mr. Locke, after having gone through the usual courses preparatory to practice, entered upon the physic line, and got some business at Oxford." Nothing can be more explicit than this, and more directly opposed to Le Clerc's account of his friend's early life, which, it may be remembered, was chiefly derived from notes furnished by the second Lord

Shaftesbury, whose information must necessarily have been at second or third hand. In 1666, Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Lord Shaftesbury, came to Oxford to drink the water of Astrop; he was suffering from an abscess in his chest, the consequence of a fall from his horse. Dr. Thomas, his Lordship's attendant, happening to be called out of town, sent his friend Locke, then practising there, who examined into his complaints, and advised the abscess to be opened; this was done, and, as the story goes, his lordship's life was saved. From this circumstance took its origin the well-known friendship of these two famous men. That their connexion at first was chiefly that of patient and doctor, is plain from the expression, "He, the Earl, would not suffer him to practise medicine out of his house, except among some of his particular friends," implying that he was practising when he took him.

In 1668, Locke, then in his 36th year, accompanied the Earl and Countess of Northumberland to the Continent, as their physician. The Earl died on his journey to Rome, leaving Locke with the Countess in Paris. When there, he attended her during a violent attack of what seems to have been *tic-douloureux*, a most interesting account of which, and of the treatment he

adopted, was presented by the late Lord King to the London College of Physicians—and read before them in 1829. By the great kindness of the late Dr. Paris, President of the College, we had access to a copy of this medical and literary curiosity, which, besides its own value as a plain, clear statement of the case, and as an example of simple, skilful treatment, is the best of all proofs that at that time Locke was a regular physician. We cannot give this case higher praise, or indicate more significantly its wonderful superiority to the cases to be found in medical authors of the same date, than by saying that in expression, in description, in diagnosis, and in treatment, it differs very little from what we have in our own best works.

After the Earl's death, Locke returned to England, and seems to have lived partly at Exeter House with Lord Shaftesbury, and partly at Oxford. It was in 1670, at the latter place, that he sketched the first outline of his immortal Essay, the origin of which he has so modestly recorded in his Epistle to the Reader. Dr. Thomas, and most probably Dr. Sydenham, were among the "five or six friends meeting at my chamber," who started the idea of that work, "which has done more than any other single work to rectify prejudice, to undermine

established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries nature has set to the human faculties. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is to be advanced, Locke has most contributed by precept and example to make mankind at large observe them, and has thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished."

About this time, Locke seems to have been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1674, he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine; he never was Doctor of Medicine, though he generally passed among his friends as Dr. Locke.

In 1675, he went abroad for his health, and apparently, also, to pursue his medical studies. He remained for some time at Montpellier, then the most famous of the schools of medicine. He attended the lectures of the celebrated Barbyrac, to whose teaching Sydenham is understood to have been so much indebted. When there, and during his residence abroad, he kept a diary, large extracts from which are for the first time given by Lord King.¹ The following is his

¹ Lord King refers to numerous passages in Locke's Diaries

account of the annual "capping" at Montpellier. "The manner of making a Doctor of Physic is this;—If, a procession in scarlet robes and black caps—the professor took his seat—and after a company of fiddlers had played a certain time, he made them a sign to hold, that *he* might have an opportunity to entertain the company, which he did in a speech against innovations—the musicians then took their turn. The Inceptor or candidate then began his speech, wherein I found little edification, being chiefly complimentary to the chancellor and professors, who were present. The Doctor then put on his head the cap that had marched in on the beadle's staff, in sign of his doctorship—put a ring upon his finger—girt himself about the loins with a gold chain—made him sit down beside him—that having taken pains he might now take ease, and kissed and embraced him in token of the friendship which *ought* to be amongst them."

exclusively devoted to medical subjects, which he has refrained from publishing, as unlikely to interest the general public; and Dr. Forster gives us to understand that he has in his possession "some ludicrous, sarcastic, and truly witty letters to his friend Furley on medicine, his original profession;" but which letters the doctor declines giving to the public "in these days of absurd refinement." We would gladly forswear our refinement to have a sight of them; anything that Locke considered worth the writing down about anything is likely to be worth the reading.

From Montpellier he went to Paris, and was a diligent student of anatomy under Dr. Guenelon, with whom he was afterwards so intimate, when living in exile at Amsterdam.

In June 1677, when in Paris, he wrote the following jocular letter to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, then physic professor at Gresham College. This letter, which is not noticed in any life of Locke that we have seen, is thus introduced by Dr. Ward:—"Dr. Mapletoft did not continue long at Gresham, and yet longer than he seems to have designed, by a letter to him, written by the famous Mr. John Locke, dated from Paris, 22d June 1677, in which is this passage: 'If either absence (which sometimes increases our desires) or love (which we see every day produces strange effects in the world) have softened you, or disposed you towards a liking for any of our fine new things, 'tis but saying so, and I am ready to furnish you, and should be sorry not to be employed; I mention love, for you know I have a particular interest of my own in it. When you look that way, nobody will be readier, as you may guess, to throw an old shoe after you, much for your own sake, and a little for a friend of yours. But were I to advise, perhaps I should say that the lodgings at Gresham College were a quiet and comfortable habitation.' By this pas-

sage," continues Ward, "it seems probable that Dr. Mapletoft had then some views to marriage, and that Mr. Locke was desirous, should it so fall out, to succeed him. But neither of these events happened at the time, for the Doctor held his professorship till the 10th October 1679, and in November following, married Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Lucy Knightley of Hackney, a Hamburg merchant." And we know that on the 10th of May that same year, Locke was sent for from Paris by Lord Shaftesbury, when his Lordship was made President of Sir William Temple's Council, half a year after which they were both exiles in Holland. As we have already said, there is something very characteristic in this jocular, *pawky*, affectionate letter.

There can be little doubt from this, that so late as 1677, when he was forty-five years of age, Locke was able and willing to undertake the formal teaching of medicine.

It would not be easy to say how much mankind would have at once lost and gained—how much the philosophy of mind would have been hindered, and how much that of medicine would have been advanced, had John Locke's lungs been as sound as his understanding, and had he "stuck to the phisic line," or had his friend Dr. Mapletoft "looked that way" a little earlier,

and made Rebecca Knightley his wife two years sooner, or had Lord Shaftesbury missed the royal reconciliation and his half year's presidency.

Medicine would assuredly have gained something it still lacks, and now perhaps more than ever, had that "friend of yours," having thrown the old shoe with due solemnity and precision after the happy couple, much for their sakes and a little for his own,—settled down in that quiet, comfortable, baccalaurian habitation, over against the entrance into Bishopsgate Street; and had thenceforward, in the prime of life, directed the full vigour of that liberal, enlightened, sound, humane, and practical understanding, to the exposition of what Lord Grenville so justly calls "the large and difficult" subject of medicine. What an amount of gain to rational and effective medicine—what demolition of venerable and mischievous error—what fearless innovations—what exposition of immediately useful truth—what an example for all future labourers in that vast and perilous field, of the best *method* of attaining the best ends, might not have been expected from him of whom it was truly said that "he knew something of every thing that could be useful to mankind!" It is no wonder then, that, looking from the side of medicine,

we grudge the loss of the Locke "Physic Lectures," and wish that we might, without fable, imagine ourselves in that quaint, steep-roofed quadrangle, with its fifteen trees, and its diagonal walks across the green Court; and at eight o'clock, when the morning sun was falling on the long legs and antennæ of good Sir Thomas's gilded grasshoppers, and the mighty hum of awakening London was beginning to rise, might figure to ourselves the great philosopher stepping briskly through the gate into his lecture-room—his handsome, serious face, set "in his hood, according to his degree in the university, as was thought meet for more order and comeliness sake," and there, twice every week in the term, deliver the "solemn Physic Lecture," in the Latin tongue, in dutiful accordance with the "agreement tripartite, between the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London—the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, and the Lecturers in Gresham House;" and again, six hours later, read the same "solemn lecture," we would fancy with more of relish and spirit, in the "English tongue," "forasmuch," so the worthy Founder's will goes, "as the greater part of the auditory is like to be of such citizens and others as have small knowledge, or none at all, of the Latin tongue, and for that every man,

for his health's sake, will desire to have some knowledge of the art of physick."

We have good evidence, from the general bent and spirit of Locke's mind, and from occasional passages in his letters, especially those to Dr. Molyneux, that he was fully aware of the condition of medicine at that time, and of the only way by which it could be improved. Writing to Dr. Molyneux, he says, "I perfectly agree with you concerning general theories—the curse of the time, and destructive not less of life than of science—they are for the most part but a sort of waking dream, with which, when men have warmed their heads, they pass into unquestionable truths. *This is beginning at the wrong end*, men laying the foundation in their own fancies, and then suiting the phenomena of diseases, and the cure of them, to these fancies. I wonder, after the pattern Dr. Sydenham has set of a better way, men should return again to this romance-way of physick. But I see it is more easy and more natural for men *to build castles in the air of their own than to survey well those that are on the ground. Nicely to observe the history of diseases in all their changes and circumstances is a work of time, accurateness, attention, and judgment*, and wherein if men, through prepossession or oscurancy, mistake, they

may be convinced of their error by unerring nature and matter of fact. What we know of the works of nature, especially in the constitution of health and the operations of our own bodies, *is only by the sensible effects, but not by any certainty we can have, of the tools she uses, or the ways she works by.*"

Exact, patient, honest, "nice" observation, is neither easy nor common; as Buffon says:—"Il y a une espèce de force de génie, et de courage d'esprit, à pouvoir envisager sans s'étonner, la Nature dans la multitude innombrable de ses productions, et à se croire capable de les comprendre et de les comparer; il y a une espèce de gout, à les aimer, plus grand que le gout qui n'a pour but, que des objets particuliers, et l'un peut dire, que l'amour et l'étude de la Nature, suppose dans l'esprit deux qualités qui paroissent opposées, les grandes vues d'un génie ardent, qui embrasse tout d'un coup-d'œil, et les petites attentions d'un instinct laborieux, qui ne s'attache qu'à un seul point."

Gaubius calls it "*masculum illud observandi studium veteribus tantopere excultum;*" and Dr. Samuel Brown, *heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium!* thus enforces the same truth:—"Few people are aware of the difficulty of the art of simple observation; to observe properly in the

simplest of the physical sciences requires a long and severe training. No one knows this so feelingly as the great discoverer. Faraday once said that he always doubts his own observations. Mitscherlich said it required fourteen years to discover and establish a single new fact in chemistry. An enthusiastic student one day betook himself to Cuvier with a new muscle he supposed he had discovered. The master bade his scholar return to him with the same discovery in six months!"

But we must draw this notice of Locke in his character of Doctor to a close. In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1697, there is an account by him of an odd case of hypertrophied nails, which he had seen at La Charité when in Paris, and he gives pictures of the hornlike excrescences, one of them upwards of four inches long. The second Lord Shaftesbury, who was Locke's pupil, and for whom he chose a wife, in a letter to Furly, who seems to have been suffering from a relapse of intermittent fever, explains, with great distinctness and good sense, "*Dr. Locke's* and all our ingenious and able doctors' method" of treating this disease with the Peruvian bark; adding, "I am satisfied, that of all medicines, if it be good of its kind, and properly given, it is the most innocent and effectual, whatever bugbear the world makes of it, especially the tribe

of inferior physicians, from whom it cuts off so much business and gain." We now conclude our notices of Locke's medical history—which, however imperfect, seem to us to warrant our original assertion—with the following weighty sentence taken from the "Fragment on Study" given by Lord King, and which was written when Locke was at his studies at Oxford. It accords curiously with what we have already quoted from Dugald Stewart:—"Physic, polity, and prudence are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them, 1, By the history of matter of fact; and 2, By a sagacity of inquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Whether a certain course in public or private affairs will succeed well—whether rhubarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, can be known only by experience."¹

¹ The all-accomplished, and, in the old sense, "the admirable" Dr. Thomas Young, puts this very powerfully in the preface to his *Introduction to Medical Literature*. "There is, in fact, no study more difficult than that of physic: it exceeds, as a science, the comprehension of the human mind; and those who blunder onwards, without attempting to understand what they see, are often nearly on a level with those who depend too much on imperfect generalizations." "Some departments of knowledge defy all attempts to subject them to any didactic method, and require the exercise of a peculiar address, a judgment, or a taste, *which can*

SYDENHAM, the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and as genuinely English as his name, did for his art what Locke did for the philosophy of mind—he made it, in the main, observational; he made knowledge a means, not an end. It would not be easy to over-estimate our obligations as a nation to these two men, in regard to all that is involved in the promotion of health of body and soundness of mind. They were among the first in their respective regions to show their faith in the inductive method, by their works. They both professed to be more of guides than critics, and were the interpreters and servants of Nature, not her diviners and tormentors. They pointed out a way, and themselves walked in it; they taught a method, and used it, rather than announced a system or a discovery; they collected and arranged their *visa* before settling their *cogitata*—a mean-spirited proceeding, doubtless, in the eyes of the prevailing dealers in hypotheses, being in reality the exact reverse of their philosophy. How curious, how humbling, to

only be formed by indirect means. It appears that physic is one of those departments in which there is frequent necessity for the exercise of an *incommunicable faculty of judgment, and a sagacity which may be called transcendental, as extending beyond the simple combination of all that can be taught by precept.*”

think that it was not till this time, that men in search of truth were brought to see that “it is not the insufficiency or incapacity of man’s mind, but the *remote standing or placing thereof*, that breedeth mazes and incomprehensions; for as the sense afar off is full of mistaking, but is exact at hand, so is it of the understanding, *the remedy whereof is not to quicken or strengthen the organ, but to go nearer to the object.*” Well might this greatest of Lord Chancellors now even say, as he does in the context (he is treating of medicine)—“Medicine is a science which hath been more professed than laboured, more laboured than advanced, the labour being in my judgment more in a circle than in progression: I find much iteration, but small addition;” and he was right in laying much of this evil condition to the discontinuance of “the ancient and serious diligence of Hippocrates.” This serious diligence, this *ἀκριθεία* or nicety of observation, by which the “divine old man of Cos” achieved so much, was Sydenham’s master-principle in practice and in speculation. He proclaimed it anew, and displayed in his own case its certain and inestimable fruits.

It appears to us one of the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most difficult and neglected departments of medical literature, to

endeavour to trace the progress of medicine as a *practical art*, with its rules and instruments, as distinguished from its consolidation into a systematic science with its doctrines and laws,—and to make out how far these two, which conjoined form the philosophy of the subject, have or have not harmonized with, and been helpful to each other, at different periods of their histories. Much might be done to make such an inquiry instructive and attractive, by marking out the history of medicine into several great epochs, and taking, as representative of each, some one distinguished artisan or practitioner, as well as teacher or discoverer. We might have Hippocrates and his epoch, Sydenham and his, John Hunter, Pinel, Laennec and theirs. These great men differed certainly widely enough in character and in circumstances, but agreed all in this, their possessing in large measure, and of rare quality, that native sagacity, that power of keen, serious, choice, patient, continuous, honest observation, which is at once a gift and a habit; that instinct for seeking and finding, which Bacon calls “*experientia literata, sagacitas potius et odoratio quædam venatica, quam scientia* ;” that general strength and soundness of understanding, and that knack of being able to apply their knowledge, instantly and aright, in practice,

which must ever constitute the cardinal virtues of a great physician, the very pith and marrow of his worth.

Of the two first of these famous men, we fear there survives in the profession little more than the names; and we receive from them, and are made wiser and better by inheriting, their treasures of honest and exquisite observation, of judicious experience, without, we fear, knowing or caring much from whom it has come. "One man soweth, and another reapeth." The young forget the old, the children their fathers; and we are all too apt to reverse the saying of the wise king,—“ I praised the dead that are already dead, more than the living that are yet alive.”

As we are not sufficiently conscious of, so we assuredly are not adequately grateful for, that accumulated volume of knowledge, that body of practical truth, which comes down as a heritage to each one of us, from six thousand years' of human endeavour; and which, like a mighty river, is moving for ever onwards—widening, deepening, strengthening, as it goes; for the right administration and use of whose untold energies and wealth, we, to whom it has thus far descended, are responsible to Him from whom it comes, and to whom it is hastening—responsible to an extent we are too apt to forget, or

to underrate. We should not content ourselves with failing victoriously down the stream, or with considering our own portion of it merely; we should go up the country oftener than we do, and see where the mighty feeders come in, and learn and not forget their names, and note how much more of volume, of *momentum*, and power, the stream has after they have fallen in.

It is the lot of the successful medical practitioner, who is more occupied with discerning diseases and curing them, than with discoursing about their essence, and arranging them into systems, who observes and reflects in order to act rather than to speak,—it is the lot of such men to be invaluable when alive, and to be forgotten soon after they are dead; and this not altogether or chiefly from any special ingratitude or injustice on the part of mankind, but from the very nature of the case. Much that made such a man what the community to their highest profit found him to be, dies, must die with him. His inborn gifts, and much of what was most valuable in his experience, were necessarily incommunicable to others, this depending somewhat on his forgetting the process by which, in particular cases, he made up his mind, and its minute successive steps, from his eagerness to possess and put in action the result, and likewise

from his being confident in the general soundness of his method, and caring little about formally recording to himself his transient mental conditions, much less announcing them articulately to others;—but mainly, we believe, because no man *can* explain directly to another man *how* he does any one practical thing, the doing of which he himself has accomplished, not at once, or by imitation, or by teaching, but by repeated personal trials, by missing much, before ultimately hitting.

You may be able to expound excellently to your son the doctrines of gunnery, or read him a course of lectures upon the principles of horsemanship, but you cannot transfer to him your own knack as a dead-shot, or make him keep his feat over a rasping fence. He must take pains to win these for himself as you have done before him. Thus it is that much of the best of a man like Sydenham, dies with him.

It is very different with those who frequent the field of scientific discovery. Here matters are reversed. No man, for instance, in teaching anatomy or physiology, when he comes to enounce each new subordinate discovery, can fail to unfold and to enhance the ever-increasing renown of that keen *black-a-vised* little man, with his piercing eye, “small and dark, and so full of

spirit ;” his compact broad forehead, his self-contained peremptory air, his dagger at his side, and his fingers playing with its hilt, to whom we owe the little book, *De motu cordis et sanguinis circulatione*. This primary, capital discovery, which no succeeding one can ever supersede or obscure, he could leave consummate to mankind ; but he could not so leave the secret of his making it ; he could not transmit that combination of original genius, invention, exactness, perseverance, and judgment, which enabled him, and can alone enable any man, to make such a permanent addition to the fund of scientific truth. But what fitted Harvey for that which he achieved, greatly unfitted him for such excellence in practice as Sydenham attained. He belonged to the science more than to the art. His friend Aubrey says of him, that “ though all his profession would allow him to be an excellent anatomist, I have never heard of any who admired his therapeutic way.” A mind of his substance and mettle, speculative and arbitrary, passing rapidly and passionately from the particular to the general, from multiformity to unity, with, moreover, a fiery temper and an extemporaneous dagger as its sting, was not likely to take kindly to the details of practice, or make a very useful or desirable family doctor. Sydenham,

again, though his works everywhere manifest that he was gifted with an ample capacity and keen relish for abstract truth, moved habitually and by preference in the lower, but at the time the usefuller sphere of everyday practice, speculating chiefly in order to act, reducing his generalizations back to particulars, so as to answer some immediate instance,—the result of which was the signallest success of “his therapeutic way.” We have had in our own day two similar examples of the man of science and the man of art; the one Sir Charles Bell—like Harvey, the explorer, the discoverer, the man of genius and science, of principles and laws, having the royal gifts of invention and eloquence—was not equally endowed with those homelier, but in their degree not less rare qualities, which made Dr. Abercrombie, our Scottish Sydenham, what he was, as a master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The one pursued his profession as a science, to be taught, to be transmitted in its entirety—the other as an art to be applied. The one was, in the old phrase, *luciferous*—the other *frugiferous*.

One great object we have in now bringing forward the works and character of Sydenham, is to enforce the primary necessity, especially in our day, of attending to medicine as the art of healing, not less than as the science of diseases

and drugs. We want at present more of the first than of the second. Our age is becoming every day more purely scientific, and is occupied far more with arranging subjects and giving names, and remembering them, than with understanding and managing objects. There is often more knowledge of words than of things.

We have already stated our notion, that to the great body of modern physicians, Sydenham is little more than a name, and that his works, still more than those of his companion Locke, are more spoken of than read. This is owing to several causes; partly to their being buried in Latin, which men seem now-a-days ashamed to know; partly to much in them being now scientifically obsolete and useless; partly from their practical value being impaired by our ignorance of his formulas of cure; and greatly also, we fear, from what Baglivi calls "an inept derision and neglect of the ancients," which is more prevalent than seemly. We include ourselves among these; for until we got Dr. Greenhill's edition, we had never read seriously and thoroughly these admirable tracts, which were all of an occasional character, and were forced from their author by the importunity of friends, or the envious calumny of enemies, often in the form of familiar letters.

We had, when at college, picked up like our neighbours the current commonplaces about Sydenham; such as that he went by the name of "the Prince of English physicians;" that Boerhaave (of whom by the way we knew quite as little, unless it were a certain awful acquaintance with his ugly, squab, and gilded visage, which regarded us grimly from above a druggist's door, as we hurried along the Bridges to the University) was wont to take his hat off, whenever he mentioned his name, and to call him "*Anglicæ lumen, Artis Phæbum, veram Hippocratici viri speciem*:" that his life was written by Samuel Johnson in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and was one of his earliest and worst paid performances: that he was a Whig, and went into the field as a Parliament man. Moreover, that when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what he would advise him for medical reading, he replied, "*Read Don Quixote, Sir,*"—an answer as full of sense as wit, and the fitness and wisdom of which it would be not less pleasant than profitable to unfold at length. We had been told also, in a very general way by our teachers, that Sydenham had done some things for his profession, which, considering the dark age in which he worked, were highly to his credit: that his name was well connected with the history and manage-

ment of the small-pox ; the nature of epidemics, the constitutions of years, dropfies, &c., and that he had recorded his own sufferings from the gout in a clever and entertaining way.

All this was true, but by no means the whole truth. Not only are his observations invaluable to any one engaged in tracing the history of medicine as a practical art, and as an applied science; in marking in what respects it is changed, and in what unchanged; in how much it is better now than then, and in what little it is not so good. In addition to all this, they are full of valuable rules for the diagnosis and treatment of disease; and we can trace to him as their origin, many of our most common and important therapeutic doctrines. They everywhere manifest how thoroughly he practised what he taught, how honestly he used his own "method," that of continued, close, serious observation. But we confess after all, our chief delight is from the discovery he makes in his works of his personal character—the exemplar he furnishes in himself of the four qualities Hippocrates says are indispensable in every good physician—*learning, sagacity, humanity, probity*. This personality gives a constant charm to everything he writes—the warmth of his large, humane, practical nature is felt throughout.

Above all, we meet with a habitual reference to what ought to be the supreme end of every man's thoughts and energies—the two main issues of all his endeavours,—the glory of God and the good of men. Human life was to him a sacred, a divine, as well as a curious thing, and he seems to have possessed through life, in rare acuteness, that sense of the value of what was at stake, of the perilous material he had to work in, and that gentleness and compassion for his suffering fellow-men, without which no man—be his intellect ever so transcendent, his learning ever so vast, his industry ever so accurate and inappeasable—need hope to be a great physician, much less a virtuous and honest man. This characteristic is very striking. In the midst of the most minute details, and the most purely professional statements, he bursts out into some abrupt acknowledgment of “The Supreme Judge,” “The true Archiater and Archeus.” We may give one among many such instances. He closes his observations on *The Epidemic Cough and Pleurisy Peripneumony of 1675*, with this sudden allusion to the Supreme Being: “Qui post sequentur morbi, solus novit, QUI novit omnia.” And again, after giving his receipt for the preparation of his laudanum liquidum, so much of Spanish wine, of opium, of

saffron, of cinnamon and cloves, he adds, “*Profecto non hic mihi tempero, quin gratulabundus animadvertam, DEUM omnipotentem παντῶν Δωτηρα ἕαων non aliud remedium, quod vel pluribus malis debellandis par sit, vel eadem efficacius extirpet, humano generi in miseriarum solatium concessisse, quam opiata.*”

If we may adapt the simple but sublime saying of Sir Isaac Newton, Sydenham, though diligent beyond most other “children” in gathering his pebbles and shells on the shore of the great deep, and in winning for mankind some things of worth from the vast and formless infinite, was not unconscious of the mighty presence beside which he was at work; he was not deaf to the strong music of that illimitable sea. He recognised in the midst of the known, a greater, an infinite, a divine unknown; behind everything certain and distinct, he beheld something shadowy and unsearchable, past all finding out; and he did not, as many men of his class have too often done, and still do, rest in the mere contemplation and recognition of the *τι θειον*. This was to him but the shadow of the supreme substance, *ὁ θεος*. How unlike to this fervour, this reverence and godly fear, is the hard, cool, nonchalant style of many of our modern men of science, each of whom is so intent on his own little

pebble, so bent upon finding in it something no one else ever found, so self-involved and self-sufficient, that his eyes and his ears are alike shut to the splendours and the voices—the brooding darkness, and the “look that threatens the profane”—of the liberal sea, from out whose abyss it has been flung, and

“ Which doth with its eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.”

This habit of Sydenham's mind is strikingly shown in the first sentence of his Preface to the first edition of his *Medical Observations*: “ Qui medicinæ dat operam, hæc secum ut sæpe perpendat oportet: Primo, se de ægrorum vitâ ipsius curæ commissâ, rationem aliquando SUPREMO JUDICI redditurum. Deinde quicquid artis aut scientiæ, Divino beneficio confectus est, imprimis, ad SUMMI NUMINIS laudem, atque humani generis salutem, esse dirigendum: indignum autem esse, ut cœlestia illa dona, vel avaritiæ, vel ambitus officio inserviant. Porro, se, non ignobilis alicujus aut contemnendi animalis, curam suscepisse; ut enim, humani generis pretium agnoscas, UNIGENITUS DEI FILIUS, homo factus est adeoque naturam assumptam sua dignatione nobilitavit. Denique, nec se communi forte, exemptum esse, sed iisdem legi-

bus mortalitatis, iisdem casibus et ærumnis, obnoxium atque expositum, quibus alii quilibet; quo diligentius et quidem teneriori cum affectu, ipse plane ὁμοιοπαθίης ægrotantibus opem ferre conetur.”

When it is the free outcome of an earnest, sincere, and ample nature, this sudden reference to Divine things—this involuntary *Oh Altitudo!*—in the midst of a purely technical exposition, has an effect, and moves the hearer far beyond any mere elaborate and foreseen argumentation. When a youth is told beforehand what you mean to make him believe, and, above all, what you mean to insist that he must *feel*—you have much of him against you. You should take him before he is aware; and, besides, if this burst of emotion is the expression of an inward restraint, carried to its utmost, and then forced into utterance; if the speaker has resisted being moved, and is moved in spite of himself, then is he surest to move those upon whom he is acting. The full power of lightning is due to speed and concentration—you have it in the Teutonic *Blitz*, gone as soon as come.

Such of our readers (a fast-lessening band!) as were pupils of that remarkable man and first-rate teacher, Dr. John Barclay,—must remember well his sudden bursts of this kind,

made all the more memorable, that he disliked formal moralizing upon his favourite science. There was one occasion when he never failed to break out. It was when concluding his description of the bones of the skull. His old pupils knew what was coming, the new ones were set a wondering; all saw some suppressed emotion working within him,—his language was more close and rapid; that homely, sensible, honest face, was eager with some unacknowledged central feeling, and after finishing the *Sella Turcica*, and the clinoid processes, he threw down the sphenoid bone, and the time being up, and his hand on the open door of that well-known arena in which he moved, he seemed as if leaving; indeed, we believe he intended then to leave, when turning round upon the class, with a face serious almost to anger, and a voice trembling with feeling, he said, “Yes, gentlemen! there is a God, omnipotent, omniscient, and *eternal*,” and vanished under the gallery into his room. Depend upon it, this single sentence made a deeper impression on his hearers, than any more elaborate demonstration after the manner of Paley. The ardent old man did not linger among particulars, but passed at once, and with a sort of passionate fervour, to the full absolute assertion.

Two examples of these brief lightnings, which at one flash “unfold both earth and heaven,” occur to us now. Dr. Dick, in his *System of Theology*, at the close of his lecture on the Immensity and Omnipresence of the Deity, pictures a man about to commit some great sin, as shutting himself in his room, or going into the depths of an unfrequented wood, so as to get absolutely by himself, and then turning and looking, and looking again to make sure—“*let him turn and look again!*”

And John Foster, in that intense bit of spiritual vivisection, the Preface to Doddridge’s *Rise and Progress*, minutes the process of a step-by-step descent into the deepest meditative wickedness and impiety, the very “superfluity of naughtiness,” and represents the person as speaking his last thought aloud, and starting at his own voice, and his desperate sin, and then exclaiming, “If any one were within hearing!” *If any one were within hearing!*—as if some One had not all the while been within hearing.

The following are some quotations, taken at random, from Sydenham’s various treatises and letters, in which we may see what he himself was as a practitioner, and what were his views as to the only way in which Medicine, as an art, could be advanced.

In his Epistle to Dr. Mapletoft, prefixed to

the *Observationes Medicæ*, his first publication, when he was forty-two years of age, he gives his friend a long and entertaining account of his early professional life, and thus proceeds—“Having returned to London, I began the practice of Medicine, which when I studied curiously with most intent eye (*intento admodum oculo*) and utmost diligence, I came to this conviction, which to this day increases in strength, that our art is not to be better learned than by its exercise and use; and that it is likely in every case to prove true, that those who have directed their eyes and their mind, the most accurately and diligently, to the natural phenomena of diseases, will excel in eliciting and applying the true indications of cure. With this thread as my guide, I first applied my mind to a closer observation of fevers, and after no small amount of irksome waiting, and perplexing mental agitations, which I had to endure for several years, I at last fell upon a method by which, as I thought, they might be cured, which method I some time ago made public, at the urgent request of my friends.”

He then refers to the persecution and calumnies he had been exposed to from the profession, who looked upon him as a pestilent fellow, and a setter forth of strange doctrines; adopting the noble saying of Titus Tacitus in reply to

Metellus,—“Facile est in me dicere, cum non sim responsurus; tu didicisti maledicere; ego, conscientiâ teste, didici maledicta contemnere. Si tu linguæ tuæ dominus es, et quicquid lubet effutias; ego aurium mearum sum dominus, ut quicquid obvenerit audiant inoffensæ.”¹ — It is easy to speak against me when I make no reply; you have learned to speak evil; I, my conscience bearing me witness, have learned to despise evil-speaking; you are master of your tongue, and can make it utter what you list; I am master of my ears, and can make them hear without being offended.

And, after making the reference we have already mentioned, to his method having had the sanction and assistance of Locke, he thus concludes in regard to the ultimate success of his newly discovered way,—“As concerns the future, I cast the die, not over-careful how it may fall, for, since I am now no longer young,

¹ Sydenham here quotes from memory, as Bacon, and many other men of that time, whose minds were full of the classics, often did, and none of the commentators have discovered the exact passage. The remark is in Beyerlinck, *Magn. Theatr. Vit. Human.*, tom. vi. page 60, H. (Lugd. 1666, folio), referred to by Dr. Greenhill. It is as follows:—“Tacitus Lucio Metello ei in Senatu maledicenti respondit, ‘Facile est in me dicere, quia non responsurus sum, potentia ergo tua, non mea patientia est accusanda.’” Seneca is referred to by Beyerlinck.

and have, by the blessing of the Almighty, a sufficient provision for the remainder of my journey (*tantum mihi est viatici, quantum restat viæ*), I will do my best to attain, without trouble to myself or others, that measure of happiness so beautifully depicted by Politian :—

‘ Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipfis,
 Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
 Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus.
 Sed tacitos finit ire dies, et paupere cultu
 Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.’”

We shall now give more fully his peculiar views, and in order to render him due honour for originating and acting upon them, we must remember in the midst of what a mass of errors and prejudices, of theories actively mischievous, he was placed, at a time when the mania of hypothesis was at its height, and when the practical part of his art was overrun and stultified by vile and silly nostrums. We must have all this in our mind, or we shall fail in estimating the amount of independent thought, of courage and uprightness, and of all that deserves to be called magnanimity and virtue, which was involved in his thinking and writing and acting as he did.

“ The improvement of physic, in my opinion, depends, *1st*, Upon collecting as genuine

and natural a description or history of diseases as can be procured ; and, 2d, Upon laying down a fixed and complete method of cure. With regard to the history of diseases, whoever considers the undertaking deliberately will perceive that a few such particulars must be attended to : 1st, All diseases should be described as objects of natural history, with the same exactness as is done by botanists, for there are many diseases that come under the same genus and bear the same name, that being specifically different, require a different treatment. The word *carduus* or thistle, is applied to several herbs, and yet a botanist would be inaccurate and imperfect who would content himself with a generic description. Furthermore, when this distribution of distempers into *genera* has been attempted, it has been to fit into some hypothesis, and hence this distribution is made to suit the bent of the author rather than the real nature of the disorder. How much this has obstructed the improvement of physic any man may know. In writing, therefore, such a natural history of diseases, every merely philosophical hypothesis should be set aside, and the manifest and natural phenomena, however minute, should be noted with the utmost exactness. The usefulness of this procedure cannot be easily overrated, as compared

with the subtle inquiries and trifling notions of modern writers; for can there be a shorter, or indeed any other way, of coming at the morbid causes, or of discovering the curative indications, than by a certain perception of the peculiar symptoms? By these steps and helps it was that the father of physic, the great Hippocrates, came to excel; *his theory* (*θεωρία*) *being no more than an exact description or view of Nature.* He found that Nature alone often terminates diseases, and works a cure with a few simple medicines, and often enough with no medicines at all. If only one person in every age had accurately described, and consistently cured, but a single disease, and made known his secret, physic would not be where it now is; but we have long since forsook the ancient method of cure, *founded upon the knowledge of conjunct causes*, inasmuch that the art, as at this day practised, is rather the art of talking about diseases than of curing them. I make this digression in order to assert, that the discovering and assigning of remote causes, which now-a-days so much engrosses the minds and feeds the vanity of curious inquirers, is an impossible attempt, and that only immediate and conjunct causes fall within the compass of our knowledge." Or as he elsewhere pithily states it:—"Cognitio nostra, in

rerum cortice, omnis ferme verfatur, ac ad τὸ ὅτι five quod res hoc modo se habeat, fere tantum affurgit; τὸ διότι, five rerum caufas, nullatenus attingit."

His friend Locke could not have ftated the cafe more clearly or fenfibly. It is this doctrine of "conjunct caufes," this neceffity for watching the action of compound and often oppofing forces, and the having to do all this not in a machine, of which if you have feen one, you have feen all, but where each organism has often much that is different from, as well as common with all others. Here you muft mend your watch while it is going, you muft fhoot your game on the wing. It is this which takes medicine out of the category of exact fciences, and puts it into that which includes politics, ethics, navigation, and practical engineering, in all of which, though there are principles, and thofe principles quite within the fcope of human reafon, yet the application of thefe principles muft, in the main, be left to each man's fkill, prefence of mind, and judgment, as to the cafe in hand.

It is in medicine as in the piloting of a fhip—rules may be laid down, principles expounded, charts exhibited; but when a man has made himfelf mafter of all thefe, he will often find his fhip among breakers and quickfands, and muft

at last have recourse to his own craft and courage. Gaubius, in his admirable chapter, *De disciplinâ Medici*, thus speaks of the *reasonable* certainty of medicine as distinguished from the absolute certainty of the exact sciences, and at the same time gives a very just idea of the infinite (as far as concerns our limited powers of sense and judgment) multiplicity of the phenomena of disease:—"Nec vero sufficit medicum *communis* modo intueri; oportet et *cuiusvis homini propria*, quæ quidem diversitas tam immensa occurrit ut nullâ observationum vi exhauriri possit. Solâ denique contemplatione non licet acquiescere, inque obscuris rebus suspendere iudicium, donec lux affulgeat. *Actionem exigit officium. Captanda hinc agendi occasio, quæ sæpe præceptis, per conjecturam* cogit determinare, quod *per scientiam* fat cito nequit. Audiant hæc obtrectatores, et cum didicerint *scientias puras*, ab iis quas *applicatas* vocant, *contemplativas à practicis*, distinguere, videant quo jure medicinam præ aliis, ut omnis certi expertem, infament."

It would not be easy to put more important truth into clearer expression. Conjecture, in its good sense, as meaning the throwing together of a number of the elements of judgment, and taking what upon the whole is the most likely,

and acting accordingly, has, and will ever have, a main part to play in any art that concerns human nature, in its entireness *and in action*. When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be on the instant. This is what makes medicine so much more of an art than a science, and dependent so much more upon the agent than upon his instructions; and this it is that makes us so earnest in our cautions against the supposition that any amount of scientific truth, the most accurate and extensive, can in medicine supersede the necessity of the recipient of all this knowledge having, as Richard Baxter says, by nature “a special sagacity,—a naturally searching and conjecturing turn of mind.” Moreover, this faculty must be disciplined and exercised in its proper function, by being not a hearer only, but also a doer, an apprentice as well as a student, and by being put under the tutorage of a master who exercises as well as expounds his calling.

This native gift and its appropriate object have been so justly, so beautifully described by Hartley Coleridge in his *Life of Fothergill*, that we cannot refrain from closing our remarks on this subject by quoting his words. Do our readers know his *Biographia Borealis*? If they do, they will agree with us in placing it among the plea-

fantest books in our language, just such a one as Plutarch, had he been an Englishman, would have written:—"There are certain inward gifts, more akin to genius than to talent, which make the physician prosper, and deserve to prosper; for medicine is not like practical geometry, or the doctrine of projectiles, an application of an abstract, demonstrable science, in which a certain result may be infallibly drawn from certain data, or in which the disturbing forces may be calculated with scientific exactness. It is a *tentative art*, to succeed in which demands a quickness of eye, thought, tact, invention, which are not to be learned by study, nor, unless by con-natural aptitude, to be acquired by experience; and it is the possession of this *sense*, exercised by a patient observation, and fortified by a just reliance on the *vis medicatrix*, the self-adjusting tendency of nature, that constitutes the true physician or healer, as imagination constitutes the poet, and brings it to pass, that sometimes an old apothecary, not far removed from an old woman, and whose ordinary conversation favours, it may be, largely of twaddle, who can seldom give a rational account of a case or its treatment, acquires, and justly, a reputation for infallibility, while men of talent and erudition are admired and neglected; *the truth being, that*

there is a great deal that is mysterious in whatever is practical."

But to return to our author. He was the first to point out what he called the varying "constitutions" of different years in relation to their respective epidemics, and the importance of watching the type of each new epidemic before settling the means of cure. In none of his works is his philosophic spirit, and the subtlety and clearness of his understanding, shown more signally than in his successive histories of the epidemics of his time. Nothing equal to them has ever appeared since; and the full importance of the principles he was the first to lay down, is only now beginning to be acknowledged. His confession as to his entirely failing to discover what made one epidemic so to differ from another, has been amply confirmed by all succeeding observers. He says,—“ I have carefully examined the different constitutions of different years as to the manifest qualities of the air, yet I must own I have hitherto made no progress, having found that years, perfectly agreeing as to their temperature and other sensible properties, have produced very different tribes of diseases, and *vice versa*. The matter seems to stand thus: there are certain constitutions of years that owe their origin neither to heat, cold,

dryness, or moisture, but *upon a certain secret and inexplicable alteration in the bowels of the earth*, whence the air becomes impregnated with such kinds of *effluvia* as subject the human body to distempers of a certain specific type."

As to the early treatment of a new epidemic, he says,—“My chief care, in the midst of so much darkness and ignorance, is *to wait a little*, and proceed very slowly, especially in the use of powerful remedies, in the meantime observing its nature and procedure, and by what means the patient was relieved or injured;” and he concludes by regretting the imperfection of his observations, and hoping that they will assist in beginning a work that, in his judgment, will greatly tend to the advantage of mankind. Had his successors followed in his track with equal sagacity and circumspection, our knowledge of these destructive and mysterious incursions of disease, would, in all likelihood, have been greatly larger and more practical than it is now.

Sydenham is well known to have effected a revolution in the management of the small-pox, and to have introduced a method of treatment upon which no material improvement has since been made. We owe the cool regimen to him. Speaking of the propriety of attending to the

wishes of the sufferer, he says, with equal humanity and good sense,—“ A person in a burning fever desires to drink freely of some small liquor; but the rules of art, built upon some hypothesis, having a different design in view, thwart the desire, and instead thereof, order a cordial. In the meantime, the patient, not being suffered to drink what he wishes, nauseates all kinds of food, but art commands him to eat. Another, after a long illness, begs hard, it may be, for something odd, or questionable; here, again, impertinent art thwarts him and threatens him with death. How much more excellent the aphorism of Hippocrates—‘ Such food as is most grateful, though not so wholesome, is to be preferred to that which is better, but distasteful.’ Nor will this appear strange, if it be considered that the all-wise Creator has formed the whole with such exquisite order, that, as all the evils of nature eminently conspire to complete the harmony of the whole work, so every being is endowed with a *Divine direction or instinct*, which is interwoven with its proper essence, and hence the safety of mankind was provided for, who, notwithstanding all our doctoring, had been otherwise in a sad enough plight.” Again—“ He would be no honest and successful pilot who were to apply himself with less industry to avoid rocks and

sands, and bring his vessel safely home, than to search into the causes of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which, though very well for a philosopher, is foreign to him whose business it is to secure the ship. So neither will a physician, whose province it is to cure diseases, be able to do so, though he be a person of great genius, who bestows less time on the hidden and intricate method of nature, and adapting his means thereto, than on curious and subtle speculations."

The following is frank enough:—"Indeed, if I may speak my mind freely, I have been long of opinion that I act the part of an honest man and a good physician as often as I refrain entirely from medicines, when, upon visiting the patient, I find him no worse to-day than he was yesterday; whereas, if I attempt to cure the patient by a method of which I am uncertain, *he will be endangered both by the experiment I am going to make on him and by the disease itself; nor will he so easily escape two dangers as one.*"

"That practice, and that alone, will bring relief to the sufferer, which elicits the curative indications from the phenomena of the diseases themselves, and confirms them by experience, by which means the great Hippocrates made himself immortal. And had the art of medicine

been delivered by any one in this wise, though the cure of a disease or two might come to, be known to the common people, yet the art in its full extent would then have required men more prudent and skilful than it does now, nor would it lose any of its credit; for as there is in the operations of Nature (on the observations of which a true medical praxis is founded) more of nicety and subtlety than can be found in any art supported on the most specious hypotheses, so the science of Medicine which Nature teaches will exceed an ordinary capacity in a much greater degree than that which mere philosophy teaches."

There is much profound truth in this. Observation, in its strict sense, is not every man's gift, and but few men's actual habit of mind. Newton used to say, that if in any one way he differed from other men, it was in his power of continued attention—of faithful, unbroken observation; his ladder had all its steps entire, and he went up with a composed, orderly foot. It requires more strength and fineness of mind, more of what deserves to be called genius, to make a series of genuine observations in Medicine, or any other art, than to spin any amount of nice hypotheses, or build any number of "*castella in aere*," as Sydenham calls them. The observer's object—and it is no mean one—is

“ To know *what's what*, and that's as high
As Metaphysic wit can fly.”

Sydenham adds, “ Nor will the publication of such observations *diminish, but rather increase the reputation of our art*, which, being rendered *more difficult, as well as more useful, only men of sagacity and keen sound judgment would be admitted as physicians.*” How true to the spirit of his great master in his *Novum Organum*, “ Nature is only subdued by submission.” “ The subtilty of nature is far beyond that of sense, or of the understanding, and the specious meditations and theories of mankind are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it.” There is a very remarkable passage in Sydenham's *Treatise of the Dropsy*, in which, after quoting this curious passage from Hippocrates, “ Certain physicians and philosophers say that it is impossible for any man to understand medicine without knowing the internal structure of man; for my part, I think that what they have written or said of nature pertains less to the medical than the pictorial art,” he asserts not only his own strong conviction of the importance of a knowledge of minute anatomy to the practitioner, but also his opinion that what Hippocrates meant, was to caution against depending *too much* on, and expecting too much help from

anatomical researches, to the superseding of the scrupulous observation of living phenomena, of successive actions.¹ “For in all diseases, acute and chronic, it must be owned there is an inscrutable *τι θειον*, a specific property which eludes the keenest anatomy.”

He then goes on to say, that as Hippocrates censured the abuse of anatomy, so in his own day there were many who, in like manner, raised hopes for Physic from discoveries in Chemistry,

¹ As far as the cure of diseases is concerned, Medicine has more to do with human *Dynamics* than *Statics*, for whatever be the essence of life—and as yet this *τι θειον*, this *nescio quid divinum*, has defied all scrutiny—it is made known to us chiefly by certain activities or changes. It is the tendency at the present time of medical research *to reverse this order*. Morbid anatomy, microscopical investigations, though not confined to states or conditions of parts, must regard them fully more than actions and functions. This is probably what Stahl means when he says, “*Ubi Physicus desinit, Medicus incipit;*” and in the following passage of his rough Tudesque Latin, he plainly alludes to the tendency, in his day, to dwell too much upon the materials of the human body, without considering its actions “*ut vivens.*” The passage is full of the subtilty and fire and depth of that wonderful man. “*Undique hinc materiv advertitur animus, et quæ crassius in sensum impingit conformatio, et mutua proportio corporea consideratur; motuum ordo, vis, et absoluta magis in materiam energia, tempora, ejus, gradus, vices, maxime autem omnium, fines obiter in animum admittuntur.*” The human machine has been compared to a watch, and some hope that in due time doctors will be as good at their craft as watchmakers are at theirs; but watchmakers are not called on to mend their work *while it is going*; this makes all the difference.

which, in the nature of things, *never* could be realized, and which only served to distract from the true Hippocratic method of induction; “for the chief deficiency of medicine is not a want of efficacious medicine. Whoever considers the matter thoroughly, will find that the principal defect on the part of physic proceeds, *not from a scarcity of medicines to answer particular intentions, but from the want of knowing the intentions to be answered*, for an apothecary’s apprentice can tell me what medicine will purge, vomit, or sweat, or cool; but a man must be conversant with practice who is able to tell me when is the properest time for administering any of them.”

He is constantly inculcating the necessity of getting our diagnostic knowledge at first-hand, ridiculing those descriptions of disease which the manufacturers of “Bodies of medicine” “Hand-books,” and such like, make up in their studies, and which are oftener compositions than portraits, or at the best bad copies, and which the young student will find it hard enough to identify in real life. There is too much of this we fear still; and Montaigne, who rejoices in having a fly hit at his cronies the doctors, might still say with some reason, “Like him who paints the sea, rocks, and havens, and draws the model of a ship as he sits safe at his table; but send him to sea, and he knows

not how or where to steer; so doctors oftentimes make such a description of our maladies as a town-crier does of a lost dog or donkey, of such a colour and height, such ears, &c.; *but bring the very animal before him, and he knows it not for all that.*"

Everywhere our author acknowledges the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, by which alone so many diseases are cured, and without or against which none, and by directing and helping which medicine best fulfils its end, "For I do not think it below me or my art to acknowledge, with respect to the cure of fevers and other distempers, that when no manifest indication pointed out to me what should be done, I have consulted my patient's safety and my own reputation, most effectually, *by doing nothing at all.* But it is much to be lamented that abundance of patients are so ignorant as not to know, that it is sometimes as much the part of a skilful physician to do nothing, as at others to apply the most energetic remedies, whence they not only deprive themselves of fair and honourable treatment, but impute it to ignorance or negligence."

We conclude these extracts with a picturesque description. It is a case of "the hysterics" in a man:—"I was called not long since to an ingenious gentleman who had recovered from a

fever, but a few days before he had employed another physician, who bled and purged him soundly, and forbade him the use of flesh. When I came I found him up, and heard him talking sensibly. I asked why I was sent for, to which one of his friends replied with a wink, Wait and you'll see. Accordingly, sitting down and entering into discourse with the patient, I perceived his under lip was thrust outwards, and in frequent motion, as happens to peevish children, who pout before they cry, which was succeeded by the most violent fit of crying, with deep and convulsive sobs. I conceived this was occasioned partly by his long illness, partly by the previous evacuations, and partly by emptiness; *I therefore ordered him a roast chicken, and a pint of Canary.* Felix ille!

His shrewdness and humour are shown in the story Dr. Paris tells, in his *Pharmacologia*.

“This great physician, Sydenham, having long attended a gentleman of fortune with little or no advantage, frankly avowed his inability to render him any farther service, adding at the same time, that there was a physician of the name of Robertson, at Inverness, who had distinguished himself by the performance of many remarkable cures of the same complaint as that under which his patient laboured, and expressing a conviction

that, if he applied to him, he would come back cured. This was too encouraging a proposal to be rejected; the gentleman received from Sydenham a statement of his case, with the necessary letter of introduction, and proceeded without delay to the place in question. On arriving at Inverness, and anxiously inquiring for the residence of Dr. Robertson, he found to his utter dismay and disappointment, that there was no physician of that name, nor ever had been in the memory of any person there. The gentleman returned, vowing eternal hostility to the peace of Sydenham, and on his arrival at home, instantly expressed his indignation at having been sent on a journey of so many hundred miles for no purpose. 'Well,' replies Sydenham, 'are you better in health?' 'Yes, *I am now quite well*; but no thanks to you.' 'No,' says Sydenham, 'but you may thank Dr. Robertson for curing you. I wished to send you a journey with some object of interest in view; I knew it would be of service to you; in going you had Dr. Robertson and his wonderful cures in contemplation; and in returning, you were equally engaged in thinking of scolding me.'"

In making these selections we have done our author great injustice, partly from having to

give them either in Swan's translation or our own, and thereby losing much of the dignity and nerve—the flavour, or what artists would call the crispness of the original; partly also from our being obliged to exclude strictly professional discussions, in which, as might be expected, his chief value and strength lie.

We know nothing in medical literature more finished than his letter to Dr. Cole on the hysterical passion, and his monograph of the gout. Well might Edward Hanes, the friend of Addison, in his verses on Sydenham, thus sing:—

“ Sic te scientem non faciunt libri
Et dogma pulchrum; sed sapientia
Enata rebus, mensque facti
Experiens, animusque felix.”

It would not be easy to over-estimate the permanent impression for good, which the writings, the character, and the practice of Sydenham have made on the art of healing in England, and on the Continent generally. In the writings of Boerhaave, Stahl, Gaubius, Pinel, Bordeu, Haller, and many others, he is spoken of as the father of rational medicine; as the first man who applied to his profession the Baconian principles of interpreting and serving nature, and who never forgot the master's rule, “ Non

fingendum aut excogitandum, sed inveniendum, quid natura aut faciat aut ferat." He was what Plato would have called an "*artfman*," as distinguished from a doctor of abstract science. But he was by no means deficient in either the capacity or the relish for speculative truth. Like all men of a large practical nature, he could not have been what he was, or done what he did, without possessing and often exercising the true philosophizing faculty. He was a man of the same quality of mind in this respect with Watt, Franklin, and John Hunter, in whom speculation was not the less genuine that it was with them a means rather than an end.

This distinction between the *science* and the *art* or craft, or as it was often called the *cunning* of medicine, is one we have already insisted upon, and the importance of which we consider very great, in the present condition of this department of knowledge and practice. We are now-a-days in danger of neglecting our art in mastering our science, though medicine in its ultimate resort must always be *more* of an art than of a science. It being the object of the student of physic to learn or know some thing or things, in order to be able safely, effectually and at once, to *do* some other thing; and inasmuch as human nature cannot contain more than its fill, a man may

not only have in his head much scientific truth, which is useless, but it may shut out and hinder, and render altogether ineffectual, the active, practical, workmanlike faculties, for whose use his knowledge was primarily got. It is the remark of a profound thinker, that "*all professional men labour under a great disadvantage in not being allowed to be ignorant of what is useless* ; every one fancies that he is bound to receive and transmit whatever is believed to have been known."

"It appears to be possible," says Dr. Thomas Young, in his *Life of Porson*, "that a memory may in itself be even too retentive for real practical utility, as if of too microscopic a nature ; and it seems to be by a wise and benevolent, though by no means an obvious arrangement of a Creative Providence, that *a certain degree of oblivion becomes a most useful instrument in the advancement of human knowledge*, enabling us readily to look back on the prominent features only of various objects and occurrences, and to class them, and reason upon them, by the help of this involuntary kind of abstraction and generalization, with incomparably greater facility than we could do if we retained the whole detail of what had been once but slightly impressed on our minds. It is

thus, for example, in physic, that the experienced practitioner learns at length to despise the relation of individual symptoms and particular cases, on which alone the empiric insists, and to feel the value of the Hippocratic system of 'attending more to the prognostic than the diagnostic features of disease;' which, to a younger student, appears to be perfect imbecility."

This subject of art and science is hinted at, with his usual sagacity, by Plato, in a singular passage in his *Theætetus*:—"Particulars," he says, "are infinite, and the higher generalities give no sufficient direction in medicine; but *the pith of all sciences, that which makes the artisan differ from the inexpert, is in the middle propositions*, which, in every particular knowledge, are taken from tradition and experience."¹ It would not be easy to convey in fewer

¹ Being anxious to see what was the context of this remarkable passage, which Bacon quotes, as if *verbatim*, in his *Advancement of Learning*, we hunted through the *Theætetus*, but in vain. We set two friends, thorough-bred Grecians, upon the quest, but they could find no such passage. One of them then spoke to Sir William Hamilton, and he told him that he had marked that passage as not being a literal translation of any sentence in Plato's writings. He considered it a quotation from memory, and as giving the substance of a passage in the *Philebus*, which occurs in the 6th and 7th of the forty-two sections of that Dialoguc. Perhaps the sentence which comes nearest to the words of Bacon is the last

words, more of what deserves the name of the philosophy of this entire subject,—and few things would be more for the advantage of the best interests of all arts and sciences, and all true progress in human knowledge and power, than the taking this passage and treating it exegetically, as a divine would say,—bringing out fully its meaning, and illustrating it by examples. Scientific truth is to the mind of a physician what food is to his body ; but, in order to his mind being nourished and growing by this food, it must be assimilated—it must undergo a vital internal change—must be transformed, transmuted, and lose its original form. This destruction of formal identity—this losing of itself in being received into the general mass of truth—is necessary in order to bring abstract truth into the condition of what Plato calls “the middle propositions,” or, as Mr. Mill calls them, the *generalia* of knowledge.¹ These are such truths as have been

in the 6th section, beginning with the words *οἱ δὲ νῦν τῶν ἀνθρώπων σόφαι*. *Τὰ δὲ μέσα αὐτοῦς ἐκφεύγει*, of which he speaks, seem to be equivalent to “the middle propositions.”

¹ The following we give as a sort of abstract of a valuable chapter in Mill's *Logic* on “The Logic of Art:”—An art, or a body of art, consists of rules, together with as much of the speculative propositions as comprises the justification of those rules. Art selects and arranges the truths of science in the most convenient order for practice, instead of the order most convenient for thought—science following one

appropriated, and vitally adopted, by the mind, and which, to use Bacon's strong words, have been "drenched in flesh and blood," have been turned in "*succum et sanguinem*;" for man's mind cannot, any more than his body, live on mere elementary substances; he must have fat, albumen, and sugar; he can make nothing of their elements, bare carbon, azote, or hydrogen. And more than this, as we have said, he must *digest* and *disintegrate* his food before it can be of any use to him. In this view, as in another and a higher, we may use the sacred words,—“That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;” for, as it is a law of vegetable

cause to its various effects, while art traces one effect to its multiplied and diversified causes and conditions. There is need of a set of intermediate scientific truths, derived from the higher generalities of science, and destined to serve as the *generalia* or first principles of art. The art proposes for itself an end to be gained, defines the end, and hands it over to science. Science receives it, studies it as a phenomenon or effect, and, having investigated its causes and conditions, sends it back to Art, with a rationale of its cause or causes, but nothing more. Art then examines their combinations, and according as any of them are or are not in human power, or within the scope of its particular end, pronounces upon their utility, and forms a rule of action. The rules of art do not attempt to comprise more conditions than require to be attended to in ordinary cases, and therefore are always imperfect.

life, that a seed does not begin to pass into a new form, does not begin to grow into a plant, until its own nature is changed, and its original condition is broken up, until it "dies" in giving birth to something better,—so is it with scientific truth, taken into or planted in the mind—it must die, else it abides alone—it does not germinate.

Had Plato lived now, he might well have said, "particulars are infinite." Facts, as such, are merely so many units, and are often rather an encumbrance to the practical man than otherwise. These "middle propositions" stand midway between the facts in their infinity and speculative truth in its abstract inertness; they take from both what they need, and they form a *tertium quid*, upon which the mind can act practically, and reason upon in practice, and form rules of action. Sydenham, Hippocrates, Abernethy, Pott, Hunter, Baillie, Abercrombie, and such like, among physicians, are great in the region of the "*middle propositions*." They selected their particulars—their instances, and they made their higher generalities come down, they appropriated them, and turned them into blood, bone, and sinew.

The great problem in the education of young men for medicine in our times, is to know how to make the infinity of particulars, the prodigious

treasures of mere science, available for practice—how the art may keep pace with, and take the maximum of good out of the science. We have often thought that the apprenticeship system is going too much into disrepute. It had its manifest and great evils; but there was much good got by it that is not to be got in any other way. The personal authority and attachment, the imitation of their master—the watching his doings, and picking up the odds and ends of his experience—the coming under the influence of his mind, following in his steps, looking with his eyes, and unconsciously accumulating a stock of knowledge, multifarious it might be, the good of which was not fully known till after-years explained and confirmed its worth. There were other practical things besides jokes learned and executed in the apprentices' room, and there were the friendships for life, on which so much, not merely of the comfort, but the progress of a physician depends. Now everything, at least most, is done in public, in classes; and it is necessarily with the names of things rather than the things themselves, or their management, that the young men have chiefly to do. The memory¹ is exer-

¹ Professor Syme, in his Letter to Sir James Graham on the Medical Bill, in which, in twelve pages, he puts the whole of this tiresome question on its true footing, makes these

cised more than the senses or the judgment ; and when the examination comes, as a matter of course the student returns back to his teacher as much as possible of what he has received from him, and as much as possible in his very words. He goes over innumerable names. There is little opportunity even in anatomy for testing his power or his skill as a workman, as an independent observer and judge, under what Sir James Clark justly calls "*the demoralizing system of cramming.*" He repeats what is already

weighty observations :—“ As a teacher of nearly twenty-five years’ standing, and well acquainted with the dispositions, habits, and powers of medical students, I beg to remark, that the system of repeated examinations on the same subject by different Boards, especially if protracted beyond the age of twenty-two, is greatly opposed to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge. Medicine, throughout all its departments, is a science of observation ; memory alone, however retentive, or diligently assisted by teaching, is unable to afford the qualifications for practice, and it is only by digesting the facts learned, through reflection, comparison, and personal research, that they can be appropriated with improving effect ; *but when the mind is loaded with the minutiae of elementary medical and collateral study, it is incapable of the intense and devoted attention essential to attaining any approach to excellence in practical medicine and surgery.* It has accordingly always appeared to me, *that the character of medical men depends less upon what passes during the period even of studentship than upon the mode in which they spend the next years, when, their trials and examinations being over, the whole strength of a young and disciplined intellect may be preparing itself for the business of life.*”

known ; he is not able to say how all or any of this knowledge, may be turned to practical account. Epictetus cleverly illustrates this very system and its fruits : “ As if sheep, after they have been feeding, should present their shepherds with *the very grass itself which they had cropped and swallowed, to show how much they had eaten, instead of concocting it into wool and milk.*”

Men of the “ middle propositions ” are not clever, glib expounders of their reasons, they prefer doing a thing to speaking about it, or how it may be done. We remember hearing a young doctor relate how, on one occasion when a student, he met with the late Dr. Abercrombie, when visiting a man who was labouring under what was considered malignant disease of the stomach. He was present when that excellent man first saw the patient along with his regular attendant. The doctor walked into the room in his odd, rapid, indifferent way, which many must recollect ; scrutinized all the curiosities on the mantelpiece ; and then, as if by chance, found himself at his patient’s bedside ; but when there his eye settled upon him intensely ; his whole mind was busily at work. He asked a few plain questions ; spoke with great kindness, but briefly ; and, coming back to consult, he

said, to the astonishment of the surgeon and the young student, "The mischief is all in the brain, the stomach is affected merely through it. The case will do no good; he will get blind and convulsed, and die." He then in his considerate, simple way, went over what might be done to palliate suffering and prolong life. He was right. The man died as he said, and on examination the brain was found softened, the stomach found. The young student, who was intimate with Dr. Abercrombie, ventured to ask him what it was in the look of the man that made him know at once. "I can't tell you, I can hardly tell myself; but I rest with confidence upon the exactness and honesty of my past observations. I remember the result, and act upon it; but I can't put you, or, without infinite trouble, myself, in possession of all the steps." "But would it not be a great saving if you could tell others?" said the young doctor. "*It would be no such thing; it would be the worst thing that could happen to you; you would not know how to use it. You must follow in the same road, and you will get as far, and much farther. You must miss often before you hit. You can't tell a man how to hit; you may tell him what to aim at.*" "Was it something in the eye?" said his inveterate querist. "Perhaps

it was," he said good-naturedly ; " but don't you go and blister every man's *occiput*, whose eyes are, as you think, like his."¹

It would be well for the community, and for the real good of the profession, if the ripe experience, the occasional observations of such men as Sydenham and Abercrombie, formed the main amount of medical books, instead of Vade Mecums, Compendiums, and Systems, on the one hand, and the ardent but unripe lucubrations of very young men.

It is said that *facts* are what we want, and every periodical is filled with papers by very young physicians made up of practical facts.

¹ This is very clearly stated by Dr. Mandeville, the acute and notorious author of the Fable of the Bees, in his *Dialogues on the Hypochondria*, one of his best works, as full of good sense and learning as of wit. " If you please to consider that there are no words in any language for an hundredth part of all the minute differences that are obvious to the skilful, you will soon find that a man may know a thing perfectly well, and at the same time not be able to tell you why or how he knows it. The practical knowledge of a physician, or at least the most considerable part of it, is the result of a large collection of observations that have been made on the minutiae of things in human bodies in health and sickness ; but likewise there are such changes and differences in these minutiae as no language can express ; and when a man has no other reason for what he does than the judgment he has formed from such observations, *it is impossible he can give you the one without the other*—that is, he can never explain his reasons to you, *unless he could communicate to you that collection of observations, of which his skill is the product.*"

What is fact? we would ask; and are not many of our new facts little else than the opinions of the writers about certain phenomena, the reality, and assuredly the importance of which, is by no means made out so strongly as the opinions about them are stated.¹ In this intensely scientific age, we need some wise heads to tell us what not to learn or to unlearn, fully as much as what to learn. Let us by all means avail ourselves of the unmatched advantages of modern science, and of the discoveries which every day is multiplying with a rapidity which confounds; let us convey into, and carry in our heads as much as we safely can, of new knowledge from Chemistry, Statistics, the Microscope, the Stethoscope, and all new helps and methods; *but let us go on with the old serious diligence*,—the *experientia* as well as the *experimenta*—the forging, and directing, and qualifying the mind as well as the furnishing, informing, and what is called accomplishing it. Let us, in the midst of all the wealth pouring in from without, keep our senses and our under-

¹ Louis, in the preface to the first edition of his *Researches on Phthisis*, says—“Few persons are free from delusive mental tendencies, especially in youth, interfering with true observation, and I am of opinion that, generally speaking, *we ought to place less reliance on cases collected by very young men; and, above all, not intrust the task of accumulating facts to them exclusively.*”

standings well exercised on immediate work. Let us look with our own eyes, and feel with our own fingers.¹

One natural consequence of the predominance in our days of the merely scientific element, is,

¹ We all know Cullen's pithy saying, that there are more false facts than theories in medicine. In his *Treatise on the Materia Medica*, which was given to the world when its author was in his seventy-seventh year, we came upon the full statement of the many mistakes and untruths which are drawn from "false experience." These he divides into eight classes:—

1st, In respect to those supposed remedies, which, from their nature, and their being placed at a distance from the human body, cannot be supposed to have any action upon it. Such are charms, inodorous amulets, sympathetic powders, &c.

2d, Another instance of false experience is with respect to the virtues imputed to substances, which when taken into the body, pass through it unchanged, such as mountain crystal, gems, and precious stones, which formerly had a place in our dispensatories.

3d, Whenever to substances obviously inert, or such as have little power of changing the human body, we find considerable effects imputed. Thus, when the excellent Linnæus tells us he preserved himself from gout by eating every year plentifully of strawberries! (Here we suspect the Swede was wiser and righter than the Scot.)

4th, When medicines are said to cure what we have no evidence ever existed. As when Dr. Boerhaave says certain medicines correct an *atrabilis*, a condition he nowhere proves the existence of.

The *5th* refers to solvents of the stone taken by the mouth, to many emmenagogues and diuretics.

The *6th*, where effects that do really take place are imputed to medicines employed, *when they are due to the spon-*

that the elder too much serves the younger. The young man teaches and talks, and the old man learns and is mute.¹ This is excellent, when it is confined to the statement of discovery, or the constantly evolving laws of knowledge, or of matter. But the young men

taneous operations of the animal economy, or of nature, as we commonly speak; and he instances the vegetables mentioned in the *Materia Medica* as *Vulneraries*.

The 7th and 8th are instances of false experience from mistakes concerning the real nature of the disease treated, and of the drug employed. It is curious to us who are seventy years older, and it may be wiser (in the main) to note how permanently true much of this still is, and how oddly and significantly illustrative of the very fallacies classified by himself, is the little that is not true.

Then follows what we had chiefly in view in this quotation. Dr. Cullen, after stating that these false experiences of writers upon the *Materia Medica*, were mistakes of judgment, and not made under any consciousness of falsehood, reprobates with much severity *the manufacture of facts in medicine*, which have, for reasons of various kinds, been obtruded on the public by persons aware of their being false, or which, at least, they have never proved to be true; and he ends with this remarkable statement, the moral of which is not peculiar to 1789:—"This leads me to observe, that a very fertile source of false facts has been opened for some time past. There is in some young physicians the vanity of being the authors of observations, which are often too hastily made, and sometimes perhaps entirely dressed in the closet. We dare not at present be too particular, but the next age will discern many instances of perhaps the direct falsehoods, and certainly the many mistakes in fact, produced in the present age concerning the powers and virtues of medicine."—*Treatise on the Materia Medica*, chap. ii. article iv. pages 142-153.

¹ See Note B.

have now almost the whole field to themselves. Chemistry and Physiology have become, to all men above forty, impossible sciences; they dare not meddle with them; and they keep back from giving to the profession their own personal experience in matters of practice, from the feeling that much of their science is out of date; and the consequence is, that, even in matters of practice, the young men are in possession of the field. Fruit is pleasanter and every way best when it is ripe; and practical observation, to be worth anything, must be more of a fruit than a blossom, and need not be plucked when green.

“Plutarch,” says old Heberden, “has told us that the life of a vestal virgin was divided into three portions; in the first she learned the duties of her profession, in the second she practised them, and in the third she taught them to others.” This, he maintained, and we cordially agree with him, was no bad model for the life of a physician, and he followed it himself, as shown by his motto prefixed to his *Classical Commentaries*, — Γέρον καὶ κύμνειν οὐκέτι δυναμενος, τοῦτο τὸ βιβλίον ἔγραψα. George *filius* may explain to the admiring George *pater*, the merits and arcana of his Pritchett rifle, or his Deane and Adams’ revolver,—any scientific improvement the youngster may teach his “governor,” but

don't let him go further, and take to giving him instructions in the art of finding and bagging his game. This is exactly where we are so apt to go wrong in medicine, as well as in fowling.

Let it not be supposed that we despair of Medicine gaining the full benefit of the general advance in knowledge and usefulness. Far from it. We believe there is more of exact diagnosis, of intelligent, effectual treatment of disease,—that there are wider views of principles—directer, ampler methods of discovery, at this moment in Britain than at any former time; and we have no doubt that the augmentation is still proceeding, and will defy all calculation. But we are likewise of opinion, that the office of a physician, in the highest sense, will become fully more difficult than before, will require a greater compass and energy of mind, as working in a wider field, and using finer weapons; and that there never was more necessity for making every effort to strengthen and clarify the judgment and the senses by inward discipline, and by outward exercise, than when the importance and the multitude of the objects of which they must be cognizant, are so infinitely increased. The middle propositions must be attended to, and filled up as the particulars and the higher generalities crowd in.

It would be out of place in a paper so desultory as the present, to enter at large upon the subjects now hinted at—the education of a physician—the degree of certainty in medicine—its progress and prospects, and the beneficial effects it may reasonably expect from the advance of the purer sciences. But we are not more firmly persuaded of anything than of the importance of such an inquiry, made largely, liberally and strictly, by a man at once deep, truthful, knowing, and clear. How are we to secure for the art of discerning, curing, and preventing disease, the *maximum* of good and the *minimum* of mischief, in availing ourselves of the newest discoveries in human knowledge?

To any one wishing to look into this most interesting, and at the present time, *vital* question, we would recommend a paper by Dr. Sellar, admirable equally in substance and in expression, entitled, “On the signification of Fact in Medicine, and on the hurtful effects of the incautious use of such modern sources of fact as the microscope, the stethoscope, chemical analysis, statistics, &c. ;” it may be found in No. 177 of the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*. We merely give a sample or two, in which our readers will find, in better words, much of what we have already asserted. “*Medicine still*

is, and must continue for ages to be, an empirico-rationalism." "A sober thinker can hardly venture to look forward to such an advanced state of chemical rationalism as would be sufficient for pronouncing *a priori* that sulphur would cure scabies, iodine goître, citric acid the scurvy, or carbonate of iron neuralgia." "Chemistry promises to be of immediate service in the practice of medicine, not so much by offering us a rational chemical pathology, but by enlarging the sources from which our empirical rules are to be drawn." Here we have our "middle propositions." "The great bulk of practical medical knowledge is obviously the fruit of individual minds, naturally gifted for excellence in medicine;" but the whole paper deserves serious continuous study. We would also, in spite of some ultraisms in thought and language, the overflowings of a more than ordinarily strong, and ardent, and honest mind, recommend heartily the papers of Dr. Forbes, which appeared at the close of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, in which he has, with what we cannot call else or less than magnanimity, spoken so much wholesome, though, it may be, unpalatable truth; and, finally, we would send every inquiring student who wishes to know how to think and how to speak on this subject at once with power,

clearness, and compactness, and be both witty and wise, to Dr. Latham's three little volumes on Clinical Medicine. The first two lectures in the earliest volume are "lion's marrow," the very pith of sense and sound-mindedness. We give a morsel—"The medical men of England do and will continue to keep pace with the age in which they live, however rapidly it may advance. I wish to see physicians still instituted in the same discipline, and still reared in fellowship and communion with the wisest and best of men, and that not for the sake of what is ornamental merely, and becoming to their character, but because I am persuaded that that discipline which renders the mind most capacious of wisdom and most capable of virtue, can hold the torch and light the path to the sublimest discoveries in every science. *It was the same discipline which contributed to form the minds of Newton and of Locke, of Harvey and of Sydenham.*"

He makes the following beautiful remark in leading his pupils into the wards of St. Bartholomew's: "In entering this place, even this vast hospital, where there is many a significant, many a wonderful thing, you shall take me along with you, and I will be your guide. *But it is by your own eyes, and your ears and*

your own minds, and (I may add) by your own hearts, that you must observe, and learn, and profit. I can only point to the objects, and say little else than ‘ See here and see there.’ ”

This is the great secret, the coming to close quarters with your object, having immediate, not mediate cognizance of the materials of study, *apprehending* first, and then doing your best to *comprehend*. For, to adapt Bacon’s illustration, which no one need ever weary of giving or receiving,—a good practical physician is more akin to the working bee than to the spider or the ant. Instead of spinning, like the schoolmen of old, endless webs of speculation out of their own bowels, in which they were themselves afterwards as frequently caught and destroyed as any one else, or hoarding up, grain after grain, the knowledge of other men, and thus becoming “ a very dungeon of learning,” in which (*Hibernicè*) they lose at once themselves and their aim—they should rather be like the brisk and public-hearted bee, who, by a divine instinct, her own industry, and the accuracy of her instrument, gathers honey from all flowers. “ *Formica colligit et utitur, ut faciunt empirici ; aranea ex se fila educit neque a particularibus materiam petit ; apis denique cæteris se melius gerit, hæc indigesta a floribus mella colligit, deinde in viscerum cellulas concocta maturat,*

iisdem tandem infudat donec ad integram perfectionem perduxerit.”

We had intended giving some account of the bearing that the general enlightenment of the community has upon Medicine,—and especially of the value of the labours of such men as Dr. Andrew Combe, Dr. Henry Marshall, Sir James Clark, and others, in the collateral subjects leading into, and auxiliary to pure Medicine,—but we have no space to do them any measure of justice. The full importance, and the full possibility of the *prevention* of disease,—in all its manifold, civil, moral, and personal bearings, is not yet by any means adequately acknowledged; there are few things oftener said, or less searched into, than that prevention is better than cure.

Let not our young and eager doctors be scandalized at our views as to the comparative uncertainty of medicine as a science—such has been the opinion of the wisest and most successful masters of the craft. Radcliffe used to say, that “when young, he had fifty remedies for every disease; and when old, one remedy for fifty diseases.” Dr. James Gregory said, “Young men kill their patients; old men let them die.” Gaubius says, “*Equidem candide dicam, plura me indies, dum in artis usu verfor, dediscere quam discere, et in crescente ætate, minui potius quam augeri, scien-*

tiam," meaning by "scientia" an abstract systematic knowledge. And Bordeu gives as the remark of an old physician, "J'étois dogmatique à vingt ans, observateur à trente, à quarante je fus empirique; je n'ai point de système à cinquante." And he adds, in reference to how far a medical man must personally know the sciences that contributed to his art,—“ Iphicrates, the Athenian general, was hard pressed by an orator before the people, to say what *he* was, to be so proud: ‘Are you a soldier, a captain, an engineer: a spy, a pioneer, a sapper, a miner?’ ‘No,’ says Iphicrates, ‘I am none of these, but I command them all.’ So if one asks me, Are you an empiric, a dogmatist, an observer, an anatomist, a chemist, a microscopist? I answer, No, but I am captain of them all.”

And to conclude these desultory notes in the opening words of the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*,—“Speramus enim et cupimus futurum, ut id plurimorum bono fiat; atque ut medici nobiliores animos nonnihil erigant, neque toti sint in curarum fordibus, neque solum pro necessitate honorentur, sed fiant demum *omnipotentiae et clementiae divinæ administrari.*” “Etsi enim,” as he pathetically adds, “nos Christiani ad terram promissionis perpetuo aspiremus et anhelemus; tamen *interim* itinerantibus nobis, in hac mundi

eremo, etiam calceos istos et tegmina (corporis scilicet nostri fragilis) quam minimum atteri, erit signum divini favoris.”¹

We have left ourselves no space to notice Dr. Greenhill's collected edition of Sydenham's Latin works. It is everything that the best scholarship, accuracy and judgment could make it. We regret we cannot say so much for Dr. R. G. Latham's translation and Life. The first is inferior as a whole to Swan's, and in parts to Pechey's and Wallis'; and the Life, which might have contained so much that is new, valuable, and entertaining, is treated with a curious infelicity and clumsiness, and is altogether one of the oddest, most *gauche* and limping bits of composition we ever remember having met with; and adds another to the many instances to which Bishop Lowth and Cobbet are exceptions, of a grammarian writing, if not

¹ “ For it is our earnest hope and desire, that the efficacy of medicine may be infinitely increased, and that physicians may bear themselves more erect and nobly, and not be wholly taken up with sordid gains and cares, nor be honoured from necessity alone, but may at length become the executors of Divine omnipotence and mercy; for, though we who are Christians do without ceasing long for, and pant after the land of promise, we cannot fail to regard it as a token of the favour of God, when, as we travel through this wilderness of the world, these shoes and garments of our frail bodies are rendered, as little as may be, subject to decay.”

ungrammatically, at least without elegance, and occasionally without clearness. It is one thing to know, and often quite another to do the right thing.

We cannot close these notices of Sydenham without thanking Dr. Latham for printing in the Appendix to his second volume, the manuscript preserved in the public library of the University of Cambridge, and referred to in the *Biographia Britannica*, under Sydenham's name. Dr. Latham states that it is in a more modern handwriting than that of the author's time, and is headed *Theologia Rationalis*, by Dr. Thomas Sydenham. This is all that is known, but we think it bears strong internal evidence of being authentic. The following note upon it, by a kind friend,¹ who is well able to judge, gives a just estimate of this remarkable relic.

“ I have looked with much interest over the fragment you point out in Sydenham's works. I think it is quite misnamed. It should be *Ethica Rationalis*, or *Naturalis*, since its avowed aim is not to examine closely the foundations of natural *theology*, but rather ‘ the question is, how far the light of Nature, if closely adverted to, may be extended *toward the making of good*

¹ Rev. John Cairns, D.D.

men.' This question is closely pursued throughout, and leads to the result that there is an order in man's nature, which leads to a threefold set of obligations, according to the common division,—toward God, society, and one's-self. This is the plan according to which the fragment is blocked out. The perfections and providence of God are discussed solely as laying a foundation for man's duties; and these—adoration, prayer, submission, confession of sin—are summed up in pages 312, 313. Next follow the duties to society, very speedily despatched; and those to self discussed more at length, such as temperance, truth, modesty, prudent enjoyment in subservience to reason. With the same ethical aim the question of immortality is discussed, solely as a help to virtue and to the predominance of reason. In arguing this from immateriality, the author is entangled in the usual difficulty about the souls of the brutes, but escapes by the Cartesian denial of their true thinking power; and more satisfactorily by urging the sentimental argument from men's desire of immortality, and the more strictly moral one, from unequal retribution. All this, I think, bears out the view I have taken. There is not, perhaps, so much originality in the views of the author as general soundness and loftiness of moral tone, with that

fine power of illustration which you have noticed. I agree with you in seeing much of the spirit both of Locke and Butler: of Locke, in the spirit of observation and geniality; of Butler, in the clear utterances as to the supremacy of reason and the necessity of living according to our true nature, not to speak of other agreements in detail. I think the paper well deserves a cordial recognition, though it hardly reaches out, perhaps, in any one direction, beyond the orthodox ethics of the seventeenth century."

We give at random some extracts from the *Theologia Rationalis*:—"Nor indeed can I entertain any thoughts more derogatory from the majesty of this Divine Being, than not supposing him to be a free agent; but having once put all his works out of his own hands, to be concluded within the limits of his own establishment—hath determined irrational beings to act in some uniform course, suitable to the good of themselves and the whole. And tho' he hath set up certain lights in intellectual natures, which may direct them to pursue ends suitable to their natures, yet having given these a liberty of will incident to the very nature of reasonable beings, he retains his power of inclining or not inclining such intellectual natures to pursue courses leading to their welfare."

“ Also, from the same consideration (the excellence of my mind above my body) it is that I am neither to thinke, speake, or act anything that is indecorous or disgracefull to this Divine inmate, whose excellency above my body Nature hath tacitly pointed out, by impressing upon me a *verecundia*, or being ashamed of many actions of my body, w^{ch} therefore, I hide from those of my own species. But now, forasmuch as I consist likewise of a body w^{ch} is submitted to the same conditions with other animals, of being nourished and propagating my kind, and, likewise, w^{ch} wants many other conveniences of clothing, housing, and the like, which their nature requires not; all those likewise are to be respected by me, according to my several wants; but still with a subservience to my reason, which is my superior part, and acts flowing from the same, my chiefest business; as an embassador who is sent into a foreign country, is not sent to eat and to drink, tho’ he is enforced to do both.”

“ When I consider that the infinite Governour of the universe hath so made me, that in my intellect I have some small glympses of his being, whilst I can’t but apprehend that immensity of power and wisdom w^{ch} is in him, and doth appear in whatsoever I see, and this I must apprehend, even if I endeavour not to do it, it being

clofely riveted, and as it were co-effential to my nature; or if I have gotten of it by hearfay onely, it being fo fitted to my nature, that I muft needs believe it, wch two make up the fame thing. Now how can I think that this Divine Being, that hath admitted me to this little acquaintance wth him, will let the laying down of my body perfectly break off this acquaintance, and not rather that the throwing of this load of corruption will put my foul into a condition more fuitable to its own nature, it being much more difficult to think how fuch a noble fubftance as the foul fhould be united to the body, than how it fhould fubfift feparately from it. But add to this, that I have not only faculties of knowing this Divine Being, but in compliance with him, I have adored him with all the attention I could fcrew up my heavy mind unto, and have endeavoured to yield obedience to thofe lawes wch he hath written upon my nature; that I who have done this (fupposing that I have done it), fhould extinguifh when my body dies, is yet more unlikely. Moreover I confider that this Maker of the univerfe hath brought his ends fo together, that he hath implanted no affections upon the meaneft animal, but hath made objects to anfwer them; as he that hath made the eye hath made colours, and he that hath made the

organs of hearing hath likewise made sounds, and so of an infinite number of other affections, not only in animals, but even in those natures inferior to them all, wch have objects suited to them; and if they had not, there would be a flaw even in the constitution of the universe, wch can't be charged upon the infinitely wise Creator. But now that there should be found in mankind a certain appetite or reaching out after a future happiness, and that there should be no such thing to answer to it, but that this cheat should be put upon the rational part of man, wch is the highest nature in the globe where we live, is to me very improbable."

"The real physician, is the one who cures: the observation, which does not teach the art of healing, is not that of a physician, it is that of a naturalist."—*Brouffais.*

NOTES.

NOTE A.—P. 8.

LORD GRENVILLE.

THE reader, we are sure, will not be impatient of the following extracts from Lord Grenville's Tract, entitled, *Oxford and Locke*, already mentioned. It is now rare, and is not likely to be ever reprinted separately. It would not be easy to imagine anything more thoroughly or more exquisitely done than this tract; it is of itself ample evidence of the accuracy of Lord Brougham's well-known application to its author of Cicero's words:—" *Erant in eo plurimæ literæ, nec eæ vulgares sed interiores quædam et reconditæ, divina memoria, summa verborum gravitas et elegantia, atque hæc omnia vitæ decorabat dignitas et integritas. Quantum pondus in verbis! Quam nihil non consideratum, exhibat ex ore! Sileamus de illo ni augeamus dolorem.*"

Our extracts are from the First Chapter, *Of Locke's Medical Studies*:—

"In the printed Life of Locke, commonly prefixed to his works, we are told that he applied himself at the university with great diligence to the study of medicine, 'not with any design of practising as a physician, but principally for the benefit of his own constitution, which was but weak.'

The self-taught scholar, says the Italian proverb, has an ignorant master; and the patient who prescribes for himself, has not often, I believe, a very wise physician. No such purpose is ascribed to Locke by Le Clerc, from whom our knowledge of his private history is principally derived. Nor can we believe that such a man chose for himself in youth that large and difficult study, with no view to the good of others, but meaning it to begin and end only with the care of his own health.

“From the very first dawn of reviving letters to the present moment, there never has been a period in this country, when the great masters of medicine among us have not made manifest the happy influence of that pursuit, on the cultivation of all the other branches of philosophy. And accordingly we find, that while Locke was still *proceeding*, as it is termed, in the academical course of that noble science, he was already occupied in laying the foundations of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which, as we learn from Le Clerc, was commenced in 1670.

“Mr. Stewart thinks it matter of praise to Locke, that in that work ‘not a single passage,’ he says, ‘occurs, favouring of the Anatomical Theatre, or of the Chemical Laboratory.’ This assertion is not to be too literally taken. Certainly no trace of professional pedantry is to be found in that simple and forcible writer. He had looked abroad into all the knowledge of his time, and in his unceasing endeavours to make his propositions and his proofs intelligible and perspicuous to all, he delighted to appeal to every topic of most familiar observation. Among these some reference to medical science could scarcely have been avoided. Nor has it been entirely so. Mr. Stewart himself has elsewhere noticed Locke’s ‘*homely*’ illustration of the nature of secondary qualities, by the operation of manna on the human body. A more pleasing example of medical allusion is to be found in

one of the many passages where Locke points out to us how often men whose opinions substantially agree, are heard wrangling about the names and watchwords of parties and sects, to which they respectively attach quite different significations. He tells us of a meeting of physicians, at which he himself was present. These ingenious and learned men debated long, he says, 'whether any liquor passed through the filaments of the nerves,' until it appeared, on mutual explanation, that they all admitted the passage of some fluid and subtle matter through those channels, and had been disputing only whether or not it should be called a *liquor*, 'which, when considered, they thought not worth contending about.'

"In his *Letters on Toleration*, and in his *Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding*, his two most valuable, because most practical works, he indulges much more freely in such allusions. It is frequently by their aid that, in the first of those admirable productions, he ridicules his unequal adversary's project of enforcing universal conformity by *moderate* and *lenient* persecution. In one place, he compares him to a surgeon using his knife on the sick and sound alike, on bad subjects and on good, without their consent, but, as he assures them, always solely for their own advantage; and in another place to an empiric, prescribing, says Locke, his '*biera picra*' (HIS HOLY BITTERS), to be taken in such doses only as shall be sufficient for the cure, without once inquiring in what quantities of that poisonous drug such sufficiency is at all likely to be found. Again, we find him illustrating in a similar way the proper conduct to be pursued by a mind devoting itself in any case to a genuine search for truth. A diligent and sincere, a close and unbiassed examination, he powerfully insists upon as 'the surest and safest' method for that purpose. Would not this, he asks, be the conduct of a student in medicine wishing to acquire just notions of that

science, ‘or of the doctrines of Hippocrates, or any other book in which he conceived the whole art of physic to be infallibly contained?’ These, and many other passages of a like description, are beauties, surely, not blemishes, in Locke’s powerful composition, and certainly in no degree less valuable, for bearing some tincture of the current in which that great man’s thoughts and studies had been so long carried forward.”

This *Hiera Picra* still survives under the name of Hickery Pickery; and appears in the *London Pharmacopœia* of 1650, as thus composed:—

℞ Cinnamon.
 Lignum aloes.
 Asarum root.
 Spikenard.
 Mastick.
 Saffron, *aa.* ʒvj.
 Aloes (unwashed), ʒxijs.
 Clarified honey, ℥iv. ʒiij.
 Mix—Ft. elect. sec. art.

NOTE B.—P. 75.

THE ELDER SERVING THE YOUNGER.

BORDEU puts this well, in his candid, lively, and shrewd way. The whole passage is full of his peculiar humour and sense. Bordeu was in many respects a sort of French Sydenham, like and unlike, as a Frenchman is like and unlike an Englishman. He was himself, to use his own phrase, one “des médecins les plus sensés.” It is no good sign of our medical tastes that he is so little known.

“ Les Serane, père et fils, étoient médecins de l'hôpital de Montpellier. Le fils étoit un théoricien léger, qui savoit par cœur et qui redisoit continuellement tous les documens de l'inflammation, comme ces enfans qui vous répètent sans cesse et avec des airs plus ou moins niais, *La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été, etc., Maître corbeau sur un arbre perché, etc.* Serane père étoit un bon homme qui avoit été instruit par de grands maîtres. Il avoit appris à traiter les fluxions de poitrine avec l'émétique ; il le donnoit pour le moins tous les deux jours, avec ou sans l'addition de deux onces de manne. C'étoit son grand cheval de bataille. Je le lui ai vu lâcher plus de mille fois, et partout et pour tout. Le fils se proposa de convertir le père et de le mettre à la mode ; c'est-à-dire, lui faire craindre la *phlogosé*, l'*érétisme*, les déchirures des petits vaisseaux. Le cher père tomba dans une espèce d'indécision singulière : il ne savoit où donner de la tête. Il tenoit pourtant ferme contre la saignée ; mais lorsqu'il étoit auprès d'un malade, il murmuroit et s'en alloit sans rien ordonner. Je l'ai vu à plusieurs reprises, apostropher son fils avec vivacité et lui crier, lorsqu'il auroit voulu donner l'émétique, *Mon fil, m'abès gastat ! (Mon fils, vous m'avez gâté !)* Jamais cette scène singulière ne sortira de ma mémoire. Je lui ai bien de l'obligation, et les malades de l'hôpital lui en avoient aussi beaucoup. Ils guérissoient sans être presque saignés, parce que le vieux Serane n'aimoit pas la saignée ; et sans prendre l'émétique, parce que le jeune Serane avoit prouvé à son père que ce remède augmente l'inflammation. Les malades guérissoient, et j'en faisois mon profit. J'en conclus que les saignées que Serane le fils multiplioit lorsqu'il étoit seul, étoient tout au moins aussi inutiles que l'émétique réitéré auquel Serane le père étoit trop attaché. D'après cette aventure (jointe à celle que je viens de rapporter, et à plusieurs autres de la même espèce), je crus voir bien sensiblement, et je me crois aujourd'hui en droit de

publier, qu'on multiplie trop les remèdes et que les meilleurs deviennent perfides à force de les presser. Cette profusion de médicamens rend la maladie méconnoissable, et forme un obstacle sensible à la guérison. La fureur de traiter les maladies en faisant prendre drogues sur drogues ayant gagné les têtes ordinaires, les médecins sont aujourd'hui plus nécessaires pour les empêcher et les défendre, que pour les ordonner. Les pratiques nationales, les observations des médecins les plus sages, se ressentent plus ou moins du penchant invincible qu'ont les hommes à donner la préférence à de certaines idées, sur d'autres, tout aussi bien fondées que celles qu'ils préfèrent. Je le déclare sans passion, et avec la modestie à laquelle mes faibles connoissances me condamnent ; lorsque je regarde derrière moi, j'ai honte d'avoir tant insisté, tantôt sur les saignées, tantôt sur les purgatifs et les émétiques. Tous les axiomes rappelés ci-dessus, et dont on abuse tous les jours, sont détruits par de beaucoup plus vrais, et malheureusement trop peu connus. Il me semble entendre crier la Nature : ' Ne vous pressez point ; laissez-moi faire ; vos drogues ne guérissent point, surtout lorsque vous les entassez dans le corps des malades ; c'est moi seule qui guéris. Les momens qui vous paroissent les plus orageux sont ceux où je me sauve le mieux, si vous ne m'avez pas ôté mes forces. Il vaut mieux que vous m'abandonniez toute la besogne que d'essayer des remèdes douteux.'

“ Un hasard heureux commença à modérer en moi le brûlant désir d'instrumenter, ou de faire voir aux assistans ébahis et aux malades eux-mêmes, la cause de la maladie dans un grand étalage de palettes et de bassins. J'étois fort jeune encore, et le quatrième médecin d'un malade attaqué de la fièvre, de la douleur de côté et du crachement de sang ; je n'avois point d'avis à donner. Un des trois consultans proposa une troisième saignée (c'étoit le troisième jour de la maladie) ; le second proposa l'émétique combiné avec un

purgatif ; et le troisième, un vésicatoire aux jambes. Le débat ne fut pas petit, et personne ne voulut céder. J'aurois juré qu'ils avoient tous raison. Enfin, on aura peine à croire que par une suite de circonstances inutiles à rapporter, cette dispute intéressa cinq ou six nombreuses familles, partagées comme les médecins, et qui prétendoient s'emparer du malade ; elle dura, en un mot, jusques passé le septième de la maladie. Cependant, malgré les terribles menaces de mes trois maîtres, le malade réduit à la boisson et à la diète guérit très-bien. Je suivis cette guérison parce que j'étois resté seul : je la trouvai tracée par l'école de Cos, et je m'écriai, c'étoit donc la route qu'il falloit prendre !”—*Recherches sur Le Tissu Muqueux*, 1767.

NOTE C.—P. 58.

THE WISDOM OF DOING NOTHING.

THE reader will mark the coincidence of thought, and even expression, between Locke and his friend :—

“ I commend very much the discretion of Mrs. Furley, that she would not give him præcipitates—1^o. Because physick is not to be given to children upon every little disorder. 2^o. Physick for the worms is not to be given upon bare suspicion that there may be worms. 3^o. If it were evident that he had worms, such dangerous medicines are not to be given till after the use of other and more gentle and safe remedies. If he continue still dull and melancholy, the best way is to have him abroad to walke with you every day in the air ; that, I believe, may set him right without any physic, at least, if it should not, 'tis not fit to give him

remedys till one has well examined what is the distemper, unless you think (as is usually doune), that at all hazard *something* is to be given ; a way, I confes, I could never thinke reasonable, *it being better in my opinion to doe no thing, than to doe amifs.*”—*Locke to Furley in Forster.*

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ST. PAUL'S THORN IN THE FLESH :

WHAT WAS IT ?

ST. PAUL'S THORN IN THE FLESH: WHAT WAS IT?

IF the 15th verse of the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, instead of being taken in a figurative sense, as it generally has been, be understood literally, it will be found to furnish the means of determining, with a tolerably near approach to certainty, the particular nature of the disease under which St. Paul is supposed to have laboured, and which he elsewhere speaks of as the "Thorn in his flesh." And that the literal interpretation is the true one, may, I think, be shown, partly from the general scope of the paragraph to which the 15th verse belongs, partly from some peculiarities of expression in it, which could only have been used under an intention that the verse in question should be taken literally, and partly also from the fact that there are statements and allusions elsewhere in the New Testament, which

assert or imply, that St. Paul really was affected in the manner here supposed to be indicated.

“*Brethren, I beseech you,*” says the apostle, “*be as I am ; for I am as ye are : ye have not injured me at all. Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you at the first. And my temptation (trial) which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected ; but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus. Where is then the blessedness ye spake of ? for I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me.*”

The last words of this passage, “*Ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me,*” have usually been taken in a hyperbolical or proverbial sense, as if a merely general meaning was conveyed, amounting simply to—“*There was no sacrifice, however great, which ye would not have made for me.*” But it is plainly open to inquiry, whether the sense is not of a more special kind ; whether (*viz.*) St. Paul does not here, as in the preceding verses, intend to remind the Galatians of pure matter of fact—to recall to them, not in mere general terms, the depth and warmth of their feelings and professions of regard for him, but to repeat to them, perhaps the very words they

had used, and to revive in their memories the actual and express import of their desires and anxieties. If this be the case, if it really was a common and habitual thing with them to express a wish that it were possible for them to pluck out their own eyes, and to transfer them to the apostle, the only way of reasonably accounting for so strange and *outré* a proceeding, is to suppose that St. Paul actually laboured either under entire deprivation of vision, or under some severely painful and vexatious disease of the eyes: The meaning being, that so keenly did the Galatians sympathize with the apostle in his affliction, that they would willingly have become his substitutes by taking all his suffering upon themselves, if only it were possible by doing so to relieve him.

That there is at least no *prima facie* objection to this explanation of the words, will, I think, be readily enough admitted. It is perfectly simple and unforced, and it conveys a lively and touching representation of the feelings which would naturally spring up in the minds of a grateful and warm-hearted people, to their great benefactor and friend, who, amidst so much disease, and pain, and weakness, had made the greatest and most unwearying exertions to communicate to them the invaluable truths of Christianity.

But, in addition to this, it will be found, I think, that under the literal interpretation of the 15th verse, a peculiar point and force belongs to the apostle's appeal, and a closely connected and harmonious meaning is imparted to the whole paragraph, all of which, it seems to me, are lost if the figurative explanation is adhered to. In the previous part of the chapter, St. Paul had been arguing against the foolish predilection which the Galatians had taken up for forms and formalisms and ceremonial observances, and strongly exhorting them to abandon this pernicious and unchristian propensity. And now, in the paragraph quoted, he takes up new ground, and appeals to them by the memory of their old affection for him, to listen to his arguments and entreaties, and to be of one mind with him. The general meaning of what he says is plain enough, but there are difficulties of detail, both in particular expressions, and in the train of thought. The words, for example, "Be as I am, for I am as ye are," at once strike the ear as a peculiar and unusual style to adopt in an invitation to unity of thought and feeling. But if the last clause of the 15th verse be taken literally, I think it will appear that this expression has a special fitness and propriety. The words, "for I am as ye are," imply a

reference, I imagine, to his being, in respect of his bodily affliction, *not* as they were; and what follows, is intended to remind them how anxious they were, when their love to him was fresh, to be "as he was," and how willingly they would have accepted even bodily pain and mutilation for the sake of attaining this object. If I am correct in thinking the first clause of the 12th verse, and the last of the 15th, to be thus closely related and responsive, it will be seen that they mutually explain each other; and the apostle's argument, as I understand it, may then be thus stated:—If you were so willing and eager, when I was with you, even at the cost of plucking out your eyes, to "be as I am," surely you will hardly refuse me the same thing now in this other matter, wherein there is no such difference between us as to raise any impediment in the way of your compliance, where no such sacrifice as ye were formerly ready to make is required of you, and where all that is asked from you is to give up your false opinions and evil practices, and simply to "be as I am" in believing and obeying the truth revealed.

In another respect, the ordinary explanation involves, I think, an unnatural rupture of the connection of thought, which is completely avoided by the literal interpretation of the pas-

sage. In the 13th verse, we find the apostle introducing, in a somewhat formal and special manner, the subject of his bodily affliction. "Ye know," he says, "how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel to you at the first." And it cannot but strike the reader as strange that, after this, all he should have to say about the matter, is that the Galatians "despised not, nor rejected it." The very vagueness, and merely negative character of this expression, excites a sort of instinctive expectation that he will forthwith proceed to state something more positive and specific. But instead of this, we are taught by the common explanation, to suppose that an abrupt transition is at once made from the subject of his "temptation" altogether; the statement about the attachment of the Galatians, instead of becoming more distinct and special, as we naturally expect it to do, suddenly merges into the widest possible generality; and their affection, instead of being described by any further reference to the facts of its manifestation, is now represented to us under a strong (it is true) but rather fantastic figure, which leaves an impression of its character and aspect just as undecided and imperfect as before.

But a closer examination of the words at once throws doubt on this conception of their mean-

ing. In the 13th and 14th verses, the associated ideas are, the apostle's disease or affliction, and the affectionate concern of the Galatians with reference to it. In the 15th verse, the reference to the Galatians' display of affection is still continued, and now the idea connected with it is, that of their giving him their plucked-out eyes. But this is not necessarily a change of association, for, as already intimated, their plucking out their eyes and giving them to the apostle, naturally and readily suggests the thought, that their design was, "if it had been possible," to supply them to him as substitutes for his own, under the assumption of the latter being diseased or defective. If this be the reference, then the missing idea reappears, the lost association is recovered; bodily affliction in the apostle, and the affection of the Galatians towards him, are still the connected thoughts, the only change being just what might naturally be expected to take place as the discourse proceeded, viz.—that the ideas are more distinctly developed, and that what was previously alluded to in general terms, is now, not indeed directly stated, but specifically indicated and implied. The "temptation" in the one verse, and the disease hinted by implication in the form assumed by the passionate sympathy of the Galatians, are therefore identi-

fied ; and thus, the whole paragraph, from the 12th to the 15th verse, instead of presenting an agglomeration of abrupt transitions and disconnected thoughts, evolves a close, natural, and continuous meaning throughout.

Something more, however, is required than merely to show that the interpretation which I propose exhibits a better arrangement and connection of the thoughts. The apostle may have written in haste, and the explanation of his meaning, which attributes to him imperfect connectedness, may after all be the correct one. I shall therefore proceed to inquire whether some further light may not be thrown upon the subject, by a more minute investigation than I have yet attempted, of particular words and turns of expression in the passage.

The phrase, " I bear you record," could only have been used with propriety in reference to a positive *fact* ; something that the apostle had actually witnessed. He could not have employed this language in announcing a mere *inference* (as it has hitherto been considered) from the conduct of the Galatians towards him, as to the strength and extent of their regard ; for a man's testimony can only bear reference to facts which have actually come under his observation. The apostle's language, let it be

observed, is not the declaration of a *belief* that the Galatians would have plucked out their own eyes in his behalf, if circumstances had arisen to make such a sacrifice necessary; it is the announcement of a testimony (*μαρτυρῶ*), on the assumption that those circumstances had actually arisen. And the testimony is not to the fact that the Galatians entertained strong affection for him, and as a consequence of that affection, he is assured that they would have plucked out their eyes for him (for these must have been the terms of his declaration, upon the ordinary understanding of the language); but it is direct to the point, that if it had only been possible, "they would have plucked out their own eyes, and have given them to him." Such language, it appears to me, would be absurd, unless we are to understand by it, that the Galatians had actually expressed a wish, and demonstrated a desire to perform the very act which the apostle speaks of. And if so, I think it is obviously necessary to infer, that some circumstances must have existed to give occasion to a wish of so peculiar a kind, in the minds of those who were attached to the apostle's person; and the only circumstances which I can conceive of as calculated to excite such a wish, is St. Paul's *suffering under some painful affection of the eyes.*

The expression, "if it had been possible," has also, I think, a peculiar significance. If the sentence in the 16th verse, beginning, "I bear you record," &c., is thoughtfully considered, it will be seen that three suppositions may be made as to the apostle's meaning and reference: 1st, The language may be understood (as has usually been done) in a figurative or proverbial sense, and as containing no allusion to any really existing circumstances; 2^d, It may be taken literally, but with reference rather to what *might* happen than to circumstances actually existing; as if the writer had said, "If I were to lose my eyes, I bear you record that you would willingly have plucked out yours to supply their place;" or, 3^d, The words may be understood as giving a plain matter-of-fact representation of what the Galatians really thought and felt in reference to the apostle's bodily affliction. Now, I think it may be made out quite distinctly that the words "if it had been possible," could only have been used under the last of these hypotheses; for in no other case would the contingency of *possibility* have presented itself to the writer's mind. If, for example, we are to understand the language as literal, but with reference to the *future* or *conceivable*, rather than the present or actual, the expression would obviously have been,—“I bear

you record that if it had been *necessary*," or, "if such a thing had been required of you for my benefit, ye would have plucked out," &c.¹ If, on the other hand, we suppose the language to be figurative or proverbial, no contingency would have been mentioned at all, for it is characteristic of such language that it is always absolute and unconditional. For example, in the expressions, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee;" "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee;" every one at once recognises the purely proverbial or figurative character of the language, and this simply because its form is absolute and unconditioned. The moment you introduce anything like a condition, and make the removal of the sinning eye or the offending hand dependent upon some circumstance, you are compelled to understand the words according to their strictly

¹ This seems to have been the view taken by Calvin, but with that logical acuteness which was characteristic of him, he at the same time perceived that it was inaccordant with the expression, "if it had been possible." In his commentary upon the passage, therefore, he substitutes "*si opus sit*" for the apostle's words, thus, of course, assuming that St. Paul had adopted an inapt phrase to express his meaning. But I need scarcely say that such a mode of interpretation is altogether inadmissible, the only legitimate rule being to take the words of the text as they stand, and thence to infer the circumstances or conditions under which they were used.

literal meaning. Thus, if our Lord, instead of saying what he did in this case, had used such an expression as this,—“ If thy right hand offend thee, and if the tendency to offend is insuperable, cut it off ;” or, “ If thy right eye offend thee, and its extraction would not endanger life, pluck it out,” it is clear that the expressions could only have been taken in their strictly literal sense. So, in the words under review, it is also obvious that the introduction of the “ if it be possible” takes the phrase out of the class of figures or proverbs, and necessitates its interpretation in a close, literal, matter-of-fact manner.

I do not know whether I have distinctly brought out my meaning or not, but perhaps a slight incident which lately occurred in my presence will better illustrate what I wish to convey than any elaborate exposition could do. One day, a poor simple-hearted married couple, from the country, called on a medical friend of mine, to consult him about a complaint in the eyes of the husband, which seemed to threaten him with total blindness. The wife entered at great length into all the symptoms of the complaint, and was extremely voluble in her expressions of sympathy and of anxiety that something should be done to remove the disease. It was difficult to repress a smile at the scene, and yet it was

touching too ; and the doctor, looking in the old woman's honest affectionate face, quietly said, " I suppose you would give him one of your own eyes, *if you could*:" " That I would, Sir," was the immediate answer. Now, it is clear, that my friend's words could only have been used under the particular circumstances which called them forth. Had the affection of the old woman been exhibited upon some other occasion than her husband's threatened blindness, he *might* have said (though, of course, the allusion to eyes at all would not very naturally or probably have suggested itself), " I suppose you would give him one of your own eyes *if he required it*," but he could never have used the words, "*if you could*." The application of this to the language used by St. Paul is sufficiently obvious.

Another expression in this paragraph seems to me still further to discriminate the nature of the complaint under which St. Paul suffered. I mean the words, " and have given them to me." Admitting that the Galatians might, under other circumstances than diseased vision in the apostle, have thought of such a way of demonstrating their affection to him as plucking out their own eyes, I cannot imagine how the notion of " giving them to him" could ever have occurred to them,

unless his organs of sight were in such a state of disease as in the natural association of ideas to give rise to this vain and fanciful wish. For the very fact of its being thus vain, fanciful, and far-fetched, makes it necessary to assume that there were some peculiar circumstances in the case to occasion a thought so odd and out of the way. If the language had really been what it has so generally been supposed to be—figurative or proverbial—I can conceive the apostle putting it in this way, “Ye would have plucked out your own eyes *for me*,” or, “*to show the strength of your affection for me* ;” but it seems to me that it is absurd and unmeaning to say, “*and have given them to me*,” unless under the idea of such giving being of some service to the apostle, as a kindly fancy would naturally dwell upon the thought of its being, if St. Paul’s own eyes were injured or destroyed. And, further, we are compelled, I think, to conclude that the idea of *substitution* is conveyed by the word “given,” from this fact, that the clause, “if it had been possible,” has actually no meaning at all, unless it is to be understood as referring to the supposed attempt of the apostle to make use of the Galatians’ eyes. It is clear that the writer could not have used the words, “if it had been possible” in reference to the “plucking out,” be-

cause *there* the obstacle of impossibility did not present itself; there was nothing to prevent the Galatians from plucking out their eyes if they had been so disposed. Neither could the reference have been to "giving" in the simple sense of that word; if they could pluck out their eyes there was no impossibility in merely *giving* them to the apostle. The only thing about the possibility of which there could be any question was their being so *given*—so made over to him as to be of any service as substitutes for his own.

One other expression in the paragraph still requires to be noticed, but I must defer alluding to it until I have referred to some other points which seem to me to have a bearing upon the question. In the meantime, having thus shown how exactly the whole of the language of this passage tallies with the idea of the apostle having been affected with some distressing complaint in his eyes, it is surely very remarkable to learn, from a totally different source, that St. Paul actually had at one period of his life lost the power of vision. I allude, of course, to what is recorded, in the ninth chapter of Acts, of the strange occurrence which took place when he was on his way to Damascus. And although we are informed that he shortly afterwards recovered

his sight, it is obvious that this is quite compatible with the existence of much remaining disease and imperfection of vision. Indeed, I am not sure but his own language in giving an account of the extraordinary event actually favours the idea that the miraculous cure effected by Ananias went barely to the restoration of sight, and did not amount to a complete removal of the injury which his eyes had sustained. In his address to the Jews at Jerusalem, when he stood upon the stairs of the castle (Acts xxii. 13), all that he says is, "Ananias came unto me and stood and said unto me, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And the same hour *I looked up upon him.*" In Acts ix. 18, the words are, "Immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith." In neither passage at least is there anything inconsistent with the idea that his eyes, though they had not lost the power of vision, may yet have been seriously and perhaps permanently injured. And although it is perhaps scarcely legitimate to bring it forward as an argument for the view which I have adopted, yet it is impossible to overlook the fact that a most important end was served by the apostle's eyes being permitted to retain the marks of disease and severe injury, for a standing proof was thus afforded to the Church and to

the world that the extraordinary vision, so confirmatory of the truth of our holy religion, was not, as some might otherwise have been inclined to think it, a vain fancy of the apostle's own mind. Often, no doubt, when St. Paul told of that remarkable meeting with the Lord Jesus, he was met by the reply, " ' Paul, thou art beside thyself ;' delusion, a heated imagination, has deceived and betrayed you." But he had only to point to his branded, half-quenched orbs, and to ask the objectors if mental hallucinations were accustomed to produce such effects on the bodily frame. To such a question there could obviously be no answer. And if the objectors were satisfied of the apostle's veracity in alleging the one thing to be the effect of the other, it was hardly possible for them to gainsay the claim of a Divine origin for Christianity.

This hypothesis as to the *cause* and *occasion* of St. Paul's infirmity, receives from another part of Scripture, where allusion is made to it, a somewhat remarkable confirmation. In the 12th chapter of Second Corinthians, it cannot, I think, after what I have just stated, but be regarded as very singular that the " thorn in the flesh " is mentioned in immediate connection with " visions and revelations of the Lord." The ordinary idea, indeed, has been that this connection is

merely incidental ; but a little consideration, I think, will show that this cannot be the case. In the 7th verse he says, " And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh," &c. Now, I contend that unless there was some such intimate relation between the thorn in the flesh and the revelations in question, as that of the one being immediately occasioned by the other, the humbling effect here attributed to the bodily infirmity could not have been produced on the apostle's mind, because the cause assigned would have been unfitable and inadequate to such an effect. It is true that every affliction, bodily or otherwise, has a tendency to produce a feeling of humiliation, but it does so only in so far as it cuts away the ground on which we are disposed to build up matter of pride or boasting. If a man is proud of his strength or personal beauty, it would humble him to lose a limb, or to have his features disfigured by loathsome disease. But these afflictions would not produce the same effect if they befell another person who valued himself exclusively upon his learning and mental endowments. The pride of learning and of intellect would, in such a case, remain as strong as ever. Accordingly we find that deformed persons, so far from

being distinguished by the grace of humility, are very generally rather remarkable for the opposite characteristics of vanity and self-conceit. So natural is it for the mind to take refuge, from what tends to produce a sense of degradation, in something that the humbling stroke does not directly smite. It does not, therefore, distinctly appear in any explanation of St. Paul's affliction which would refer it to disease of an ordinary kind, how it should have had the effect which he attributes to it,—that of preventing him from being unduly exalted by the abundance of the revelations made to him. But when it is pointed out that his affliction was the immediate consequence of his close intercourse with Deity, the relation of the two things assumes an entirely different aspect, and a sufficient cause of humiliation appears. For, if at any time the apostle was disposed to glorify himself on his superiority to his fellow-men, and on being the peculiar favourite and friend of God, his real insignificance, and the infinite distance that lay between him and the Divine Being, must have been sent home with irresistible power to his mind, by the recollection that the mere sight of that terrible majesty had struck him to the ground, and had left an ever-during brand of pain and disfigurement on his person. I shall just add,

that in Second Corinthians xii. 7, the words, τῇ ὑπερβολῇ τῶν ἀποκαλύψεων may with quite as much propriety be construed with ἐδόθη μοι σκόλοψ τῇ σαρκί, as with ἵνα μὴ ὑπεραίρωμαι; the meaning being thus given,—“and that I might not be exalted, a thorn in the flesh [caused] by the exceeding greatness (for this rather than “abundance” seems to me the proper translation of ὑπερβολῇ) of the revelations, was given me.”

If the account I have thus given of the connection between St. Paul's “Thorn in the flesh,” and the visions or revelations with which he was favoured, be the correct one, we are now furnished with the means of explaining a somewhat obscure expression in the 14th verse of the fourth chapter of Galatians, to which I promised to return: “And my trial which was in my flesh, ye despised not, nor *rejected*.” If we are compelled to abide by the belief, that St. Paul's “trial” was merely some bodily affliction of the ordinary kind, we can understand the meaning of his saying that the Galatians did not “despise” it (although, by the way, it seems rather a microscopic basis on which to found a laudation of a body of Christian men and women, to say that they were so good as not to despise him on account of a natural bodily infirmity),

but it is impossible, on this assumption, to attach any consistent sense to the word "*rejected*." It has, therefore, been taken as simply synonymous with "*despise*," an interpretation which is objectionable, both because it is at variance with the well-ascertained meaning of the Greek word ἐξερύσατε (*spit out*, not *spit at*), and also because it involves the imputation of needless tautology to St. Paul's language, from which, almost more than from any other fault of style, the whole of his writings prove him to be singularly free. But if my explanation of the nature of the apostle's trial be the true one, every word of the sentence has a clear and intelligible meaning. St. Paul came among the Galatians proclaiming to them the glad truth, that Jesus Christ was risen from the dead. How did he know it? Because he himself had seen him alive after his passion, "when he came near to Damascus." Was he quite sure that the vision was not a dream, or a delusion? He pointed to his eyes in proof that it was a great certainty, a terrible, as well as joyous reality. And this evidence the Galatians "*despised not, nor rejected*."

This explanation of the reference of "*rejected*," has also the advantage of removing a difficulty which has hitherto been felt in the translation of the preceding verse. It is there

said, "Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached," &c. Now, it so happens, that the Greek words δι' ἀσθένειαν, cannot, in accordance with the common usage of the language, be translated "through" (in the sense of *during*) "infirmity." Had this been the meaning which the apostle intended to convey, he would have used the genitive δι' ἀσθένειας. With the accusative, the reference of διὰ is generally found to be to the instrument, ground, or cause of anything, and its meaning is—by, on account of, by means of, on the ground of, &c.¹ The literal and strictly correct translation of St. Paul's words, therefore, is: "By the infirmity of my flesh, I proclaimed to you the good news," *i.e.*, I adduced the fact of my bodily affliction, as giving indisputable evidence of the truth which I told you about the resurrection and exaltation of Jesus Christ, and this evidence you despised not, nor rejected. Thus, not only a specific meaning is attached to the word "rejected," but a much more close, distinct, and consistent sense is given to the whole passage, than upon any other understanding of the reference it could possess.

There are one or two other passages in St.

¹ See Robinson's *Lexicon to the New Testament*, sub voce διὰ.

Paul's Epistles, in which reference, I think, is implied to this subject of his bodily affliction, and all of them seem to me to afford incidentally some confirmation of the particular view of the matter which I have endeavoured to establish. At the close of the Epistle to the Galatians (chap. vi. verse 11), we find him saying, "Ye see how large a letter I have written to you with my own hand." Now, the letter is not a very large one; on the contrary, it is one of the shorter of the apostle's productions. And, then, why should he take credit for having written it with his own hand? Under ordinary circumstances, it would scarcely occur to any one in the habit of writing at all, to speak of this as any remarkable achievement. But, if the Galatians knew him to be labouring under impaired vision, and perhaps severe pain in his eyes, the words are peculiarly significant, and could not fail to make a touching impression on the quick, impulsive temperament, so vividly alive to anything outward, of the Celtic tribe to which they were addressed. And thus too, we obtain an explanation of what would otherwise be rather unaccountable, how a man of St. Paul's active habits, and whom we have difficulty in conceiving of as accustomed in anything to have recourse to superfluous ministrations, seems to

have almost uniformly employed an amanuensis in writing to the various churches.¹

Again, at the very conclusion of the Epistle, we have what I cannot help regarding as another allusion to his affliction: "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the *marks of the Lord Jesus.*" It has been customary to regard these words as referring to the marks of scourging, stoning, &c., which had been imprinted on the apostle's body by the enemies of the gospel, in the course of the persecutions to which he had been subjected in consequence of his firm adherence to the faith. But though the fact of his having undergone severe persecution was a strong proof of his *sincerity*, it was no proof at all of his bearing any authority over the Galatians. Yet this is what he must be understood as asserting here. And I cannot help thinking, that the words, "marks of the Lord Jesus," are chosen with a reference to that relationship which was established

¹ It has been suggested to me that perhaps the state of St. Paul's eyesight might furnish an explanation of his mistake in not recognising the High Priest, which is recorded in Acts xxiii. 5, and about which some difficulty has been felt by commentators. One can picture the great apostle, who was a thorough gentleman, stretching forward, and shading his eyes, to see better, and saying, "Pardon me, I did not see it was the High Priest." "I wist not."

between St. Paul and his Master and Lord, on the occasion of that extraordinary meeting on the way to Damascus, for it was then he received his commission to bear Christ's name to the Gentiles. *Στίγματα* were the brands with which slaves were marked in order to prove their ownership. So, if I am right in my understanding of the meaning of the word here, the blasting effect produced on his eyes by the glory of that light, constituted the *brand* which attested his being the servant (*δοῦλος*) of Jesus Christ, and of his being commissioned by him to communicate to others the truth of the gospel. This gives a force and fulness of meaning which corresponds exactly with the peculiar energy of the expression, while according to any ordinary explanation of the passage, it seems rather to be strong language used, without any adequate occasion for it.

I think the circumstance of the expression, "marks of the Lord Jesus," occurring just where it does, at the close of the Epistle, is also worthy of remark. From what he says at the 11th verse of the same chapter ("Ye see how large a letter I have written to you with my own hand") it is obvious that, to whatever cause it is to be attributed, the act of writing was one of considerable effort to the apostle. His zeal,

and anxiety, and Christian affection, however, had borne him up, and carried him through with his task. But just as he was concluding, I imagine that he began to feel that the effort he had made was greater than his infirmity was well able to bear. If my idea as to the nature of that infirmity be correct, his weak, diseased eyes were burning and smarting more than ordinarily, from the unusual exertion that had been demanded from them ; and this, at once leading his mind to what had been the cause of that exertion, the misconduct of the Galatians and their teachers, naturally wrung from him an assertion of his authority, in the impetuous and reproachful, but at the same time deeply pathetic exclamation : “ From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” And so he concludes his Epistle.

In pursuing the above inquiry, certain further conclusions, naturally flowing out of what I have attempted to establish, and yet involving results considerably remote from it, have presented themselves to my thoughts. I am inclined to regard them as calculated in some degree to simplify the mode of presenting the Christian scheme to the mind, and to impart to its claims upon the

understanding and belief more of logical directness, and less of the liability to evasion, than appear to me to characterize some of the more ordinary modes of its presentation. But I must leave the development of this, the most interesting, as I think, and important part of my subject, to some future opportunity, should it be granted me.

DR. ANDREW COMBE.

“ . . . *Valetudinis conservationem, quæ sine dubio primum est hujus vitæ bonum, et cæterorum omnium fundamentum. Animus enim adèd à temperamento et organorum corporis dispositione pendet, ut si ratio aliqua possit inveniri, quæ homines sapientiores et ingeniosiores reddat quàm hætenus fuerunt, credam illam in Medicinâ quæri debere.*”—RENATUS DES CARTES *De Methodo*, vi.

DR. ANDREW COMBE.

WE do not know a worthier subject for an essay in one of our larger Medical Journals, than to determine the just position of such a man as Dr. Combe in the history of medicine—showing what it was in theory and in practice, in its laws as a science, and in its rules as an art—when he made his appearance on its field, and what impression his character and doctrines have made upon the public as requiring, and upon his brethren as professing to furnish, the means of health. The object of such an essay would be to make out how far Dr. Combe's principles of inquiry, his moral postulates, his method of cure, his views of the powers and range of medicine as a science, estimative, rather than exact, his *rationale* of human nature as composite and in action,—how far all these influences may be expected to affect the future enlargement, enlightenment,

and quickening of that art which is, *par excellence*, the art of life,—and whose advance, in a degree of which we can, from its present condition, form little conception, was believed by one of the greatest intellects of any age (Descartes) to be destined to play a signal part in making mankind more moral, wiser, and happier, as well as stronger, longer-lived, and healthier. The cause of morality—of everything that is connected with the onward movement of the race—is more dependent upon the bodily health, upon the organic soundness of the human constitution, than many politicians, moralists, and divines, seem ready to believe.

Dr. Combe was not, perhaps, what is commonly called a man of genius; that is, genius was not his foremost and most signal and efficient quality. He made no brilliant discovery in physiology or therapeutics, like some of his contemporaries. He did not, as by a sudden flash of light, give form, and symmetry, and meaning to the nervous system, as did Sir Charles Bell, when he proved that every nerve is double; that its sheath, like the Britannia Bridge, contains two lines, carrying two trains—an up and a down; the sensory, as the up, bringing knowledge from without of all sorts to the brain; the motory, as the down, carrying orders from

the same great centre of sensation and will. Neither did he, like Dr. Marshall Hall, render this discovery more exquisite, by adding to it that of the excito-motor nerves—the system of reflex action, by which, with the most curious nicety and art (for Nature is the art of God), each part of our frame, however distinct in function, different in structure, and distant from the others, may intercommunicate with any or every part, as by an electric message, thus binding in one common sympathy of pleasure and pain, the various centres of organic and animal life with each other, and with the imperial brain. Neither did he, as Laennec, open the ear, and through it the mind of the physician, to a new discipline, giving a new method and means of knowledge and of cure. Nor, finally, did he enrich practical medicine, as Dr. Abercrombie and others have done, with a selection of capital facts, of “middle propositions,” from personal experience and reflection, and with the matured results of a long-exercised sagacity and skill in diagnosis and in treatment. He did not do all this for various reasons, but mainly and simply because his Maker had other and important work for him, and constituted and fitted him accordingly, by a special teaching from within and from without, for its accomplish-

ment, vouchsafing to him what is one of God's best blessings to any of his creatures—an innate perception of law, a love of first principles, a readiness to go wherever they lead, and nowhere else. He *discovered*—for to him it had all the suddenness of a first sight—that all the phenomena of disease, of life, and of health, everything in the entire round of the economy of man's microcosm, move according to certain laws, and fixed modes of procedure—laws which are ascertainable by those who honestly seek them, and which, in virtue of their reasonableness and beneficence, and their bearing, as it were, the “image and superscription” of their Divine Giver, carry with them, into all their fields of action, the double burden of reward and punishment; and that all this is as demonstrable as the law of gravitation, which, while it shivers an erring planet in its anger, and sends it adrift to “hideous ruin and combustion,” at the same moment, and by the very same force, times the music of the spheres, compacts a dew-drop, and guides, as of old, Arcturus and his sons. This is Dr. Combe's highest—his peculiar distinction among medical writers. He burns, as with a passionate earnestness, to bring back the bodily economy of man to its allegiance to the Supreme Guide. He shows in his works, and still more

impressively in his living and dying, the divine beauty, and power, and goodness, that shine out in every, the commonest, and what we call meanest instance, of the adaptation of man by his Maker to his circumstances, his duties, his sufferings, and his destiny. This may not be called original genius, perhaps; we are sorry it is as yet too original; but in the calm eye of reason and thoughtful goodness, and we may in all reverence add, in the eye of the all-seeing Unseen, it is something more divinely fair, more to be desired and honoured, than much of what is generally called genius. It is something which, if acted upon by ten thousand men and women for five-and-twenty years, with the same simplicity, energy, constancy, and intelligence, with which, for half his lifetime, it animated Dr. Combe,—would so transform the whole face of society, and work such mighty changes in the very substance, so to speak, of human nature, in all its ongoings, as would as much transcend the physical marvels and glories of our time, and the progress made thereby in civilisation and human wellbeing, as the heavens are higher than the earth, and as our moral relations, our conformity to the will and the image of God, are—more than any advance in mere knowledge and power—man's highest exercise and his chief

end. We are not so foolish as to think that in recognising the arrangements of this world, and all it contains, as being under God's law, Dr. Combe made a *discovery* in the common sense of the word ; but we do say, that he unfolded the length and breadth, the depth and height of this principle as a practical truth, as a rule of life and duty, beyond any man before him. And thus it was, that though he did not, like the other eminent men we have mentioned, add formally to the material of knowledge, he observed with his own eyes more clearly, and explained the laws of healthy, and, through them, of diseased action, and promulgated their certain rewards and punishments, more convincingly, than any one else. He made this plainer than other men, to every honest capacity, however humble. He showed that man has an internal, personal activity, implanted in him by his Creator, for preserving or recovering that full measure of soundness, of wholeness, of consentaneous harmonious action, of well-balanced, mutually concurring forces,—that “perfect diapason,” which constitutes health, or *wholth*, and for the use or abuse of which he, as a rational being, is answerable on soul and conscience to himself, to his fellow-men, and to his Maker.

Dr. Combe has so beautifully given his own

account of this state and habit of mind and feeling, this principled subjection of everything within him to God's will, as manifested in his works and in his creatures, that we quote it here.

“ The late Rev. Mr. — of — stopped me one day, to say that he had read my Physiology with great satisfaction, and that what pleased him greatly was the vein of genuine piety which pervaded every page, a piety uncontaminated by cant. Some of my good friends who have considered me a lax observer of the outward forms of piety, might laugh at this. Nevertheless, it gave me pleasure, because in my conscience I felt its truth. *There is scarcely a single page in all my three physiological works, in which such a feeling was not active as I wrote.* The unvarying tendency of my mind is to regard the whole laws of the animal economy, and of the universe, as the direct dictates of the Deity ; and in urging compliance with them, it is with the earnestness and reverence due to a Divine command that I do it. *I almost lose the consciousness of self in the anxiety to attain the end ;* and where I see clearly a law of God in our own nature, I rely upon its efficiency for good with a faith and peace which no storm can shake, and feel pity for those who remain blind to its origin, wisdom, and benefi-

cence. I therefore say it solemnly, and with the prospect of death at no distant day, that I experienced great delight, when writing my books, in the consciousness that I was, to the best of my ability, expounding ‘the ways of God to man,’ and in so far fulfilling one of the highest objects of human existence. God was, indeed, ever present to my thoughts.”—*Life*, p. 401.

This was the secret of his power over himself and others—He believed and therefore he spake; he could not but speak, and when he did, it was out of the abundance of his heart. Being impressed and moved, he became of necessity impressive and motive. Hence, if there be not in his works much of the lightening of genius, resolving error into its constituent elements by a stroke, unfolding in one glance both earth and heaven, and bringing out in bright relief some long-hidden truth—if he but seldom astonish us with the full-voiced thunder of eloquence; there is in his pages, everywhere pervading them as an essence, that still small voice, powerful but not by its loudness, which finds its way into the deeper and more sacred recesses of our rational nature, and speaks to our highest interests and senses—the voice of moral obligation calling us to gratitude and obedience. His natural capacity and appetite for knowledge, his love of first prin-

ciples, his thoughtful vivacity, his unfeigned active benevolence, his shrewdness, his affections, his moral courage and faithfulness, his clear definite ideas, his whole life, his very sufferings, sorrows, and regrets, were all, as by a solemn act of his entire nature, consecrated to this one absorbing end. Thus it was that he kept himself alive so long, with a mortal malady haunting him for years, and was enabled to read to others the lessons he had learned for himself in the valley of the shadow of death.

We have been struck, in reading Dr. Combe's works, and especially his Memoir by his brother, by the resemblance, not merely in principles and rules, and in the point from which they view their relations to their profession, but in more special characteristics of temperament and manner, between him and the illustrious Sydenham, and the still more famous "divine old man of Cos." We allude to the continual reference by them to *Nature*, as a regulating power in the human body; their avoiding speculations as to essence, and keeping to the consideration of conjunct causes; their regarding themselves as the expounders of a law of life, and the interpreters and ministers of Nature. This one master idea, truly religious in its character, gives to them a steady fervour, a calm persistent en-

thufiafm or “entheafm” (ἐν and Θεός), which we regret, for the honour and the good of human nature, is too rare in medical literature, ancient or modern. The words “Nature,” and “the Almighty,” “the Supreme Difpofer,” &c., occur in Sydenham’s works as frequently and with the fame reference as they do in Dr. Combe’s.

The following paffage from Sydenham, on *Nature*, will illuftrate our meaning:—“I here [in the conclufion of his obfervations on the fever and plague of 1665 and 1666] fubjoin a fhort note, left my opinion of *Nature* be taken in a wrong fenfe. In the foregoing difcourfe, I have made ufe of the term *Nature*, and afcribed various effects to her, as I would thereby represent fome one felf-exifting being, everywhere diffufed throughout the machine of the univerfe, which, being endowed with reafon, governs and directs all bodies—fuch an one as fome philofophers feem to have conceived the foul of the world to be. But I neither affect novelty in my fentiments or expreffions; I have made ufe of this ancient word in thefe pages, if I miftake not, in a qualified fenfe; *for by Nature I always mean* a certain affemblage of natural caufes, which, though deftitute of reafon and contrivance, are directed in the wifeft manner while they perform their operations and produce their

effects ; or, in other words, the Supreme Being, by whose power all things are created and preserved, disposes them all in such manner, by his infinite wisdom, that they proceed to their appointed functions with a certain regularity and order, performing nothing in vain, but only what is best and fittest for the whole frame of the universe and their own peculiar nature, and so are moved like machines, not by any skill of their own, but by that of the artist."

And Hippocrates briefly says, "*Nature in man is the aggregate of all things that concur to perfect health, and the foundation of all right reasoning and practice in physic*"¹—exactly the same great truth which Dr. Combe and Sir John Forbes, thousands of years afterwards, are abused by their brethren for proclaiming ; and the old Ephesian cry is raised loud and long among the craftsmen, who, like Demetrius and his crew, are less filled with reason than with wrath.

As we have already said, Dr. Combe was distinguished neither as a discoverer nor as a practitioner. Owing to feeble health, he was not permitted the opportunity of being the latter, though he possessed some of the highest qualities of a great physician ; and the evenness of his powers probably would have prevented

¹ See Note, p. 156.

him from making any one brilliant hit as the former : for it is our notion, for which we have not space here to assign the reasons, that original geniuses in any one department, are almost always *odd*¹—that is, are uneven, have some one predominant faculty, lording it over the rest. So that, if we look back among the great men in medicine, we would say that Dr. Combe was less like Harvey, or even Sydenham, than Locke, who, though not generally thought so, was quite as much of a physician during his life, as of a philosopher and politician. It was not merely in their deeper constitutional qualities—their love of truth, and of the God of truth—their tendency towards what was immediately and mainly useful—their preferring observation to speculation, but not declining either, as the help and complement of the other; their choosing rather to study the mind or body as a *totum quid*, a unit, active and executive, and as a means to an end, than to dogmatize and dream about its transcendental constitution, or its pri-

“We usually say that man is a genius, *but* he has some whims and oddities. Now, in such a case, we would speak more rationally, did we substitute *therefore* for *but*. He is a genius, therefore he is whimsical.”—*Dr. John Aikin*. To be sure, it is one thing to have genius, and another to be one, the difference being between possessing, and being possessed by.

mary and ultimate condition; their valuing in themselves, and in others, soundness of mind and body, above mere strength or quickness; their dislike to learned phrases, and their attachment to freedom—political, religious, and personal—it was not merely in these larger and more substantial matters that John Locke and Andrew Combe were alike: they had in their outward circumstances and histories some curious coincidences.

Both were grave, silent, dark-haired, and tall; both were unmarried, both were much in the company of women of culture, and had much of their best pleasure from their society and sympathy, and each had one of the best of her sex to watch over his declining years, and to close his eyes; to whose lot it fell, in the tender words of Agricola's stern son-in-law—“*assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*” Moreover, both were educated for medicine, but had to relinquish the active practice of it from infirm health, and in each the local malady was in the lungs. Both, by a sort of accident, came in close contact with men in the highest station, and were their advisers and friends—we refer to Lord Shaftesbury, and to the Third William, and Leopold, two of the wisest and shrewdest of ancient or modern kings.

They resided much abroad, and owed, doubtless, not a little of their largeness of view, and their superiority to prejudice, to having thus seen mankind from many points. Both had to make the art of keeping themselves alive—the study of their health—a daily matter of serious thought, arrangement, and action. They were singularly free from the foibles and prejudices of invalids; both were quietly humorous, playful in their natures, and had warm and deep, but not demonstrative affections; and to each was given the honour of benefiting their species to a degree, and in a variety of ways, not easily estimated. Locke, though he may be wrong in many of his views of the laws and operations of the human mind, did more than any one man ever did before him, to strengthen and rectify, and restore to healthy vigour, the active powers of the mind—observation, reason, and judgment; and of him, the weighty and choice words of Lord Grenville are literally true:—“With Locke commenced the bright era of a new philosophy, which, whatever were still its imperfections, *had for its basis clear and determinate conceptions; free inquiry and unbiassed reason for its instruments, and for its end truth,—truth unsophisticated and undisguised, shedding its pure light over every proper object of the human under-*

standing, but confining itself with reverential awe within those bounds which an all-wise Creator has set to our inquiries." While, on the other hand, Dr. Combe, making the body of man his chief study, did for it what Locke did for the mind; he explained the laws of physiology, rather than the structure of the organs; he was more bent upon mastering the dynamics than the statics of health and disease; but we are too near his time, too imperfectly aware of what he has done for us, to be able to appreciate the full measure or quality of the benefit he has bestowed upon us and our posterity, by his simply reducing man to himself—bringing him back to the knowledge, the acknowledgment, and the obedience of the laws of his nature.

Dr. Combe's best-known publications are, his *Principles of Physiology applied to Health and Education*, his *Physiology of Digestion*, and his *Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy*. The first was the earliest, and is still the best exposition and application of the laws of health. His *Digestion* is perhaps the most original of the three. It is not so much taken up, as such treatises, however excellent, generally are, with what to eat and what not to eat, as with how to eat anything and avoid nothing,

how so to regulate the great ruling powers of the body, as to make the stomach do its duty upon whatever that is edible is submitted to it. His book on the *Management of Infancy* is to us the most delightful of all his works: it has the simplicity and mild strength, the richness and vital nutriment of “the sincere milk”—that first and best-cooked food of man. This *laſtea ubertas* pervades the whole little volume; and we know of none of Dr. Combe’s books in which the references to a superintending Providence, to a Divine Father, to a present Deity, to be loved, honoured, and obeyed, are so natural, so impressive, so numerous, and so child-like. His *Observations on Mental Derangement* have long been out of print. We sincerely trust that Dr. James Coxe, who has so well edited the last edition of his uncle’s *Physiology*, may soon give us a new one of this important work, which carries his principles into an important region of human suffering. Apart altogether from its peculiar interest as an application of Phrenology to the knowledge and cure of Infanity—it is, as Dr. Abercrombie, who was not lavish of his praise, said, “full of sound observation and accurate thinking, and likely to be very useful.”

There is, by the by, one of Dr. Combe’s

papers, not mentioned by his brother, which we remember reading with great satisfaction and profit, and which shows how he carried his common sense, and his desire to be useful, into the minutest arrangements. It appears in *Chambers's Journal* for August 30, 1834, and is entitled, "Sending for the Doctor;" we hope to see the nine rules therein laid down, in the next edition of the *Life*.

We shall now conclude this cursory survey of Dr. Combe's relations, general and direct, to medicine, by earnestly recommending the study of his *Memoirs* to all medical men, young and old, but especially the young. They will get not merely much instruction of a general kind, from the contemplation of a character of singular worth, beauty, and usefulness, but they will find lessons everywhere, in their own profession, lessons in doctrine and in personal conduct; and they will find the entire history of a patient's life and death, given with a rare fulness, accuracy, and impressiveness; they will get hints incidentally of how he managed the homeliest and most delicate matters; how, with order, honesty, and an ardent desire to do good, he accomplished so much, against and in spite of so much. We would, in fine, recommend his letter to Sir James Clark on the importance of Hygiène as

a branch of medical education (p. 311); his letter to the same friend on medical education (p. 341), in regard to which we agree with Sir James, that the medical student cannot have a better guide during the progress of his studies; a letter on the state of medical science (p. 400); his remarks on the qualifications for the superintendent of a lunatic asylum; and, at p. 468, on scepticism on the subject of medical science. These, and his three admirable letters to Dr. Forbes, would make a choice little book. We conclude with a few extracts taken from these papers at random. It would be difficult to put more truth on their subjects into better words.

“ I have always attached much less importance than is usually done, to the abstract possibility or impossibility of finishing the compulsory part of professional education within a given time, and have long thought that more harm than good has been done by fixing too early a limit. *The intelligent exercise of medicine requires not only a greater extent of scientific and general attainments, but also readier comprehensiveness of mind, and greater accuracy of thinking and maturity of judgment, than perhaps any other profession; and these are qualities rarely to be met with in early youth.* So generally is this felt to be the case,

that it is an all but universal practice for those who are really devoted to the profession, to continue their studies for two or three years, or even more, after having gone through the prescribed curriculum, and obtained their diplomas ; and those only follow a different course who are pressed by necessity to encounter the responsibilities of practice, whether satisfied or not with their own qualifications ; and if this be the case, does it not amount to a virtual recognition, that the period now assigned by the curriculum is too short, and ought to be extended ? In point of fact, this latter period of study is felt by all to be by far the most instructive of the whole, because now the mind is comparatively matured, and able to draw its own inferences from the facts and observations of which it could before make little or no use ; and it is precisely those who enter upon practice too early who are most apt to become routine practitioners, and to do the least for the advancement of medicine as a science.”—P. 343.

“ The only thing of which I doubt the propriety is, requiring the study of logic and moral philosophy at so early an age. For though a young man, before eighteen, may easily acquire a sufficient acquaintance with one or two books on these subjects, such as *Whately* and *Paley*,

to be able to answer questions readily, I am quite convinced that his doing so will be the result merely of an intellectual effort in which memory will be exercised much more than judgment, and that the subjects will not become really useful to him like those which he feels and thoroughly understands, but will slip from him the moment his examination is at an end, and probably leave a distaste for them ever after. To logic, so far as connected with the structure of language, there can be no objection at that age; but as an abstract branch of science, I regard it, in its proper development, as fit only for a more advanced period of life. The whole basis and superstructure of moral philosophy, too, imply for their appreciation a practical knowledge of human nature, and of man's position in society, of his proper aims and duties, and of his political situation,—which it is impossible for a mere youth to possess; and, in the absence of acquaintance with, and interest in the real subjects, to train the mind to the use of words and phrases descriptive of them (but, to him, without correct meaning), is likely to be more injurious than beneficial. A man must have seen and felt some of the perplexities of his destiny, and begun to reflect upon them in his own mind, before he can take an intelligent interest in their discussion.

To reason about them sooner, is like reasoning without data; and besides, as the powers of reflection are always the latest in arriving at maturity, we may fairly infer that Nature meant the knowledge and experience to come first."—
P. 348.

Sir William Hamilton, who differs so widely from Dr. Combe in much, agrees with him in this, as may be seen from the following note in his edition of Reid, p. 420.¹

¹ As a corollary of this truth ("Reflection does not appear in children. Of all the powers of the mind, it seems to be of the latest growth, whereas consciousness is coeval with the earliest"), Mr. Stewart makes the following observations, in which he is supported by every competent authority in education. The two northern universities have long withdrawn themselves from the reproach of placing Physics last in their curriculum of arts. In that of Edinburgh, no order is prescribed; but in St. Andrews and Glasgow, the class of Physics still stands after those of mental philosophy. This absurdity is, it is to be observed, altogether of a modern introduction. For, when our Scottish universities were founded, and long after, the philosophy of mind was taught by the professor of physics. "I apprehend," says Mr. Stewart, "that the study of the mind should form the last branch of the education of youth; an order which Nature herself seems to point out, by what I have already remarked with respect to the development of our faculties. After the understanding is well stored with particular facts, and has been conversant with particular scientific pursuits, it will be enabled to speculate concerning its own powers with additional advantage, and will run no hazard in indulging too far in such inquiries. Nothing can be more absurd, on this as well as on many other accounts, than the common practice which is followed in our

“ If there is one fault greater than another, and one source of error more prolific than another, in medical investigations, it is the absence of a consistent and philosophic mode of proceeding ; *and no greater boon could be conferred upon medicine, as a science, than to render its cultivators familiar with the laws or principles by which inquiry ought to be directed.* I therefore regard what I should term a system of Medical Logic as of inestimable value in the education of the practitioner ; but I think that the proper time for it would be after the student had acquired a competent extent of knowledge, and a certain maturity of mind.”—P. 350.

“ The one great object ought to be the due qualification of the practitioner ; and whatever will contribute to that end ought to be retained, whether it may happen to agree with or differ from the curricula of other universities or universities [in some only,] of beginning a course of philosophical education with the study of logic. If this order were completely reversed ; and if the study of logic were delayed till after the mind of the student was well stored with particular facts in physics, in chemistry, in natural and civil history, his attention might be led with the most important advantage, and without any danger to his power of observation, to an examination of his own faculties, which, besides opening to him a new and pleasing field of speculation, would enable him to form an estimate of his own powers, of the acquisitions he has made, of the habits he has formed, and of the farther improvements of which his mind is susceptible.”—H.

licensing bodies. *The sooner one uniform system of education and equality of privileges prevails throughout the kingdom, the better for all parties.*”—P. 359.

“The longer I live, the more I am convinced that medical education is too limited and too hurried, rather than too extended; for, after all, four years is but a short time for a mind still immature to be occupied in mastering and digesting so many subjects and so many details. Instead of the curriculum being curtailed, however, I feel assured that ultimately the period of study will be extended. Supposing a young man to be engaged in the acquisition of knowledge and experience till the age of twenty-three instead of twenty-one, can it be said that he will then be *too old* for entering upon independent practice? or that his mind is even then fully matured, or his stock of knowledge such as to inspire full confidence? It is in vain to say that young men will not enter the profession if these additions are made. The result would inevitably be to attract a higher class of minds, and to raise the character of the whole profession.”—P. 360.

“*The bane of medicine and of medical education at present is its partial and limited scope. Branches of knowledge, valuable in themselves,*

are studied almost always separately, and without relation to their general bearing upon the one grand object of the medical art, viz., the healthy working or restoration of the whole bodily and mental functions. We have abundance of courses of lectures on all sorts of subjects, but are nowhere taught to group their results into practical masses or principles. The higher faculties of the professional mind are thus left in a great measure unexercised. The limited and exclusive knowledge of the observing powers is alone sought after, and an irrational experience is substituted for that which alone is safe, because comprehensive and true in spirit. *The mind thus exercised within narrow limits, becomes narrowed and occupied with small things. Small feelings follow, and the natural result is that place in public estimation which narrow-mindedness and cleverness in small things deserve.* The profession seeks to put down quacks, to obtain medical reform by Act of Parliament, and to acquire public influence; and a spirit is now active which will bring forth good fruit in due time. An Act of Parliament can remedy many absurdities connected with the privileges of old colleges and corporations, and greatly facilitate improvement; but the grand reform must come from within, and requires no Act to legalize its appearance.

Let the profession cultivate their art in a liberal and comprehensive spirit, and give evidence of the predominance of the scientific over the trade-like feeling, and the public will no longer withhold their respect or deny their influence.”—P. 400.

“ If you ask, Why did not God effect his aim without inflicting pain or suffering on any of us? That just opens up the question, Why did God see fit to make man, man, and not an angel? I can see why a watchmaker makes a watch here and a clock there, because my faculties and nature are on a par with the watchmaker’s; but to understand why God made man what he is, I must have the faculties and comprehension of the Divine Being; or, in other words, the creature must be the equal of the Creator in intellect before he can understand the cause of his own original formation. Into that, therefore, I am quite contented not to inquire.”—P. 403.

“ I should say that the province of Hygiène is to examine the relations existing between the human constitution on the one hand, and the various external objects or influences by which it is surrounded on the other; and to deduce, from that examination, the principles or rules by which the highest health and efficiency of all our functions, moral, intellectual, and corporeal,

may be most certainly secured, and by obedience to which we may, when once diseased, most speedily and safely regain our health. But perhaps the true nature of Hygiène will be best exhibited by contrasting what at present *is* taught, with what we require at the bedside of the patient, and yet are left to pick up at random in the best way we can.”—P. 312.

“Hygiène, according to my view, really forms the connecting link by which all the branches of professional knowledge are bound together, and rendered available in promoting human health and happiness; and, in one sense, is consequently the most important subject for a course of lectures, although very oddly almost the only one which has not been taught systematically; and I consider the absence of the connecting principle as the main cause why medicine has advanced so slowly, and still assumes so little of the aspect of a *certain science*, notwithstanding all the talent, time, and labour, devoted to its cultivation.”—P. 319.

VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ.

DR. ADAMS, in his Preliminary Discourse to the Sydenham Society's Edition of the *Genuine Works of Hippocrates*, translated and annotated by him—a work, as full of the best common sense and judgment, as it is of the best learning and scholarship—has the following passage:—

“Above all others, Hippocrates was strictly the physician of experience and common sense. In short, the basis of his system was a rational experience, and not a blind empiricism, so that the Empirics in after ages had no good grounds for claiming him as belonging to their sect.

“One of the most distinguishing characteristics, then, of the Hippocratic system of medicine, is the importance attached in it to *prognosis*, under which was comprehended a complete acquaintance with the previous and present condition of the patient, and the tendency of the disease. To the overstrained system of *Diagnosis* practised in the school of Cnidos, agreeably to which diseases were divided and subdivided arbitrarily into endless varieties, Hippocrates was decidedly opposed; his own strong sense and high intellectual cultivation having, no doubt, led him to the discovery, *that to accidental varieties of diseased action there is no limit*, and that what is indefinite cannot be reduced to science.

“ Nothing strikes one as a stronger proof of his nobility of soul, when we take into account the early period in human cultivation at which he lived, and his descent from a priestly order, than the contempt which he everywhere expresses for ostentatious charlatanry, and his perfect freedom from all popular superstition.¹ Of amulets and complicated machines to impose on the credulity of the ignorant multitude, there is no mention in any part of his works. All diseases he traces to natural causes, *and counts it impiety to maintain that any one more than another is an infliction from the Divinity.* How strikingly the Hippocratic system differs from that of all other nations in their infantine state, must be well known to every person who is well acquainted with the early history of medicine. His theory of medicine was further based on the physical philosophy of the ancients, more especially on

¹ “ This is the more remarkable, as it does not appear to have been the established creed of the greatest literary men and philosophers of the age, who still adhered, or professed to adhere, to the popular belief in the extraordinary interference of the gods with the works of Nature and the affairs of mankind. This, at least, was remarkably the case with Socrates, whose mind, like that of most men who make a great impression on the religious feelings of their age, had evidently a deep tinge of mysticism. See Xenoph. *Memor.* i. 1, 6-9; *Ibid.* iv. 7, 7; also Grote's *History of Greece*, vol. i. p. 499. The latter remarks, ‘ Physical and astronomical phenomena are classified by Socrates among the divine class, interdicted to human study.’—(*Mem.* i. 1, 13.) He adds, in reference to Hippocrates, ‘ On the other hand, Hippocrates, the contemporary of Socrates, denied the discrepancy, and merged into one the two classes of phenomena—the divine and the scientifically determinable—which the latter had put asunder. Hippocrates treated all phenomena as *at once both divine and scientifically determinable.*”

the doctrines then held regarding the elements of things, and the belief in the existence of a spiritual essence diffused through the whole works of creation, which was regarded as the agent that presides over the acts of generation, and which constantly strives to preserve all things in their natural state, and to restore them when they are preternaturally deranged. This is the principle which he called Nature, and which he held to be a *vis medicatrix*. ‘Nature,’ says he, or at least one of his immediate followers says, ‘is the physician of diseases.’”

STAHL, in one of his numerous short occasional Tracts, *Schediasmata*, as he calls them, in which his deep and fiery nature was constantly finding vent, thus opens upon the doctrine of “Nature,” as held by the ancients. Besides the thought, it is a good specimen of this great man’s abrupt, impetuous, pregnant, and difficult expressions:—

“Notanter Hippocrates 6. Epidem. 5. Ἀπαίδευτος ἢ φύσις εἰῶσα καὶ οὐ μαθοῦσα, τὰ δέοντα ποίει. *Cum a nullo informata sit NATURA, neque quicquam didicerit, ea tamen, quibus opus est, efficit. Efficere et operari, dicit; neque incongrua et aliena, sed quæ necessaria sint, quæ convenient: Operari autem ipsam per se, non ex consilio (intellige, alieno) lin. præced. monet. Effectivum hoc & operativum Principium, τὴν φύσιν, appellat, τὸ δημιουργικὸν ἡμῶν ἄριστον circumseribit Galen. de Placit. Hipp. & Platon. l. 9. hunc eundem locum attingens. De hac Naturâ prolixius idem Galenus lib. de Natur. facult. asserit, quod illa, suis viribus usa, quæ noxia sunt, expellere novcrit, quæ utilia, usui servare. Quod idem et lib. i. cap. s. de diff. Febb. repetit. Sapientissimam ipsam esse, itidem adstruit lib. de arte. Et omnia facere salutis hominum causa, in Comm. ad nostrum locum interpretatur. Neque hoc tantum de statu Corporis Humani tranquillo, et sibi constante, intelligendum, sed monent etiam iidem, Naturam hæ-*

tenus dictam, consulere corpori in dubiis rebus, ingruente nocentorum periculo, imo actuales, *noxas illatas*, ita depellere, corrigere, exterminare, refarcire, ut propterea *Hippocrates*, paulò antè sententiam hæcenus citatam, diserte affirmet, *Naturam mederi morbis*. In quam ipsam assertionem, ut satis fusè consentit *Galenus*, ita notabilia sunt ejus verba, quod *Natura malum sentiens, gestiat magnopere mederi*. Et *Corn. Celsus*, lib. 3. c. i. *Repugnante Natura*, ait, *nihil proficit Medicina*. Imo nec *deficiente eadem*, ut *Hipp. lib. de arte* monet, *quicquam obtinet Medica ars, sed perit æger*. Dies deficiat, neque hæc charta capiat, si plerosque tantum, qui comparent, testes Medicos Practicos scriptores, citare liberet. Nimirum QUOD tale *Activum et Effectivum, Gubernans, dirigens, regens, Principium in Corpore Vivo præsto fit*, tam in *statu sano*, quam *concussò, agens, vigilans, propugnans, omnes agnoscunt*.

“ Ut undique NATURA, hoc sensu, ut *Effectivum* quoddam, et quidem *κρυίως* tale, Principium asseratur, quod, *arbitrarie*, agere non agere, rectè aut perperam *Organa* sua actuare, iisque non magis uti, quam abuti queat.

“ Adornarunt hanc Doctrinæ Medicæ partem complures, tùm *Antiquiores*, tùm *propiorum* temporum Doctores, sed non eodem omnes successu, nec sortè eadem intentione. Prolixiores fuerunt *Veteres*, in illis *δυνάμειν, αἷς διοικεῖται τὸ ζῶον*, ut ipsam *φύσιν Hippocratis* describit *Galenus lib. de Crisibus*, et l. 5. de Sympt. *Caus. Facultatem Corporis nostri Reëtricem* optimo jure *Naturæ nomine insigniendam*, decernit. Sed inundavit hinc *Facultatem* variarum, congeries, & omnem *Physiologiæ antiquioris* paginam adcò absolvit, ut nihil offenderetur, quam meræ *Facultates, Vitalis, Naturalis, Animalis, Genitalis, Rationalis, Expultrix, Retentrix, Attraëtrix, Locomotrix, Coëtrix, Excretrix, Sanguifica, Chylifica, &c. &c.*”

To the Homœopathic delusion, or shall we call it “ per-

suasion," whose chief merit and mischief it is to be "not anything so much as a nothing which looks like a something," we owe the recognition, in a much more practical way than before, of the self-regulating principle in living bodies—the physician inside the skin. It is hardly necessary to state, that the best modern exposition of this doctrine, and its relation to therapeutics, is to be found in SIR JOHN FORBES' courageous, thoughtful, and singularly candid little book, *Art and Nature in the Cure of Disease*.

Many years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight." In ten days Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. "Where was it?" "I took it, Sir." "Took it! what have you done with it?" "I *ate* it, Sir! you told me to *take* it!" We once told this little story to a Homœopathic friend, adding, "Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure." "Well," said my much-believing friend, "there is no saying." No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable.

“ *With BRAINS, Sir.*”

“ *Multi multa sciunt, pauci multum.*”

“ *It is one thing to wish to have Truth on our side, and another thing to wish to be on the side of Truth.*”—WHATELY.

“ Ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἔτοιμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.”—THUCYDIDES.

“ *The most perfect philosophy of the natural kind, only staves off our IGNORANCE a little longer; as, perhaps, the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind, serves only to discover larger portions of it.*”—DAVID HUME.



“ *With BRAINS, Sir.*”

PRAY, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?” said a brisk diletante student to the great painter. “ *With Brains, Sir,*” was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithal, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colours and their mixture the better. Many other artists, when asked such a question, would have either set about detailing the mechanical composition of such and such colours, in such and such proportions, rubbed up so and so; or perhaps they would (and so much the better, but not the best) have shown him how they laid them on; but even this would leave him at the

critical point. Opie preferred going to the quick and the heart of the matter: "With *Brains*, Sir."

Sir Joshua Reynolds was taken by a friend to see a picture. He was anxious to admire it, and he looked it over with a keen and careful but favourable eye. "Capital composition; correct drawing; the colour, tone, chiaroscuro excellent; but—but—it wants, hang it, it wants—*That!*" snapping his fingers; and, wanting "that," though it had everything else, it was worth nothing.

Again, Etty was appointed teacher of the students of the Royal Academy, having been preceded by a clever, talkative, scientific expounder of æsthetics, who delighted to tell the young men *how* everything was done, how to copy this, and how to express that. A student came up to the new master, "How should I do this, Sir?" "Suppose you try." Another, "What does this mean, Mr. Etty?" "Suppose you look." "But I have looked." "Suppose you look again." And they did try, and they did look, and looked again; and they saw and achieved what they never could have done, had the how or the what (supposing this possible, which it is not in its full and highest meaning) been told them, or done for them; in the one

case, fight and action were immediate, exact, intense, and secure; in the other mediate, feeble, and lost as soon as gained. But what are "Brains"? what did Opie mean? and what is Sir Joshua's "That"? What is included in it? and what is the use, or the need of trying and trying, of missing often before you hit, when you can be told at once and be done with it; or of looking when you may be shown? Everything in medicine and in painting—practical arts—as means to ends, let their scientific enlargement be ever so rapid and immense, depends upon the right answers to these questions.

First of all, "brains," in the painter, are not diligence, knowledge, skill, sensibility, a strong will, or a high aim,—he may have all these, and never paint anything so truly good or effective as the rugged woodcut we must all remember, of Apollyon bestriding the whole breadth of the way, and Christian girding at him like a man, in the old sixpenny *Pilgrim's Progress*; and a young medical student may have zeal, knowledge, ingenuity, attention, a good eye and a steady hand—he may be an accomplished anatomist, stethoscopist, histologist, and analyst; and yet, with all this, and all the lectures, and all the books, and all the sayings, and all the preparations, drawings, tables, and other helps of his

teachers, crowded into his memory or his notebooks, he may be beaten in treating a whitlow or a colic, by the nurse in the wards where he was clerk, or by the old country doctor who brought him into the world, and who listens with such humble wonder to his young friend's account, on his coming home after each session, of all he had seen and done,—of all the last astonishing discoveries and operations of the day. What the painter wants, in addition to, and as the complement of, the other elements, is *genius and sense*; what the doctor needs to crown and give worth and safety to his accomplishments, is *sense and genius*: in the first case, more of this, than of that; in the second, more of that, than of this. These are the “*Brains*” and the “*That*.”

And what is genius? and what is sense? Genius is a peculiar native aptitude, or tendency, to any one calling or pursuit over all others. A man may have a genius for governing, for killing, or for curing the greatest number of men, and in the best possible manner: a man may have a genius for the fiddle, or his mission may be for the tight-rope, or the Jew's harp; or it may be a natural turn for seeking, and finding, and teaching truth, and for doing the greatest possible good to mankind; or it may be a turn

equally natural for seeking, and finding, and teaching a lie, and doing the *maximum* of mischief. It was as natural, as inevitable, for Wilkie to develop himself into a painter, and such a painter as we know him to have been, as it is for an acorn when planted to grow up into an oak, a specific *quercus robur*. But *genius*, and nothing else, is not enough, even for a painter: he must likewise have *sense*; and what is sense? *Sense* drives, or ought to drive, the coach; sense regulates, combines, restrains, commands, all the rest—even the genius; and sense implies exactness and soundness, power and promptitude of mind.

Then for the young doctor, he must have as his main, his master faculty, SENSE—Brains—*νοῦς*, justness of mind, because his subject-matter is one in which principle works, rather than impulse, as in painting; the understanding has first to do with it, however much it is worthy of the full exercise of the feelings, and the affections. But all will not do, if GENIUS is not there,—a real turn for the profession. It may not be a liking for it—some of the best of its practitioners never really liked it, at least liked other things better; but there must be a fitness of faculty of body and mind for its full, constant, exact pursuit. This sense and this genius, such a special therapeutic gift, had Hippocrates, Sydenham, Pott,

Pinel, John Hunter, Delpcch, Dupuytren, Kel-
lie, Cheyne, Baillie, and Abercrombie. We
might, to pursue the subject, pick out painters
who had much genius and little or no sense, and
vice versâ; and physicians and surgeons, who
had sense without genius, and genius without
sense, and some perhaps who had neither, and
yet were noticeable, and, in their own sideways,
useful men.

But our great object will be gained if we have
given our young readers (and these remarks are
addressed exclusively to students) any idea of
what we mean, if we have made them think,
and look inwards. The noble and sacred science
you have entered on is large, difficult, and deep,
beyond most others; it is every day becoming
larger, deeper, and in many senses more diffi-
cult, more complicated and involved. It re-
quires *more than the average* intellect, energy,
attention, patience, and courage, and that singu-
lar but imperial quality, at once a gift and an
acquisition, *presence of mind*—*ἀρχινοία*, or near-
ness of the *vous*, as the subtle Greeks called it
—than almost any other department of human
thought and action, except perhaps that of
ruling men. Therefore it is, that we hold it to
be of paramount importance that the parents,
teachers, and friends of youths intended for

medicine, and above all, that those who examine them on their entering on their studies, should at least (we might safely go much further) satisfy themselves as far as they can, that they are not below *par* in intelligence; they may be deficient and unapt, *quâ medici*, and yet, if taken in time, may make excellent men in other useful and honourable callings.

But suppose we have got the requisite amount and specific kind of capacity, how are we to fill it with its means; how are we to make it effectual for its end? On this point we say nothing, except that the fear now-a-days, is rather that the mind gets too much of too many things, than too little or too few. But this means of turning knowledge to action, making it what Bacon meant when he said it was power, invigorating the thinking substance—giving tone, and you may call it muscle and nerve, blood and bone, to the mind—a firm gripe, and a keen and sure eye: *that*, we think, is far too little considered or cared for at present, as if the mere act of filling in everything for ever into a poor lad's brain, would give him the ability to make anything of it, and above all, the power to appropriate the small portions of true nutriment, and reject the dregs.

One comfort we have, that in the main, and in the last resort, there is really very little that

can be done for any man by another. Begin with the sense and the genius—the keen appetite and the good digestion—and, amid all obstacles and hardships, the work goes on merrily and well; without these, we all know what a laborious affair, and a dismal, it is to make an incapable youth apply. Did any of you ever set yourselves to keep up artificial respiration, or to trudge about for a whole night with a narcotized victim of opium, or transfuse blood (your own perhaps) into a poor, fainting exanimate wretch? If so, you will have some idea of the heartless attempt, and its generally vain and miserable result, to make a dull student apprehend—a debauched, interested, knowing, or active in anything beyond the base of his brain—a weak, etiolated intellect hearty, and worth anything; and yet how many such are dragged through their dreary *curricula*, and by some miraculous process of cramming, and equally miraculous power of turning their insides out, get through their examinations: and then—what then? providentially, in most cases, they find their level; the broad daylight of the world—its shrewd and keen eye, its strong instinct of what can, and what cannot serve *its* purpose—puts all, except the poor object himself, to rights; happy is it for him if he turns

to some new and more congenial pursuit in time.

But it may be asked, how are the brains to be strengthened, the sense quickened, the genius awakened, the affections raised—the whole man turned to the best account for the cure of his fellow-men? How are you, when physics and physiology are increasing so marvellously, and when the burden of knowledge, the quantity of transferable information, of registered facts, of current names—and such names!—is so infinite: how are you to enable a student to take all in, bear up under all, and use it as not abusing it, or being abused by it? You must invigorate the containing and sustaining mind, you must strengthen him from within, as well as fill him from without; you must discipline, nourish, edify, relieve, and refresh his entire nature; and how? We have no time to go at large into this, but we will indicate what we mean:—encourage languages, especially French and German, at the early part of their studies; encourage, not merely the book knowledge, but the personal pursuit of natural history, of field botany, of geology, of zoology; give the young, fresh, unforgetting eye, exercise and free scope upon the infinite diversity and combination of natural colours, forms, substances, surfaces, weights, and

sizes—everything, in a word, that will educate their eye or ear, their touch, taste, and smell, their sense of muscular resistance; encourage them by prizes, to make skeletons, preparations, and collections of any natural objects; and, above all, try and get hold of their affections, and make them put their hearts into their work. Let them, if possible, have the advantage of a regulated *tutorial*, as well as the ordinary professorial system. Let there be no excess in the number of classes and frequency of lectures. Let them be drilled in composition; by this we mean the writing and spelling of correct, plain English (a matter not of every-day occurrence, and not on the increase),—let them be directed to the best books of the old masters in medicine, and *examined in them*,—let them be encouraged in the use of a wholesome and manly literature. We do not mean popular, or even modern literature—such as Emerson, Bulwer, or Alison, or the trash of inferior periodicals or novels—fashion, vanity, and the spirit of the age, will attract them readily enough to all these; we refer to the treasures of our elder and better authors. If our young medical student would take our advice, and for an hour or two twice a week take up a volume of Shakspeare, Cervantes, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Montaigne, Addison, Defoe, Goldsmith,

Fielding, Scott, Charles Lamb, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Helps, Thackeray, &c., not to mention authors on deeper and more sacred subjects—they would have happier and healthier minds, and make none the worse doctors. If they, by good fortune—for the tide has set in strong against the *literæ humaniores*—have come off with some Greek or Latin, we would supplicate for an ode of Horace, a couple of pages of Cicero or of Pliny once a month, and a page of Xenophon. French and German should be mastered either before or during the first years of study. They will never afterwards be acquired so easily or so thoroughly, and the want of them may be bitterly felt when too late.

But one main help, we are persuaded, is to be found in studying, and by this we do not mean the mere reading, but the digging into and through, the energizing upon, and mastering such books as we have mentioned at the close of this paper. These are not, of course, the only works we would recommend to those who wish to understand thoroughly, and to make up their minds, on these great subjects as wholes; but we all know too well that our Art is long, broad, and deep,—and Time, opportunity, and our little hour, brief and uncertain, therefore, we would recommend those books as

a sort of game of the mind, a mental exercise—like cricket, a gymnastic, a clearing of the eyes of their mind as with euphrasy, a strengthening their power over particulars, a getting fresh, strong views of worn out, old things, and, above all, a learning the right use of their reason, and by knowing their own ignorance and weakness, finding true knowledge and strength. Taking up a book like Arnauld, and reading a chapter of his lively, manly sense, is like throwing your manuals, and scalpels, and microscopes, and natural (most unnatural) orders out of your hand and head, and taking a game with the Grange Club, or a run to the top of Arthur Seat. Exertion quickens your pulse, expands your lungs, makes your blood warmer and redder, fills your mouth with the pure waters of relish, strengthens and supples your legs; and though on your way to the top you may encounter rocks, and baffling *débris*, and gusts of fierce winds rushing out upon you from behind corners, just as you will find in Arnauld, and all truly serious and honest books of the kind, difficulties and puzzles, winds of doctrine, and deceitful mists; still you are rewarded at the top by the wide view. You see, as from a tower, the end of all. You look into the perfections and relations of things. You see the clouds, the bright lights, and the ever-

lasting hills on the far horizon. You come down the hill a happier, a better, and a hungrier man, and of a better mind. But, as we said, you must eat the book, you must crush it, and cut it with your teeth and swallow it; just as you must walk up, and not be carried up the hill, much less imagine you are there, or look upon a picture of what you would see were you up, however accurately or artistically done; no—you yourself must *do* both.

Philosophy—the love and the possession of wisdom—is divided into two things, science or knowledge; and a habit, or power of mind. He who has got the first is not truly wise unless his mind has reduced and assimilated it, as Dr. Prout would have said, unless he appropriates and can use it for his need.

The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words *Capax*, *Perspicax*, *Sagax*, *Efficax*. *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange, and keep knowledge; *Perspicax*—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what it is worth, of choosing and rejecting, of judging; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three—capacity, perspicacity, sagacity, to

account, in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you had received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *manus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than proteine would be itself if any one of its four elements were amissing.

We have left ourselves no room to speak of the books we have named at the end of this paper. We recommend them all to our young readers. Arnauld's excellent and entertaining *Art of Thinking*—the once famous Port Royal Logic—is, if only one be taken, probably the best. Thomson's little book is admirable, and is specially suited for a medical student, as its illustrations are drawn with great intelligence and exactness from chemistry and physiology. We know nothing more perfect than the analysis, at page 348, of Sir H. Davy's beautiful experiments to account for the traces of an alkali, found when decomposing water by galvanism. It is quite exquisite, the hunt after and the unearthing of "*the residual cause.*" This book has the great advantage of a clear, lively, and strong style. We can only give some short extracts.

INDUCTION AND DEDUCTION.

“ We may define the inductive method as the process of discovering laws and rules from facts, and causes from effects ; and the deductive, as the method of deriving facts from laws, and effects from their causes.”

There is a valuable paragraph on anticipation and its uses—there is a power and desire of the mind to project itself from the known into the unknown, in the expectation of finding what it is in search of.

“ This power of divination, this sagacity, which is the mother of all science, we may call anticipation. The intellect, with a dog-like instinct, will not hunt until it has found the scent. It must have some presage of the result before it will turn its energies to its attainment. The system of anatomy which has immortalized the name of Oken, is the consequence of a *flash of anticipation*, which glanced through his mind when he picked up, in a chance walk, the skull of a deer, bleached by the weather, and exclaimed—‘ *It is a vertebral column!* ’ ”

“ The man of science possesses principles—the man of art, not the less nobly gifted, is possessed and carried away by them. The principles which art *involves*, science *evolves*. The truths on which

the success of art depends lurk in the artist's mind in an undeveloped state, guiding his hand, stimulating his invention, balancing his judgment, but not appearing in regular propositions." "An art (that of medicine for instance) will of course admit into its limits, everything (*and nothing else*) which can conduce to the performance of *its own proper work*; it recognises no other principles of selection."

"He who reads a book on logic, probably thinks no better when he rises up than when he sits down, but if any of the principles there unfolded cleave to his memory, and he afterwards, perhaps unconsciously, shapes and corrects his thoughts by them, no doubt the whole powers of his reasoning receive benefit. In a word, every art, from reasoning to riding and rowing, is learned by assiduous practice, and if principles do any good, it is proportioned to the readiness with which they can be converted into rules, and the patient constancy with which they are applied in all our attempts at excellence."

"A man can teach names to another man, but he cannot plant in another's mind that far higher gift—the power of naming."

"Language is not only the vehicle of thought, it is a great and efficient instrument in thinking."

"The whole of every science may be made

the subject of teaching. Not so with *art*; much of it is not teachable."

Coleridge's profound and brilliant, but unequal, and often somewhat nebulous *Essay on Method*, is worth reading over, were it only as an exercitation, and to impress on the mind the meaning and value of *method*. Method is the road by which you reach, or hope to reach, a certain end; it is a process. It is the best direction for the search after truth. System, again, which is often confounded with it, is a mapping out, a circumscription of knowledge, either already gained, or theoretically laid down as probable. Aristotle had a system which did much good, but also much mischief. Bacon was chiefly occupied in preparing and pointing out the way—the only way—of procuring knowledge. He left to others to systematize the knowledge after it was got; but the pride and indolence of the human spirit lead it constantly to build systems on imperfect knowledge. It has the trick of filling up out of its own fancy what it has not the diligence, the humility, and the honesty, to seek in nature; whose servant, and articulate voice, it ought to be.

Descartes' little tract on Method is like everything the lively and deep-souled Breton did, full of original and bright thought.

Sir John Herschel's volume needs no praise. We know no work of the fort, fuller of the best moral worth, as well as the highest philosophy. We fear it is more talked of than read.

We would recommend the article in the *Quarterly Review* as first-rate, and written with great eloquence and grace.

SYDNEY SMITH'S *Sketches of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*. Second Edition.

SEDGWICK'S *Discourse on the Studies at Cambridge, with a Preface and Appendix*. Sixth Edition.

We have put these two worthies here, not because we had forgotten them,—much less because we think less of them than the others, especially Sydney. But because we bring them in at the end of our small entertainment, as we hand round a liqueur—be it Curaçoa, Kimmel, or old Glenlivet—after dinner, and end with the heterogeneous plum-pudding—that most English of realized ideas. Sydney Smith's book is one of rare excellence, and well worthy of the study of men and women, though perhaps not transcendental enough for our modern philosophers, male and female. It is really astonishing how much of the best of everything, from patriotism

to nonsense, is to be found in this volume of sketches. You may read it through, if your sides can bear such an accumulation of laughter, with great benefit; and if you open it anywhere, you can't read three sentences without coming across some, it may be common thought, and often original enough, better expressed and *put* than you ever before saw it. The lectures on the Affections, the Passions and Desires, and on Study, we would have everybody to read and enjoy.

Sedgwick is a different, and, as a whole, an inferior man; but a *man* every inch of him, and an Englishman too, in his thoughts, and in his fine mother wit and tongue. He has, in the midst of all his confusion and passionateness, the true instinct of philosophy—the true venatic sense of objective truth. We know nothing better in the main, than his demolition of what is untrue, and his reduction of what is absurd, and his taking the wind out of what is tympanitic, in the notorious *Vestiges*; we don't say he always does justice to what is really good in it; his mission is to execute justice *upon it*, and that he does. His remarks on Oken and Owen, and his quotations from Dr. Clarke's admirable paper on the *Development of the Fœtus*, in the *Cambridge Philosophical Transactions*, we would recommend

to our medical friends. The very confusion of Sedgwick is the free outcome of a deep and racy nature; it puts us in mind of what happened, when an Englishman was looking with astonishment and disgust at a Scotchman eating a singed sheep's head, and was asked by the eater what he thought of that dish? "*Dish*, Sir, do you call that a dish?" "*Dish or no dish*," rejoined the Caledonian, "there's a deal o' fine confused feedin' about it, let me tell you."

We conclude these rambling remarks with a quotation from Arnauld, the friend of Pascal, and the intrepid antagonist of the Vatican and the Grand Monarque; one of the noblest, freest, most untiring and honest intellects, our world has ever seen. "Why don't you rest sometimes?" said his friend Nicole to him. "Rest! why should I rest here? haven't I an eternity to rest in?" The following sentence from his *Port-Royal Logic*, so well introduced and translated by Mr. Baynes, contains the gist of all we have been trying to say. It should be engraven on the tablets of every young student's heart—for the heart has to do with study as well as the head.

"There is nothing more desirable than *good sense and justness of mind*,—all other qualities of mind are of limited use, but exactness of judg-

ment is of general utility in every part and in all employments of life.

“We are too apt to employ reason merely as an instrument for acquiring the sciences, whereas we ought to avail ourselves of the sciences, as an instrument for perfecting our reason; justness of mind being infinitely more important than all the speculative knowledge which we can obtain by means of sciences the most solid. This ought to lead wise men to make their sciences *the exercise and not the occupation of their mental powers*. Men are not born to employ all their time in measuring lines, in considering the various movements of matter: their minds are too great, and their life too short, their time too precious, to be so engrossed; but they are born to be just, equitable, and prudent, in all their thoughts, their actions, their business; to these things they ought especially to train and discipline themselves.”

So, young friends, bring *Brains* to your work, and mix everything with them, and them with everything. *Arma virumque*, tools and a man to use them. Stir up, direct, and give free scope to Sir Joshua's “*that*,” and try again, and again; and look, *oculo intento, acie acerrimâ*. Looking is a voluntary act,—it is the man within coming to the window; seeing is a state,—passive and

receptive, and, at the best, little more than registrative.

Since writing the above, we have read with great satisfaction Dr. Forbes' Lecture delivered before the Chichester Literary Society and Mechanics' Institute, and published at their request. Its subject is, Happiness in its relation to Work and Knowledge. It is worthy of its author, and is, we think, more largely and finely imbued with his personal character, than any one other of his works that we have met with. We could not wish a fitter present for a young man starting on the game of life. It is a wise, cheerful, manly, and warm-hearted discourse on the words of Bacon,—“ He that is wise, let him pursue some desire or other : for he that doeth not affect some one thing in chief, unto him all things are distasteful and tedious.” We will not spoil this little volume by giving any account of it. Let our readers get it, and read it. The extracts from his Thesis, *De Mentis Exercitatione et Felicitate exinde derivanda*, are very curious—showing the native vigour and bent of his mind, and indicating also, at once the identity and the growth of his thoughts during the lapse of thirty-three years.

We give the last paragraph, the sense and the filial affection of which are alike admirable. Having mentioned to his hearers that they saw

in himself a living illustration of the truth of his position, that happiness is a necessary result of knowledge and work, he thus concludes:—

“ If you would further desire to know to what besides I am chiefly indebted for so enviable a lot, I would say:—1st, Because I had the good fortune to come into the world with a healthful frame, and with a sanguine temperament. 2d, Because I had no patrimony, and was therefore obliged to trust to my own exertions for a livelihood. 3d, Because I was born in a land where instruction is greatly prized and readily accessible. 4th, Because I was brought up to a profession which not only compelled mental exercise, but supplied for its use materials of the most delightful and varied kind. *And lastly and principally, because the good man to whom I owe my existence, had the foresight to know what would be best for his children. He had the wisdom, and the courage, and the exceeding love, to bestow all that could be spared of his worldly means, to purchase for his sons, that which is beyond price, EDUCATION; well judging that the means so expended, if hoarded for future use, would be, if not valueless, certainly evanescent, while the precious treasure for which they were exchanged, a cultivated and instructed mind, would not only last through life, but might be*

the fruitful source of treasures far more precious than itself. So equipped he sent them forth into the world to fight Life's battle, leaving the issue in the hand of God; confident, however, that though they might fail to achieve renown or to conquer Fortune, they possessed *that* which, if rightly used, could win for them the yet higher prize of HAPPINESS."

Since this was written, many good books have appeared, but we would select three, which all young men should read and get—Hartley Coleridge's *Lives of Northern Worthies*, Thackeray's *Letters of Brown the Elder*, and *Tom Brown's School-days*,—in spirit and in expression, we don't know any better models for manly courage, good sense, and feeling, and they are as well written as they are thought.

There are the works of another man, one of the greatest, not only of our, but of any time, to which we cannot too earnestly draw our young readers. We mean the philosophical writings of Sir William Hamilton. We know no more invigorating, quickening, rectifying kind of exercise, than reading with a will, anything he has written upon permanently important subjects. There is a greatness and simplicity, a closeness of thought, a glance keen and wide, a play of the entire

nature, and a truthfulness and downrightness, with an amount, and accuracy, and vivification of learning, such as we know of in no one other writer, ancient or modern—not even Leibnitz; and we know no writings which so wholesomely at once exalt and humble the reader, make him feel what is in him, and what he can and may, as well as what he cannot, and need never hope to know. In this respect, Hamilton is as grand as Pascal, and more simple; he exemplifies everywhere his own sublime adaptation of Scripture—unless a man become a little child, he cannot enter into the kingdom; he enters the temple stooping, but he presses on, intrepid and alone, to the inmost *adytum*, worshipping the more the nearer he gets to the inaccessible shrine, whose veil no mortal hand has ever rent in twain. And we name after him, the thoughtful, candid, impressive little volume of his pupil, his friend, and his successor, Professor Fraser.

The following passage from Sir William Hamilton's *Dissertations*, besides its wise thought, sounds in the ear like the pathetic and majestic sadness of a symphony by Beethoven:—

“There are two sorts of ignorance: we philosophize to escape ignorance, and the consummation of our philosophy is ignorance; we start from the one, we repose in the other; they are

the goals from which, and to which, we tend ; and the pursuit of knowledge is but a course between two ignorances, as human life is itself only a travelling from grave to grave.

Τίς βίος ; — Ἐκ τύμφοιο θορῶν, ἐπι τύμφον ὀδεύω.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance ; ‘ Qui nescit ignorare, ignorat scire.’ This ‘ learned ignorance ’ is the rational conviction by the human mind of its inability to transcend certain limits ; it is the knowledge of ourselves,—the science of man. This is accomplished by a demonstration of the disproportion between what is to be known, and our faculties of knowing,—the disproportion, to wit, between the infinite and the finite. In fact, the recognition of human ignorance, is not only the one highest, but the one true, knowledge ; and its first-fruit, as has been said, is humility. Simple nescience is not proud ; consummated science is positively humble. For this knowledge it is not, which ‘ puffeth up ; ’ but its opposite, the conceit of false knowledge,—the conceit, in truth, as the apostle notices, of an ignorance of the very nature of knowledge :—

‘ Nam nesciens quid scire sit,
Te scire cuncta jactitas.’

“ But as our knowledge stands to Ignorance, so stands it also to Doubt. Doubt is the beginning and the end of our efforts to know ; for as it is true,—‘ *Alte dubitat qui altius credit,*’ so it is likewise true,—‘ *Quo magis quærimus magis dubitamus.*’

“ The grand result of human wisdom, is thus only a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not, (‘ *Quantum est quod nescimus!*’)—an articulate confession, in fact, by our natural reason, of the truth declared in revelation, that ‘ *now* we see through a glass, darkly.’ ”

His pupil writes in the same spirit and to the same end :—“ A discovery, by means of reflection and mental experiment, of the *limits* of knowledge, is the highest and most universally applicable discovery of all ; it is the one through which our intellectual life most strikingly blends with the moral and practical part of human nature. Progress in knowledge is often paradoxically indicated by a diminution in the *apparent bulk* of what we know. Whatever helps to work off the dregs of false opinion, and to purify the intellectual mass—whatever deepens our conviction of our infinite ignorance—really adds to, although it sometimes seems to diminish, the rational possessions of man. This is the

highest kind of merit that is claimed for Philosophy, by its earliest as well as by its latest representatives. It is by this standard that Socrates and Kant measure the chief results of their toil."

BOOKS REFERRED TO.

1. Arnauld's Port-Royal Logic; translated by T. S. Baynes.
- 2. Thomson's Outlines of the Necessary Laws of Thought.
- 3. Descartes on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason, and Seeking Truth in the Sciences.—4. Coleridge's Essay on Method.—5. Whately's Logic and Rhetoric; new and cheap edition.—6. Mill's Logic; new and cheap edition.—7. Dugald Stewart's Outlines.—8. Sir John Herschel's Preliminary Dissertation.—9. Quarterly Review, vol. lxxviii; Article upon Whewell's Philosophy of Inductive Sciences.—10.—Isaac Taylor's Elements of Thought.—11. Sir William Hamilton's edition of Reid; Dissertations; and Lectures.—12. Professor Fraser's Rational Philosophy.

EXCURSUS ETHICUS.

*“ For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.”—TENNYSON.*

*“ Verius cogitatur Deus quam dicitur, et verius est quam
cogitatur.”—AUGUSTINE.*



EXCURSUS ETHICUS.

WE have named the excellent works at the close of this paper more with the view of recommending them to the study of such of our readers as may be so inclined, than of reviewing them in the technical sense, still less of going over exactly the same ground which they have already so well occupied and enriched. Our object in selecting their names out of many others, is, that they are good and varied, both as to time, and view, and character,—and also that we may be saved referring to them more particularly.

Our observations shall be of a very miscellaneous and occasional kind—perhaps too much so for the taste or judgment of our readers ; but we think that a rambling excursion is a good and wholesome thing, now and then.

System is good, but it is apt to enslave and confine its maker. Method in art is what system is in science ; and we, physicians, know,

to our sad and weighty experience, that we are more occupied with doing some one thing, than in knowing many other things. System to an art, is like an external skeleton to a crab,—something it, as well as the crab, must escape from, if it mean to grow bigger: more of a shield and covering than a support and instrument of power. Our skeletons are inside our bodies, and so generally ought our systems to be inside our minds.

Were we, for our own and our readers' satisfaction and entertainment, or for some higher and better end, about to go through a course of reading on the foundation of general morals, in order to deduce from them a code of professional ethics,—to set ourselves to discover the root, and ascend up from it to the timber, the leaves, the fruit, and the flowers—we would not confine ourselves to a stunted browsing in the ample and ancient field—we would, in right of our construction, be omnivorous, trusting to a stout mastication, a strong digestion, an eclectic and vigorous chylopoietic staff of appropriators and scavengers, to our making something of everything. We would not despise good old Plutarch's morals, or anybody else's, because we know chemistry, and many other things, better than he did; nor would we be ashamed to confess

that our best morality, and our deepest philosophy of the nature and origin of human duty, of moral good and evil, was summed up in the golden rules of childhood, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "Every man is thy neighbour." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Ye owe no man anything, but to love one another." This is the true birthplace of the word *ought*, that which we owe to some one, and of *duty*, that which is due by us; and likewise of *moral*, that which should be customary, and *ethical* in the same sense;—the only custom, which it will always be a privilege, as well as a duty to pay—the only debt which must always be running up.

It is worth remembering that names too often become the ghosts of things, and ghosts, with a devil or a fool, instead of the original tenant inside. The word *manners* means literally nothing else, and ought never to be anything else, than the expression, the embodiment, the pleasant flower, of an inward *mos* or moral state. We may all remember that the *Contes Morales* of Marmontel—which were, many of them, anything but moral—were translated so, instead of Tales illustrative of *Manners*.

To go on with our *excursus erraticus*.

Were we going to take ourselves and our company into the past, and visit the *habitats* of the great moralists, and see the country, and make up our minds as to what in it was what, and how much to us it was worth,—we would not keep to one line,—we would expatiate a little and make it a ramble, not a journey, much less an express train, with no stoppages,—we would, moreover, take our own time, choose our own roads, and our own vehicles,—we would stay where, and as long as we found entertainment, good lodging, and good fare, and did not lose our time or ourselves,—and we would come home, we hope, not informed merely, but in better health and spirits, more contented, more active, more enlightened, more ready for our daily work. We would begin at the beginning, and start early. In search of what is man's normal sense of duty, and how he is to do it, we would take our company to that garden, planted eastward in Eden, where were all manner of fruits, pleasant to the eye and good for food; that garden which every one believes in—we don't mean geographically or geologically merely, but really,—as a fact in the history of the race, and relics of which—its founts, its fragrance and beauty—he meets still everywhere within him and around him, “like the remem-

brance of things to come,"—we would there find the law, the primal condition, under which the species was placed by its Maker—how the Infinite and the finite, God and his children, giving and receiving, faith and works, met together, and kept in tune—how, and by whom, man was made upright, in mind as well as body—and what was that first of the many inventions he found out, when he took of the tree of the knowledge of good as well as of evil, and did eat.

Then we would move on to a wild mountain in Arabia, standing at this day as it did on that, and, joining the multitude of that peculiar people—whom we still see in the midst of us in our busy world—unchanged, the breed still unmixed—and out of the bickering flame, the darkness, and the splendour, and “as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness,” the sight so exceeding terrible, we might hear those ten commandments, which all of us have by heart, not all in our hearts. Lest we should fail with fear, we would go on into the sunlight of Canaan, and forward many centuries, and in the “Sermon on the Mount,” sitting down among the multitudes, hear our code of laws revised and re-issued by their Giver, and find its summary easily carried away,—love to God, love to man, • loving our neighbour as ourselves.

Then might we go back and visit the Shepherd King, and carry off his 104th, 105th, and 119th Psalms, and being there, we would take a lesson in morals from his son's life—that wisest and foolishest of men—and carry off with us his pithy “Proverbs.”

Next we would intercept Paul's letter to his friends at Rome, and make an extract of its 1st chapter, and its 12th and 13th, and end by copying it all; and having called on James the Greater, we would get his entire epistle by heart, and shut up this, our visit to the Holy Land, with the sound of the last verse of the second last chapter of the Apocalypse ringing in our ears.

We would then find Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and all those noble old fellows, busy at their work, showing us how little and how much man, with the finest organization, and the best discipline, can do for himself in the way of lifting himself from the ground, and erecting himself above himself, by his sheer strength; and we would not fail to admire the courage, and the deep moral intensity and desire, the amazing beauty and energy of expression, the amplitude and depth of their ideas, as if minds were once giant as well as bodies. But we would not tarry with them, we would wish rather to take

them with us, and get Socrates to study the Sermon on the Mount, and Plato the Pauline Epistles, where he would meet his fellow, and more than his match, in subtlety and in sense, in solid living thought, in clear and passionate utterance, in everything that makes thought felt, and feeling understood, and both motive and effectual. Then would we hurry over the dreary interval of the middle passage of the deserts of sand—the middle ages, where Aristotle's blind children of the mist might be seen spinning ropes, not out of themselves, like the more intelligent and practical spider, but out of the weary sand—ropes, signifying nothing; and we might see how, having parted with their senses, they had lost themselves, and were *vox et præterea nihil*.

But we must shorten our trip. We would cool ourselves, and visit old Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his arctic cave, and see him sitting like a polar bear, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that fullen heart, and proclaiming that self-love is every kind of love, and all that in man is good. We would wonder at that palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong—but below zero. We would come away before we were benumbed, admiring much his intrepid air, his keen and clean teeth, his clear

eye, his matchless vigour of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary mistake of absolute cold for heat,—frozen mercury burning as well as molten gold. Leaving him, after trying to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian, we would go to an English country-house, to Lady Masham's, at the Oates, the abode of comfort, cheerfulness, and thoughtful virtue; and we would there find John Locke “communing with the man within the breast,” and listening reverently, but like a man; and we would carry off from her ladyship's table her father's (Cudworth's) huge magazine of learning, strong intellect, and lofty morality—his treatise “concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality.” Then we might call for Locke's pupil, Lord Shaftesbury, the great man and the courtier, but the philosopher too, having glimpses of better things, and coming very close to what we are in search of—*a special moral faculty*; and we would find our friend Dr. Henry More in his laboratory, dreaming in his odd Platonic way, of a “*boniform faculty*.”

Next, we would set sail across the Atlantic, and reach in the evening the mild skies of the “vex't Bermoothes,” and there find the beautiful-souled Berkeley dreaming of ideal universities

in the far west—of a new world, peopled with myriads as happy, as intelligent, as virtuous as himself; dreaming, too, of his pancratic “Tar Water,” and in his “Siris” ascending from his innocent *nostrum*, by a Jacob’s ladder of easy grade, to Plato’s heaven. And, being in the neighbourhood, we might as well visit New England, and among its hedge-rows and elms, and quiet old villages, forget we are in New Hampshire—not in old—and see in his study a country clergyman, with a thoughtful, contented look, and an eye rich with a grave enthusiasm—Jonathan Edwards—“whose power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed among men, was joined with a personal character which raised his piety to fervour.” We might watch him with his back to the wall of his room, his right heel turning diligently in a hole of its own making in the floor, and the whole man absorbed in thought;¹ and we would bring off what he thought of the “Nature of True Virtue, and God’s chief end in the Creation;” and we would find that, by a mental process as steady as that of the heel—by his intrepid excogitation, his

¹ Some years ago, an intelligent New England physician told us that this was the great metaphysician’s habit and attitude of study, and that he had often seen the hole which the molar heel made during years of meditation.

downright simplicity of purpose, and the keen temper of his instrument, he had, to borrow an exquisite illustration, pierced through the sub-foil—the gravel, the clay, and rocks—down to the fresh depths of our common nature, and brought up, as from an Artesian well, his rich reward and ours, in the full flow of the waters of virtue—not raised, *per saltum*, by pump or high-pressure, but flowing, *pleno-rivo*, by a force from within.

On our return, we might fall in with an ardent, but sensible Irishman,¹ teaching moral philosophy at Glasgow, and hitting, by a sort of felicity, on what had been before so often missed, and satisfying mankind, at least, with the name of a *moral sense*—as distinct as our sense of bitter and sweet, soft and hard, light and darkness. Then might we take a turn in his garden with the Bishop of Durham, and hear his wise and weighty, his simple and measured words: “Nations, like men, go at times deranged.” “Everything is what it is, and not another thing.” “Goodness is a fixed, steady, immovable principle of action.” “Reason, with self-love and conscience, are the chief or superior principles in the nature of man; and they, if we understand our true happiness, always lead

¹ Hutcheson.

us the same way." "Duty and interest are perfectly coincident, for the most part, in this world; and in every instance, if we take in the future and the whole." We would carry off all his sermons, and indeed everything he had written, and distribute his sermons on the *Love of God*, on *Self-Deceit*, *The Love of our Neighbour*, and *The Ignorance of Man*, all along our road, to small and great.

We would look in on the author of the *History of the Ethical Sciences*, on his return, perhaps tired and dispirited, from a speech on the principles of natural and immutable law, in "the House," when all had been asleep but himself and the reporters; and we would listen for hours to his unfolding the meanings which others, and which he himself, attached to that small word—*ought*; and hear him call it "*this most important of words*;" and we would come away charmed with the mild wisdom of his thoughts, and the sweet richness of his words.

We would merely leave our card at Jeremy Bentham's, that despiser of humbug in others, and unconscious example of it in himself, and we would bring off his *Deontological Faculty*. Neither would we care to stay long with that hard-headed, uncomfortable old man of Kœnigsberg,—losing himself, from excess of strictness,

in the midst of his metaphysics ; and we would with pity and wonder hear him announce that dreadful “categorical imperative” of his, which has been said, with equal wit and truth, to be, “at its best, but a dark lantern, till it borrows a utilitarian farthing candle—a flaming sword that turns every way but drives no whither”—proclaiming a paradise lost, but in no wise pointing the way to a paradise to be regained.

And before settling at home, we would look in and pay our respects in our own town, to a beneficent, benevolent, enlightened, and upright man,¹ with whom we could agree to differ in some things, and rejoice to agree in many ; and we would bring away from him all that he could tell us of that “conscientiousness”—the bodily organ of the inward sense of personal right and wrong, upon the just direction of which—no one knows better than he does—depends the true safety, and dignity, and happiness of man.

But after all our travel, we would be little the better or the wiser, if we ourselves did not inwardly digest and appropriate, as “upon soul and conscience,” all our knowledge. We would much better not have left home. For it is true, that not the light from heaven, not the riches from the earth, not the secrets of nature,

¹ George Combe.

not the minds of men, or of ourselves, can do us anything but evil, if our senses, our inward and outward senses, are not kept constantly exercised, so as to discern for ourselves, what is good and evil in us, and for us. We must carry the lights of our own consciousness and conscience, into all our researches, or we will, in all likelihood, lose our pains.

As we have been, however, on our travels, *quâ medici*, as well as general tourists, we shall give the names of some of our best medical moralists:—The Oath and Law of Hippocrates, and above all, his personal character, and the whole spirit of his writings and practice—Stahl—Sydenham's warning and advice to those who purpose giving themselves to the work of medicine—the four things he would have them to weigh well—the two admirable academic sermons of Gaubius, *De Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est*—Gregory on the *Duties of a Physician*—Dr. Denman's Life, by his son, the Lord Chief Justice, and Dr. Gooch's—*not* Dr. Hope's, for reasons we might, but do not, give—Dr. Baillie's character, personal and professional—Dr. Abercrombie's, and the books we have put at the end of this paper.

Dr. Percival's *Ethics* is a classical book, in

its best sense; sensible, sound, temperate, clear thoughts, conveyed in natural, clear, persuasive language. Its title is somewhat of a blunder: at first it was *Medical Jurisprudence*--and *Ethics* means at once more, and not so much, as what it is made by him to represent. *The Duties of a Physician* would have been less pedantic, and more correct and homely. There is a good deal of the stiffness of the old school about the doctor; he speaks as if in knee-breeches and buckles, with a powdered wig, and an interminable silk waistcoat, a gold-headed cane at his side, and his cocked hat under his arm. To us, however, this is a great charm of the book, and of such books. There may be stiffness and some Johnsonian swell about them; some words bigger than the thoughts, like a boy in his father's coat; some sentences in which the meaning ends before its voice, and the *rummel* resounds after having parted company with the *gumption*; but with all this, there is a temperance, and soundness, and dignity of view—a good breeding, and good feeling, and a reticence and composure, which, in this vapouring, turbulent, unmannerly age of ours, is a refreshing pleasure, though too often one of memory.

We are truly glad to see, from a modest note by Dr. Greenhill, the editor, that he is engaged

on a work on medical morals. He will do it well and wisely, we have no doubt. The profession is deeply indebted to him for his edition of Sydenham—the best monument the Society called by his name could raise to that great man, and also for his *Life of Hippocrates*, in Smith's *Dictionary*, and other contributions to medical philosophy and biography.

We have placed Fuller's *Holy and Profane State* on our list, specifically on account of its chapters on "The Good Physician," "The Life of Paracelsus," the "True Gentleman," and the "Degenerous,"—and likewise that we might tempt our readers to enjoy the whole of this delightful little book, and as much else of its author as they can get hold of. They will thank us for this, if they do not already know him,—and they will excuse us if they do. Dr. Fuller is a man who, like Dr. South and Sydney Smith, is so intensely witty, that we forget, or do not notice, that he is not less eminently wise; and that his wit is the laughing blossom of wisdom. Here are some of his *sententiolæ vibrantes*:—"The Good Physician hankers not his new experiments on the bodies of his patients, letting loose mad *recipes* into the sick man's body, to try how they

and nature will fight it out, while he stands by and enjoys the battle,—except in desperate cases, when death must be expelled by death. Left his apothecary should oversee, he oversees his apothecary. He trusteth not the single witness of the water, if better testimony may be had. For reasons drawn from the urine alone are as brittle as the urinal. He brings not news, with a false spy, that the coast is clear, till death surprises the sick man. I know physicians love to make the best of their patient's estate ; first, say they, it is improper that *adjutores vitæ* should be *nuncii mortis* ; secondly, none with their goodwill will tell bad news ; thirdly, their fee may be the worse for it ; fourthly, it is confessing their art beaten ; fifthly, it will poison their patient's heart with grief. So far well ; but they may so order it, that the party may be informed wisely, and not outed of this world before he is provided for another."

We give the last sentence of his *Life of Paracelsus* (Philip Theophrastus Bombastus of Hoenhaim), that renowned and ill-understood medley of evil and good, darkness and light, of quackery and skill :—" In a word, he boasted of more than he could do ; did more cures seemingly than really, more cures really than lawfully ; of more parts than learning, of more fame than

parts ; a better physician than a man, a better surgeon than physician.”¹

Here are the chief points of the “degenerous gentleman,”—they are like mottos to the chapters on the physiology of the noble rake in all ages:—“He goes to school to learn in jest, and play in earnest. His brother’s serving men, which he counts no mean preferment, admit him into their society ; coming to the university, his study is to study nothing ; at the inns of court, pretending to learn law, he learns to be lawless, and grows acquainted with the ‘*roaring boys.*’ Through the mediation of a scrivener, he is introduced to some great usurer,” &c. &c.

Sir Thomas Browne’s *Religio Medici*, though full of true morality,—of subtle and profound thought, and most pathetic touches,—as well as instinct with his own peculiar, grave, antique humour, and quaint thought—as odd as the root of an *orchis*, and, in its expression, as richly emblazoned with colours, as whimsically gibbous as its flower—has less to do with our immediate subject than his *Christian Morals*, which are well worth the perusing. Here is a sample:—“Live up to the dignity of thy nature ; pursue virtue virtuously : desert not thy title to a Divine particle—have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and

¹ See Note, p. 223.

thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head, ascend until invisibles fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God."

This is good wholesome advice at any time, and not the least so now, when sensible things are cross-questioning us more keenly and urgently than ever, when matter is disclosing fresh wonders every day, and telling her secrets in crowds; and, when we are too apt to be absorbed in her—to forget that there is something else than this earth—that there is more than meets the eye and ear—that seeing is not believing, and that it is pleasant, refreshing, and wholesome, after the hurry and heat and din of the day, its flaring lights and its eager work, to cool the eye and the mind, and rest them on the silent and clear darkness of night—"sowed with stars thick as a field." Let us keep everything worth keeping, and add, not substitute; do not let us *lose ourselves* in seeking for our basic radical, or our primary cell; let us remember that the analytic spirit of the age may kill as well as instruct, and may do harm as well as good; that while it quickens the pulse, strengthens the eye and the arm, and adds cunning to the fingers, it may, if carried to excess, confuse the vision, stupify and madden

the brain; and instead of directing, derange and destroy.

We have no book in our language to compare with Simon's *Déontologie Médicale*, for largeness of view, and earnestness and power of treatment; it is admirable in substance and in form, and goes through the whole duty of the physician with great intelligence, eloquence, and tact. It has what all first-rate French writers have—the charm of definite ideas and definite expressions, the “*manière incisive*” which we so much want. Had we room, we would gladly have quoted his remarks on style—its nature and its value to the physician; he himself exemplifies what he teaches.

On this subject, we would direct attention likewise to the able and lively article in the *British and Foreign Review*.¹ We cannot help quoting

¹ On a very different, but by no means inconsiderable subject, we quote this cordial and wise passage from the same article. Speaking of the *odium medicum*, “the true remedy for professional jealousies is frequent intercommunication,—*a good dinner at the Royal* would heal the professional feuds of a large town. The man of science who thinks he practises his profession for the sheer love of it, may smile at the sensuality of the means, and it may not be the remedy he requires; but most practitioners are men of the *métier*, and like a dinner of the craft as well as others. We wish there were a medical guild in every large town, with *an ample dinner fund*—good fellowship would increase and abound, and with it unity of purpose, honour, public and personal esteem.”

Buffon's words—they illustrate themselves. They are from his *Remarques sur le Style*:—"Les ouvrages bien écrits font les seuls qui passeront à la postérité, la quantité des connaissances, la singularité des faits, la nouveauté même des découvertes, ne font pas de sûrs garants de l'immortalité; si les ouvrages qui les contiennent ne roulent que sur de petits objets, s'ils sont écrits sans goût, sans noblesse, et sans génie, ils périront parce que les connaissances, les faits, les découvertes s'enlèvent aisément, se transportent, gagnent même à être mises en œuvre par des mains plus habiles. *Les choses sont hors de l'homme, le style c'est l'homme même.*" Apples of gold are best set in pictures of silver—great thoughts and natural thoughts should be greatly and naturally said: they are indeed neither, if not. Lord Jeffrey said to a young friend of great genius, but addicted to long and odd words, and to making a word now and then, "My friend, when you have a common thing to say, say it in a common way, and when you have an uncommon thing, it will find its own way of saying itself." Let no one despise style. If thought is the gold, style is the stamp which makes it current, and says under what king it was issued. There is much in what Buffon says—Style is the man himself. Try to put Horace, or Tacitus, Milton, Addison, or

Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, or Thackeray, into other words, and you mar, and likely kill the thought—they cease to be themselves.

But how am I to get a good style? Not by imitating or mimicking any one. Not by trying to think or to write *like* any one, but to think and write *with* him. It is with style as with manners and good-breeding. Keep good company, and do your best, and you will write and speak and act like a gentleman, because you think and feel and live with gentlemen. If you would write like the ancient masters, read them and relish them—be their son, not their ape. Our medical writers now-a-days, with a few signal exceptions, write ill. They are slovenly, diffuse, often obscure, and curiously involved. The reasons are: *first*, the enormous amount of merely professional knowledge a man is expected to master before he writes on any subject, and the absorbing nature of the new methods; *secondly*, and as a consequence, the ignorance of general literature, and the much less association by men of medicine with men of letters, now than in olden times. Arbuthnot was not the worse physician, and all the better writer, from his being the companion of those famous wits whose good genius and doctor he was; and his *Treatises on Airs and Aliments* are all the better of being the work of

a man who took his share in *Martinus Scriblerus*, and wrote the *History of John Bull*.

Currie,¹ Aikin, the Gregories, Heberden, Cullen, Ferriar, Gooch, are all the more powerful, and all the more permanent as medical authorities, from their having learned, by practice and by example, to write forcibly, clearly, compactly, and with dignity and grace.

The turbid, careless, style, constipated, or the reverse, by which much of our medical literature is characterized, is a disgrace to our age, and to the intelligence, good taste, and good breeding of our profession, and mars inconceivably the good that lies concealed and bungled within it. No man has a right to speak without some measure of preparation, orderliness, and selectness. As Butler says, "Confusion and perplexity of writing is indeed without excuse, because any one, if he pleases, may know whether he understands and sees

¹ Do our young readers know Currie's *Life*, by his son? if not, let them get it. They will see one of the noblest, purest intellects our profession has ever had, ardently humane, grave and energetic, tinged with a secret, pensive melancholy, and they will find much of the best knowledge and advice for their conduct in life. His letters to his son when a student at Edinburgh College, may be read alongside of Collingwood's, from his ship to his daughters, and his Jasper Wilson Letter to Mr. Pitt, is one sustained burst of eloquent and earnest patriotism, of sound political philosophy, and strong sense; it was flung off at a heat, and was his only appearance in public affairs.

through what he is about; and it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. *It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be ashamed to find himself in at home.*" Whately, in reply to a youth who asked him how to write clearly, answered, "think clearly." This is the secret.

We might, had space permitted, have gone more particularly into the higher moralities of physicians, and into some of the more miscellaneous conditions which interpenetrate morals, manners, and etiquette; for etiquette, with all its littlenesses and niceties, is founded upon a central idea of right and wrong; and on the rightness or wrongness of that idea, depends the true significance and worth of the merest punctilio.

We might likewise have said some few things on the public and professional religion of a doctor, and its relation to his personal; and something, also, of that *religiosity* which, besides its ancient endemic force, as old as our race, is at present dangerously epidemic—a pseudo-activity, which is not only not good, but virulently bad, being at once as like and as opposite to the true, as hemlock is to parsley.

We are anxious to persuade our young friends, who, having “passed,” and settled down, are waiting for practice,—not merely to busy themselves for the next seven or eight barren years, in their own immediate circle—we are sure they will not suspect us of wishing them to keep from what is their highest duty and greatest pleasure—but to persuade them, when they have some leisure, and long evenings, and few “cafes,” to read the works of such men as Berkeley, Butler, Paley, Baxter, Tucker, Barrow, Locke, Principal Campbell, Reid, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Whately, Alexander Knox, &c. ; to keep up their classical knowledge, and go over Horace’s *Art of Poetry*, Cicero’s *Epistles and Philosophical Treatises*, Seneca, Epictetus, Marc Antonine, Quinctilian, and such like—not to mention a more sacred book, which they ought to read all their lives, and use every day, as the perfect rule of duty, the lamp to their feet, the light to their eyes.

We may be thought to be making too much of these things. It would be difficult to do so, when we consider what we, as physicians, are supposed to profess—practising, as we do, not merely one of the arts of life, getting honourably a living—and enabling our fellow-men to do the same—but constantly watching at that awful *janua vitæ et mortis*, our main duty

being to keep men alive. Let us remember what is involved in the enjoyment and in the loss of life—that perilous and inestimable something, which we all know how much we ourselves prize, and for which, as we have the word, long ago, of a personage¹ more distinguished for his talents than his virtues,—uttered in a Presence where even he dared not tell a lie direct, that “all that a man hath he will give,” so let it be our endeavour, as its conservators, to give all that *we* have, our knowledge, our affections, our energies, our virtue (*ἀρετή*, *vir-tus*, the very essence or pith of a man), in doing our best to make our patients healthy, long-lived, and happy.

We conclude with two quotations, the first from the mouth of one² of the best men of our profession—one of the greatest of public benefactors—one of the truest and most genial of friends—and of whose merits we would say more, were he not still, to our great comfort, in the midst of us,—for we agree with the ancients in this, as in some other things, that it is not becoming to sacrifice to our heroes *till after sunset*. “My religion consists mainly of

¹ Job ii. 4.

² Dr. Henry Marshall, who died soon after this was written.

wonder and gratitude." This is the religion of paradise and of childhood. It will not be easy to find a better, even in our enlightened days; only it must be a rational wonder, a productive gratitude—the gratitude, that of a man who does not rest contented with the emotion, but goes at once into the motive, and that a motive which really *moves*—and the wonder, that of a man who, in reverencing God, knows him, and in honouring all men, respects himself.

The next is the admonition we have already referred to, by Sydenham. Our readers will find, at its close, the oldest and best kind of homœopathy—a kind which will survive disease and the doctors, and will never, as may be said of the other, cure nothing but itself.

“ He who gives himself to the study and work of medicine ought seriously to ponder these four things—*1st*, That he must, one day, give an account to the Supreme Judge of the lives of the sick committed to his care. *2dly*, That whatsoever of art, or of science, he has by the Divine goodness attained, is to be directed mainly to the glory of the Almighty, and the safety of mankind, and that it is a dishonour to himself and them, to make these celestial gifts subservient to the vile lusts of avarice and ambition. Moreover, *3dly*, that he has undertaken the charge of

no mean or ignoble creature, and that in order to his appreciating the true worth of the human race, he should not forget that the only-begotten Son of God became a man, and thus far ennobled, by his own dignity, the nature he assumed. And *lastly*, that as he is himself not exempted from the common lot, and is liable and exposed to the same laws of mortality, the same miseries and pains, as are all the rest ; so he may endeavour the more diligently, and with a more tender affection, as being himself a fellow-sufferer (*ὁμοιοπαθής*), to help them who are sick."

For to take a higher, the highest example, we must "be touched with a feeling of the infirmities" of our patients, else all our skill and knowledge, will go but half-way to relieve or cure.

BOOKS REFERRED TO.

1. Percival's Medical Ethics ; new edition, with Notes, by Dr. Greenhill.—2. Code of Medical Ethics ; by the American Medical Association.—3. Richard Baxter's Compassionate Counsel to Students of Physic.—4. Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, and Christian Morals.—5. Gaubius de Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est.—6. Fuller's " Good

Physician," and "Life of Paracelsus," in his "Holy and Profane State."—7. Simon, *Déontologie Médicale, ou des Devoirs et des Droits de Médecins*.—8. Gifborne, Gregory, and Ware, on the Duties of a Physician.—9. Hufeland on the Relations of the Physician to the Sick, to the Public, and to his Colleagues.—10. *British and Foreign Medical Journal* for April 1846, Art. IX.—11. Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son on the Choice of a Profession and the Conduct of Life.

So much is now being said on the one hand as to the vanity and mischief of knowing too many things, and not knowing any of them much, and on the utility of concentration upon one subject or object,—and on the other, as to the necessity of keeping up with all the knowledges, if we would advance in any one, that we will be forgiven for extracting from Fuller what he says on this subject: he is treating of “the general artist:”—

“I know the general cavil against general learning is this, that *aliquis in omnibus est nullus in singulis*: He that sips of many arts, drinks of none. Our artist, knowing language to be the key of learning, begins with it.

“*He first gaineth skill in the Latin and Greek tongues.* On the credit of the former alone, he may trade in discourse over all Christendom: but the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit, and more pleasure. The joints of her compounded words are so naturally oiled, that they run nimbly on the tongue, which makes them, though long, never tedious, because significant.

“*Then he applies his study to logic and ethics.* The latter makes a man’s soul mannerly and wise; but as for logic, that is the armoury of reason, furnished with all offensive and defensive weapons. There are syllogisms, long swords; enthymemes, short daggers; dilemmas, two-edged swords that cut on both sides; sorites, chain-shot: and for the defensive, distinctions, which are shields; retortions, which are targets

with a pike in the midst of them, both to defend and oppose. From hence he raiseth his studies to the knowledge of physics, the great hall of nature, and metaphysics, the closet thereof; and is careful not to wade therein so far, till by subtle distinguishing of notions he confounds himself.

“ *He is skilful in rhetoric, which gives a speech colour, as logic doth favour, and both together beauty.* Though some condemn rhetoric as the mother of lies, speaking more than the truth in hyperboles, less in her misis, otherwise in her metaphors, contrary in her ironies; yet is there excellent use of all these, when disposed of with judgment. Nor is he a stranger to poetry, which is music in words; nor to music, which is poetry in sound: both excellent fauce, *but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat.*

“ *Mathematics he moderately studieth to his great contentment.* Using it as ballast for his soul, yet to fix it, not to stall it; nor suffers he it to be so unmannerly as to jostle out other arts. As for judicial astrology, which hath the least judgment in it, this vagrant hath been whipped out of all learned corporations. If our artist lodgeth her in the out-rooms of his soul for a night or two, it is rather to hear than believe her relations.

“ *Hence he makes his progress into the study of history.* This directs him in his life, so that he makes the shipwrecks of others sea-marks to himself; yea, accidents which others start from for their strangeness, he welcomes as his wonted acquaintance, having found precedents for them formerly. Without history a man’s soul is purblind, seeing only the things which almost touch his eyes.

“ Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude, he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; only he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in, I mean for that predominant profession of law, physic, divinity, or state-policy, which he intends for his principal calling hereafter.”

DR. HENRY MARSHALL AND
MILITARY HYGIENE.

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TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the British soldier (taking ninety-nine out of a hundred) was a man who, when in the eye of the law a minor, had in a fit of passion, or when drunk, or from idleness, want, or to avoid civil punishment, sold his personal liberty, his life—in one word, himself—to the State without reservation. In return for this, he got a bounty of £3, 10s., which was taken back as soon as he was attested—to pay for his outfit—his kit, as it is called,—and he enjoyed an annuity of 1s. 1d. a day, out of which, after paying his share of the mess, his shoes, &c., there remained of daily surplus about 3d. The State provided lodging and medical attendance, and the *name*, but little else, of religious and general education. In return, he put his will in the hands of the State, and was bound, at any time, and upon any ground, to destroy

any other man's life or lose his own, at the word of command.¹ He was, as rapidly as possible, drilled into that perfect man-slaying instrument, that consummate destroyer, that we and our enemies know him to be. And having no hope,

¹ Every one knows Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröck's account of this in that fantastic and delightful book, *Sartor Resartus*:—"What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of soldiers and of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil in the British village of Drumdudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies of the French,' there are necessarily selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Drumdudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, and another build, another hammer or stich, and the weakest can stand under thirty pounds avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected, all dressed in red, and shipped away at the public charges, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed and scourged there till wanted. And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty French handicraftsmen from a French Drumdudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort and expense, the two parties actually meet, and thirty stand confronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful workmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest; they lived far enough apart, nay, in so wide a world, there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make their poor blockheads shoot. In

no self-respect, no spiritual progression, nothing to look forward to, he sank into the sullen, stupid, indomitable human bull-dog. He lived in hopeless celibacy, shut out from the influence of any but the worst of the other sex. He became proverbially drunken, licentious, and profane. He knew his officer only to obey him, and often to hate and despise him. Memory and hope died within him; for what had he to remember but his own early follies and fatal enlistment, or to anticipate but the chances of his being killed, or dying wretchedly of disease, or being turned off a stupid, helpless, and friendless old man? No wonder that he was, as is proved by the greater frequency of suicide in military than in civil life, more miserable and less careful of himself than other men. His daily routine was somewhat as follows:—He was drummed out of bed at five o'clock, his room being a large common dormitory, where three or four blackguards might make all the rest comfortless and silent. He rushed out of doors to the pump, and washed himself out of his hands, there being no basin

that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final cessation of war is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth when the two 'natural enemies' (France and Britain) in person take each a tobacco-pipe filled with brimstone, light the same, and smoke in each other's faces till one or both give in."

provided for him, as he best could, and went to drill; breakfasted substantially, then out to parade, where he must be in proper trim, pipe-clay immaculate; then through the everlasting round of "Attention! Eyes right! Stand at ease," &c. Dinner at one o'clock, of broth and boiled meat, and after that nothing to do till nine at night, or to eat till breakfast next morning.

Can there be any wonder that the subjects of this system became so often drunkards, and ran into all sorts of low dissipation, ruining themselves, soul and body? Much of this evil is of course inherent and necessary; it is founded in the constitution of man that such should be, in the main, the result of such an unnatural state of things. But within these five-and-twenty years there have been numerous improvements. The foldier is now a freer, happier, healthier man, more intelligent and moral, and certainly not less efficient than he ever was since the institution of a standing army.

In an admirable speech in February last, when moving the estimates for the army, Mr. Sidney Herbert made the following remark:—"He did not believe that at any period had the foldier been more comfortable than at the present moment;" he might safely have said as comfortable as at the present moment. After showing

that, by strict and continuous vigilance in this department, in eighteen years, since 1835, "the pattern year of economy," there had been a reduction of £132,766, as compared with the estimate of that year, while, for the smaller sum, we maintained 21,000 men more, the cost of each man being £42, 15s. 11d. in 1835, and in the present year £40, 3s. 6d., £10 of this being for the cost of the officers, making the expense of each private £30, 3s. 6d.; after making this exposition of the greater economy in the production and maintenance of our soldiers, Mr. Herbert went on to show that this had been effected not only without in any way curtailing their comforts, but with an immense increase in their material and moral wellbeing. We shall mention some of the more marked causes and proofs of this gratifying and remarkable improvement in the condition of the army, as regards the intelligence, morality, health, and general condition of the common soldier.

1st, *The Good-conduct Pay* has been increased to £65,000 a year. Formerly, every man got an increase of pay for long service; now he gets 1d. a day added to his pay at the end of every five years—it was at first seven—provided he has been clear of the defaulter's book for two years, and he carries one-half of it to his pension, in

addition to the amount he is entitled to for length of service. This scheme is working well.

2d, *Barrack Libraries* have been instituted, and with signal benefit. There are now 150 libraries, with 117,000 volumes, and 16,000 subscribers, the men giving a penny a month.

3d, *Regimental Schools*, remodelled by Mr. Herbert, whose plans were excellently carried out by Lord Panmure. After encountering much prejudice and objection, this plan is going on prosperously. There are now employed with different corps, sixty trained masters and sixteen assistants, a class of men very different from the old schoolmaster-sergeant. In the 77th Regiment, the school-roll amounts to 538 adults; the 35th, to 371; the 82d, to 270. This attendance is voluntary, and it is paid for; the only compulsory attendance being in the case of recruits, so long as drilling lasts.

4th, *Savings' Banks*, established in 1844. In 1852, the number of depositors was 9447; the amount deposited, £111,920.

5th, *Diminution of Punishments*.—In 1838, the number of corporal punishments was 879; in 1851, 206; and in 1852—the return being for the troops at home, and half the force on foreign stations—they were as low as 96, and all this without the slightest relaxation of discipline.

In 1838, the number of persons tried by courts-martial was in proportion to the entire effective force as 1 in 11½. Now, it is only 1 in 16.

6th, Increased Longevity.—There never were so few deaths per annum as at present. At the Mauritius and Ceylon the mortality has fallen from 43 $\frac{6}{10}$ to 22 $\frac{1}{3}$ per 1000—nearly one-half; and at Hong-Kong, too famous for its deadly climate, more than one-half—150 to 69; while, in the East and West Indies and the Cape, in spite of pestilence and war, the diminution of deaths is most strongly marked. Add to all this, that unlimited service—the legal sanction of a man selling himself for life—no longer exists, having been abolished in 1847—thanks to Lord Panmure's courage and wisdom; and we have an amount of misery, degradation, and crime prevented, and of comfort, health, and workmanlike efficiency gained, which it would be no easy matter to estimate at its full value and degree. In the case of such an immense public benefit, it is well to do our best to discover in what quarter, and in what measure, as a nation, whom all this concerns so deeply, our gratitude and praise are due. To what, and to whom, do we owe all this?

The *what* is not far to seek. Under God, we owe this change for the better, like so many

others which we are enjoying and forgetting, to that mighty agent which is in our day doing such wonders, and which will yet do more and greater—the *spirit of the age*—*public opinion*—of which, when so manifestly working out the highest interests of man, we may conditionally, and with reverence, say, in the words of “the Book of Wisdom,” that it is “the very breath of the power of God—an understanding spirit—kind to man, ready to do good, one only, yet manifold, not subject to hurt, which cannot be letted.” This great social element, viewless, impalpable, inevitable, untameable as the wind; vital, elastic, all-penetrating, all-encompassing as the air we breathe, the very soul of the body politic, is—like the great laws of nature—of which, indeed, it is itself one—for ever at its work; and like its Divine Author and Guide goes about continually doing good. Without it, what could any man, any government do for the real good of mankind? It cannot be letted. If you are against it, get out of its way as you best can, and stand aside and wonder at its victorious march. But why not rather go with it, and by it? This is that tide in the affairs of men—*a Deo, ad Deum*—that onward movement of the race in knowledge, in power, in worth, and in happiness, which has gladdened and

cheered all who believe, and who, through long ages of gloom, and misery, and havoc, have still believed that truth is strong, next to the Almighty—that goodness is the law of His universe, and happiness its end, and who have faith in

“ That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off Divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

It is a tide that has never turned ; unlike the poet's, it answers the behest of no waning and waxing orb, it follows the eye of Him who is without variableness or the shadow of turning. And no man has yet taken it at its flood. It has its flux and reflux, its ebb and flow, its darkness and its bright light, its storm and calm ; and, as a child who watched the rising tide, and saw the wave in the act of withdrawing itself, might, if it saw no more, say the sea was retreating, so with the world's progress in liberty, happiness, and virtue ; some may think its best is over, its fulness past, its ebb far on ; but let the child look again—let the patriot be of good cheer, and watch for the next wave, it may be a ninth, curling his monstrous head and hanging it—how it sweeps higher up the beach, tosses aside as very little things, into ruin and oblivion,

or passes clear over them, the rocks and the noisy bulwarks of man's device, which had for long fretted and turned aside and baffled all former waves; and to the historic eye, these once formidable barriers may be seen far down in the clear waters, undisturbing and undisturbed—the deep covering them,—it may be seen what they really were, how little or how big. If our readers wish to imagine how the power of public opinion, this tide of time, deals with its enemies and with its friends—how it settles its quarrels and attains its ends, and how, all at once and unexpectedly, it may be seen flowing in, without let or hindrance,

“Whispering how meek and gentle it can be,”

let him go down to the sea-shore, and watch the rising tide, coming on lazily at first, as if without aim or pith, turned aside by any rock, going round it, covering it by and by, swayed and troubled by every wind, shadowed by every passing cloud, as if it were the ficklest of all things, and had no mind of its own; he will, however, notice, if he stays long enough, that there is one thing it is always doing, the one thing it most assuredly will do, and that is, to move on and up, to deepen and extend. So is it with the advance of truth and goodness over our

world. Whatever appearances may be, let us rest assured the tide is making, and is on its way to its fulness.

We are aware that in speaking of such matters, it is not easy to avoid exaggeration both in thought and expression; but we may go wrong, not less by feeling and speaking too little, than by feeling and speaking too much. It is profane and foolish to deify public opinion, or, indeed, anything; but it is not right, it is not safe to err on the other side, to ignore and vilipend. In one sense, public opinion is a very commonplace subject; in another, it is one of the chiefest of the ways of God, one of the most signal instruments in his hand, for moving on to their consummation his undisturbed affairs. There never was a time in the world's history, and there never was a nation, in which this mighty agent made head as it is doing now, and in ours. Everywhere and over every department of human suffering and need, it is to be found arising with healing under its wings. That it goes wrong and does wrong is merely to say that it works by human means; but that in the main it is on the right road and on the right errand, and that thus far it is Divine, and has in it the very breath of the power of God, no man surely who discerns the times and the seasons, will

deny ; to use the eloquent words of Maurice : “ In a civilized country—above all, in one which possesses a free press—there is a certain power, mysterious and indefinite in its operations, but producing the most obvious and mighty effects, which we call public opinion. It is vague, indefinite, intangible enough, no doubt ; but is not that the case with all the powers which affect us most in the physical world ? The further men advance in the study of nature, the more these uncontrollable, invincible forces make themselves known. If we think with some of mysterious affinities, of some one mighty principle which binds the elements of the universe together, why should we not wonder, also, at these moral affinities, this more subtle magnetism, which bears witness that every man is connected by the most intimate bonds with his neighbour, and that no one can live independently of another ? ”

We believe that in the future, and it may be not very far-off history of our world, this associative principle, this attractive, quickening power, is destined to work wonders in its own region, to which the marvels of physical science in our days will be as nothing. Society, as a great normal institute of human nature, is a power whose capacities in its own proper sphere of action, such as it now exhibits, or has ever exhibited, and such

as it is destined hereafter to exhibit, are to each other as is the weight, the momentum of a drop of water, to the energy of that drop converted into steam and compressed and set a-working. We believe this will be one of the crowning discoveries and glories of our race, about which, as usual, we have been long enough, and of which, when it comes, every one will say, ‘How did we never discover that before?—how easy; how simple!’ Society is of the essence of unfallen man; it is normal; it preceded and will survive the loss of Eden; it belongs to the physiology of human nature. Government, be it of the best, must always have to do (and the more strictly the better) with its pathology—with its fall. Were original sin abolished to-morrow, the necessity, the very materials of Government would cease. Society and all her immense capabilities would once more be at home, and full of life, and go on her way rejoicing. Education, religion, and many other things, all belong by right and by natural fitness to Society; and Government has been trying for thousands of years to do her work and its own, and has, as a matter of course, bungled both.

But we have less to do at present with this wonder-working power, than with those who were the first to direct and avail themselves of

it, for forwarding and securing the welfare of the common soldier who had been so long shut out from its beneficent impulse.

These men, simple-minded, public-hearted, industrious, resolute, did not work for gratitude—they would not have worked the worse, however, with it. They are gone elsewhere, where no gratitude of ours can affect them; but it is not the less right, and good, and needful for that great creature, the public, to be made to feel this gratitude, and to let it go forth in hearty acknowledgment. This is a state of mind which blesses quite as much him who gives, as him who receives; and nothing would tend more to keep the public heart right, and the public conscience quick and powerful, than doing our best to discover what we owe, and to whom; and as members of the body politic, let our affection and admiration take their free course. One of the best signs of our times is the extension, and deepening, and clarifying of this sense of public duty, of our living not for ourselves, of what we owe to those who have served their generation—the practical recognition, in a word, not only that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, but that according to the interpretation of the word, reserved for the Divine Teacher, every man is our neighbour.

The difficulties in the way of any amelioration in the moral condition and bodily comforts of the soldier, must of necessity be great, and all experience confirms this. A body of men such as, in a country like ours, a standing army with service for life, and pay below the wages of the labouring classes, must unavoidably consist of, is one the reform of which might deter and dishearten any man, and excuse most. How often have we been told that flogging was a necessary evil; that unlimited service was the stay of the army; that knowledge would make the men discontented, useless, and mischievous! "Soldiers," said Mr. Pulteney in 1732, "are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws. Blind obedience is their *only* principle." Bruce, in his *Institutions of Military Law*, 1717, gives what we doubt not was a true account of the composition of European armies in his day:—"If all infamous persons, and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists, (!) and all dastardly and effeminate men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number, the greater part of the soldiery being men of so ignoble, disingenuous tempers, that they cannot be made obedient to the allurements of rewards; nay,

coercion being, generally speaking, the surest principle of all vulgar obedience. There is, therefore," he grimly adds, "another part of military institution fitted to such men's capacities, and these are the various punishments" (and such a catalogue of horrors!) "awarded to their crimes, which, as goads, may *drive these brutish creatures who will not be attracted.*"¹ We are now at last trying the principle of attraction, and are finding it succeeds here, as it does elsewhere—keeping all things sweet and strong, from the majestic ordinances of heaven, to the guidance of a village school. It is too true that Lord Melville in 1808, in his place in the House of Lords, when opposing Mr. Wyndham's most humane and judicious Army Bill, said, "*the worst men make the best soldiers,*" and if we look back on the history of the army, the degradations, the miseries, and hardships of the common soldier, we cannot help inferring that this monstrous dogma had been even improved upon, so as to reduce to their lowest the characteristics of humanity, and resolve his entire nature into a compound of strength and stupidity.

¹ This was not the principle of one of the greatest of men and of soldiers. Cicero says of Julius Cæsar, there was never an *irro* in his commands, but only a *veni*, as if he scorned to be less or more than their leader.

With such opinions as Lord Melville's prevailing in civil, and not less in military life, it was no easy matter to set up as a military reformer. If the worst man made the best soldier, it was a contradiction in terms to think of making the man in any degree better. The converse was the logical sequence ; to find the worst man, and by all means make him a worse still. Things are changed, and have been changing ; and that humane spirit, that sense of responsibility as regards the happiness and welfare of our fellow-men on which we have already enlarged, and which is one of the most signal blessings of our time, has penetrated into this region, and Lord Melville's dogma is in the fair way of being overthrown and reversed. It is now no longer legal for a British subject to sell himself, body and soul, for life. For this we have mainly to thank Lord Panmure, one of the ablest and best secretaries the War Office has ever seen. But while we most heartily acknowledge the great services of Lord Hardinge, Lord Grey, Mr. Ellice, Sir George Arthur, Sir Charles Napier, Colonel Lindsay, Lord Panmure, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and many others, in urging and carrying out all these ameliorations and reforms ; and while we cannot easily overrate the value of the labours of Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch and Dr.

Graham Balfour in working out the vital statistics of the army, and demonstrating their practical bearing on the prevention of misery and crime and death, and the increased comfort and efficiency of the service; we are, we feel sure, only saying what every one of these public-spirited men will be readiest to confirm, that to the late *Dr. Henry Marshall* is due the merit of having been the first in this great field,—the sower of the seed—the fetter agoing of this current of research and reform which has achieved so much. There is not one of these many improvements which he did not, in his own quiet, but steady and unflinching way, argue for, and urge, and commend, and *prove*, many years before they were acknowledged or taken up by the higher authorities. We find him, when a mere lad, at the Cape, in the beginning of the century, making out tables of the diseases of the soldiers, of the comparative health of different stations, and ages, and climates; investigating the relation of degradation, ignorance, crime, and ill-usage, to the efficiency of the army and to its cost; and from that time to the last day of his life devoting his entire energies to devising and doing good to the common soldier. And all this, to say the least of it, without much assistance from his own department (the medical),

till the pleasant time came when the harvest was to be reaped, and the sheaves taken victoriously home.

“Have you seen Marshall’s *Miscellany*?” said a friend to Lord Panmure, when he was Secretary at War. “Seen it!” exclaimed he, “why, Marshall’s book is my Bible in all that relates to the welfare of the soldier.” And it is not less honourable to our late Commander-in-Chief than to Dr. Marshall, that when presented by the author with a copy of this book, his Lordship said, “Your book should be in the hands of every army surgeon, and in every orderly-room in the service.” Any man who knows what the army is and was, and what the prejudices of the best military men often were,—and who has also read thoroughly the work we refer to, and has weighed well all it is for, and all it is against, and all that it proves,—will agree with us in saying, that for Lord Hardinge to express, and for Dr. Marshall to deserve, such a compliment, is no small honour to both.

Dr. Marshall, to have done so much good, made the least noise about it of any public man we ever knew. He was eminently quiet in all his ways; the very reverse of your loud man; he made no spasmodic efforts, he did nothing by fits or starts, nothing for effect; he flowed

on *incredibili lenitate*, with a ceaseless and clear but powerful flow. He was a philosopher without knowing it, and without many others knowing it; but, if to trace effects up to their causes, to bring good out of evil, and order out of confusion, to increase immensely the happiness of his fellow-men, be wisdom, and the love of it, then was this good man a philosopher indeed.

Henry Marshall was born in the parish of Kilsyth in 1775. His father was a man of singular simplicity and worth, and besides his own excellent example, and in spite of his slender means, he gave both his sons a college education. In May 1803, Henry became surgeon's mate in the royal navy, a service he left in September 1804; and in January 1805, was appointed assistant-surgeon to the Forfarshire regiment of militia. In April 1806, he became assistant-surgeon to the first battalion of the 89th regiment, which embarked in February 1807 for South America, thence to the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon. In May 1809, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to the 2d Ceylon Regiment, and in April 1813, was promoted to be surgeon of the 1st Ceylon Regiment. In December of the same year he was removed to the staff, but continued to serve in the island till the spring of 1821, when he returned home, and soon after

his arrival, he was appointed to the staff of North Britain, his station being Edinburgh.

We shall now give a short account of his principal writings, and of the effect they had in attaining the great object of his long and active life, which, in his own words, was “to excite attention to the means which may meliorate the condition of the soldier, and exalt his moral and intellectual character.”

1817.—“Description of the *Laurus Cinnamomum*,” read before the Royal Society at the request of Sir Joseph Banks, and published in the *Annals of Philosophy* of that year.

1821.—“Notes on the Medical Topography of the Interior of Ceylon, and on the Health of the Troops employed in the Provinces during the years 1815 to 1820, with brief Remarks on the prevailing Diseases.” London, 1821. 8vo, pp. 228. The great merit of this little book consisted in the numerical statistics it contains regarding the mortality and diseases of the troops—a *new feature* in medical works at the time it was published.

His next publication was in 1823.—“Observations on the Health of the Troops in North Britain, during a period of Seven years, from 1816 to 1822.”—*London Medical and Physical Journal*. The numerical portion of these ob-

servations was an attempt, and at that time *a novel one*, to collect and arrange the facts illustrative of the amount of sickness and the ratio of mortality among a body of troops for a specific period.

In November 1823, Dr. Marshall was removed from Edinburgh to Chatham, and in April 1825, was appointed to the recruiting depôt, Dublin. In 1826, he published "Practical Observations on the Inspection of Recruits, including Observations on Feigned Diseases."—*Edin. Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxvi. p. 225.

1828.—"Hints to Young Medical Officers of the Army on the Examination of Recruits and the Feigned Disabilities of Soldiers." London, 1828. 8vo, pp. 224. The official documents contained in this volume are interesting, in as far as they show the difficulty of the duty of selecting recruits, and the very limited information the authorities, both military and medical, appear to have had on the subject. It is full of interest even to the general reader, opening up one of the most singular and most painful manifestations of human character, and affording the strongest proofs of the inherent misery and degradation of the life of the British common soldier. In reading it, it is difficult to know which to wonder most at—the despair and misery that must prompt, the

ingenuity that can invent, and the dogged resolution that can carry out into prolonged execution, and under every species of trial, the endless fictions of every conceivable kind therein described; or the shrewdness, the professional sagacity, and the indomitable energy with which Dr. Marshall detects, and gives to others the means of detecting, these refuges of lies. This was the first, and still is the best work in our language on this subject; the others are mere compilations, indebted to Dr. Marshall for their facts and practical suggestions.

In January 1828, Sir Henry (afterwards Viscount) Hardinge was appointed Secretary at War. One of the numerous important subjects connected with the administration of the war department which early engaged his attention, was the large and rapidly increasing pension list. For a period of several months he laboured hard to obtain information on the practical working of the existing pensioning warrants, chiefly from the unsatisfactory documents found at Chelsea Hospital. He soon discovered many abuses in the system then in operation. As a means of helping him to abate the abuses in question, he directed a Medical Board to assemble, of which Dr. Marshall was appointed a member, the specific duty of the Board being as follows:—

“For the purpose of revising the regulations which relate to the business of examining and deciding upon the cases of soldiers recommended for discharge from the service.” “The object of the proposed inquiry is to ascertain what description of disabilities ought to be pensioned, and what not.” The pension list at this time stood as follows :—

19,065	pensioners, at 6d. a day, average age thirty-one years; alleged causes of being discharged, injuries or bad health.
16,630	at 9d. a day, for service and disability combined.
21,095	at 1s. a day, for length of service and wounds.
1,100	at 1s. 9d., blind.
27,625	no causes of disability assigned.
<hr/>	
85,515	

The list had increased greatly during a period of peace, and it was annually increasing. The mean rate of pension was $10\frac{3}{4}$ d., and the annual amount £1,436,663; the annual rate of mortality among the pensioners being about four per cent.

During the sitting of the Board, Dr. Marshall collected some practical information on the pensioning question; and on returning to Dublin, in December 1828, he drew up a comprehensive scheme for pensioning soldiers, upon what he considered improved principles. Under the

title of "Curfory Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers," he forwarded his scheme to Lord Hardinge; and he had the satisfaction of finding that a new pension warrant was made, founded on the same principles as his "Scheme," namely, *1st*, length of service; *2d*, wounds received before the enemy; *3d*, greatly impaired health after fifteen years' service; *4th*, anomalous disabilities, special cases, which require to be particularly considered. By Mr. Wyndham's Act of 1806, every man who was discharged as disabled, was entitled to a pension for life, without reference to the time he had served; and, by the subsequent amendments and alterations, disabilities and not service constituted the chief claim for a pension. This mode of obtaining a pension opened a wide door for fraud of various kinds.

The Pensioning Warrant of the Secretary at War went through a number of editions, both in manuscript and in print.

In 1829, Dr. Marshall published "Observations on the Pensioning of Soldiers."—*United Service Journal*, 1829, part ii. p. 317.—This paper has a peculiar interest, inasmuch as it gives an account of the frauds which had been committed in the army by the erasure and alteration of figures, and which had only lately been

discovered. The falsification of records by this means was found, upon investigation, to have been practised to a considerable extent in almost every regiment in the service.

1829.—“Historical Notes on Military Pensions.”—*United Service Journal*.

1830.—“Notes on Military Pensions.”—*United Service Journal*.

Early in 1830, Dr. Marshall communicated to Lord Hardinge a paper on the abuse of intoxicating liquors by the European troops in India, and on the impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing spirit rations to soldiers. An abstract of this paper was subsequently published under the following title:—

1830.—“Observations on the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors by the European Troops in India, and of the Impolicy of uniformly and indiscriminately issuing Spirit Rations to Soldiers.” *Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xli. p. 10.

Lord Hardinge carried into effect the suggestions contained in this paper with remarkable promptitude; indeed, it would be difficult to praise too highly his Lordship's conduct in this matter, whether in regard to his discrimination in perceiving and appreciating the evils of the usage, his firmness in abolishing it at once, or his wis-

dom and courage in surmounting the prejudices of a large portion of all ranks in the army. Within a week after he received it, he had commenced measures to abolish the indiscriminate issue of spirit rations to soldiers on board ship and on foreign stations. So long as a quantity of spirits, amounting to about six or seven ounces (in India it was the 20th part of a gallon), formed part of the regular diet or daily ration of a soldier which he was obliged to swallow or to throw away, what rational hope could be entertained that the exertions of commanding officers, however well directed, would have much effect in checking drunkenness? The indiscriminate daily use of spirits is not necessary for the efficiency or health of troops in any climate, and their abuse is a fertile source of disabilities, diseases, and crimes, both moral and military. To drink daily nearly half a pint of spirits was then a part of the *duty* of a soldier; and that this duty might be effectually executed, it was the usage of the service, in many stations, to have it performed under the superintendence of a commissioned officer, who certified to his commanding officer that he had witnessed each man drink his dram or ration of spirits. Perhaps a more successful plan for converting temperate men into drunkards could not have been invented.

During 1829, Dr. Marshall was attached to the War Office, and in 1830, he was promoted to the rank of deputy-inspector of hospitals by Lord Hardinge. Here ended his active service in the army, and he was placed on half-pay.

Shortly after the promulgation of the instructions for the guidance of medical officers in the duty of examining recruits, which were drawn up by Dr. Marshall, and were the result of a most laborious and difficult inquiry, it occurred to Lord Hardinge, that the publication of this document, together with the pensioning warrant, and other relative papers, accompanied by a suitable commentary, would be useful, in the form of a small volume, for the information of officers of the army; with this object Dr. Marshall published in—

1832.—“On the Enlisting, the Discharging, and the Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these branches of Military Duty.” London, 1832. 8vo, pp. 243.

In the summer of this year, Dr. Marshall married Anne, eldest daughter of James Wingate, Esq. of Westhiels. This union was, as he often said, the best earthly blessing of a long and happy life.

1833.—“Contributions to Statistics of the Army, with some Observations on Military Me-

dical Returns. No. I."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl. p. 36.

It would be a work of supererogation for us to say one word in favour of military statistics, as a means of illustrating the condition of an army. For some time, however, after the publication of this paper, the utility of condensing and arranging medical returns was but very partially recognised; and Dr. Marshall's "array" of figures was laughed and sneered at by some who ought to have known better.

1833.—"Contributions to Statistics of the Army. No. II."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xl. p. 307.

1834.—"Sketch of the Geographical Distribution of Diseases."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxviii. p. 330.

1834.—"Abstract of the Returns of the Sick of the Troops belonging to the Presidency of Fort-George, Madras, for the years 1827 to 1830."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xxxix. p. 133.

1834.—"On the Mortality of the Infantry of the French Army."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlii. p. 34.

1835.—"Observations on the Influence of a Tropical Climate upon the Constitution and Health of Natives of Great Britain."—*Edin-*

burgh Med. and Surgical Journal, vol. xliv. p. 28.

1835.—“Contributions to Statistics of the British Army. No. III.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlv. p. 353.

In 1835, Dr. Marshall, along with Sir A. M. Tulloch (who has done such excellent service since), was appointed to investigate the statistics of the sickness, mortality, and invaliding of the British army. Their report on the sickness, mortality, and invaliding among the troops in the West Indies was laid before Parliament the following year.

This report produced a change which was nothing short of a revolution in this department of military polity; it destroyed the old established notion of *seasoning*. The period of service in Jamaica used to be nine or ten years; this is now divided between it and the Mediterranean stations and British America. The reason alleged for keeping them so long in so notoriously unhealthy a station, was the military and medical fallacy, that Europeans by length of residence became “seasoned.” This fallacy, which had been the source of so much misery, and crime, and death, and expense, was completely dissipated by these statistical returns, from which it was found that (as in every other case) mortality depended upon

age, and that young foldiers lived longer there than older ones, however "seasoned" by residence or difeafe. The annual mortality of the troops in Jamaica was thirteen in the hundred by the medical returns, but the actual mortality amounted to about two per cent. more, a mortality of which we may give fome idea, by ftating that a foldier ferving one year in Jamaica encountered as much risk of life as in fix fuch actions as Waterloo,—there one in forty fell, in Jamaica one in feven annually. No wonder that the poor foldier, knowing that eight or nine years muft elapfe before he left this deadly place, and feeing a feventh comrade die every year, loft all hope, mind and body equally broken down, and fank into drunkennefs and an *earlier* grave. He eventually concluded, that it is a glorious climate where a man is always "dry" and has always plenty to drink. Another evil pointed out by this able report, was that produced by the ufe of falted provifions. This practice was immediately changed. It alfo brought to light a curious and important fact, that in the barracks fituated at Maroon Town, Jamaica, 2000 feet above the fea, the annual mortality was only 32 per 1000, while at Up-Park Camp, nearly on the level of the fea, it was 140 per 1000. The knowledge of this extraordinary, but, till the report, undif-

covered fact,¹ has been acted upon with eminent benefit; so much so that, had it been known during the seventeen years previously, the lives of 1387 men, and £27,740, might have been saved. We never met with a more remarkable instance of the practical effects of statistics.²

1837.—“Contribution to Statistics of the Sickness and Mortality which occurred among the Troops employed on the Expedition to the Scheldt, in the year 1809.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. xlvi. p. 305.

1839.—“Contribution to Statistics of Hernia among Recruits for the British, and Conscripts for the French Army.”—*Edinburgh Med. and Surgical Journal*, vol. l. p. 15.

1839.—“On the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these branches of Military Duty.” Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1839.

1846.—“Military Miscellany. 8vo. London, 1846.

This most entertaining and effective book is a complete epitome of its author's mind and character; it has something of everything that

¹ See Note at the end of this Paper.

² Any one wishing a fuller account of this memorable experiment and its results, will find it in an admirable paper by Sir A. M. Tulloch, K.C.B., read before the Statistical Society in 1847.

was peculiar to him. Although dissuaded by his military friends—with only one exception—from publishing it, as being likely to produce dissatisfaction in the ranks, and offend commanding-officers; no such effect followed, but the reverse. It is, as its name denotes, not so much a treatise, as a body of multifarious evidence, enabling any man of ordinary humanity and sense, to make up his mind on the various questions handled in it,—Recruiting—enlistment—moral and physical qualities of recruits—duration of engagement—suicide in the army, its greater frequency than in civil life, and the reason of this—punishments—rewards—vices and virtues of soldiers—pensions—education; these, and such like, are the subjects which are not so much discussed, as exhibited and proved. At the time the *Miscellany* came out, many things concurred in rapidly promoting its great end. The public mind having been enlightened on the evils of flogging in the army, and of perpetual service, was bestirring itself in its own rough and vague but energetic way; there was a “clamour” on these subjects; Dr. Fergusson’s eloquent and able though somewhat exaggerative “Notes and Reminiscences of Professional Life,” published after his death, advocated much the same views as Dr. Marshall, and three elaborate and powerful

articles in the *Times* on these two books and their subjects, written with great ability and tact, had excited the attention of the nation when this was brought to its operative point, by one of those deplorable incidents out of which not seldom comes immediate and great good; the sort of event which beyond all others rouses the British people and makes it act as one man, and in this case fortunately they were well informed before being roused. The first of the three articles in the *Times* appeared on the 2d of July 1846, and straightway,—as a practical lecture concludes by the exhibition of a crucial and decisive experiment,—on the 11th of the same month a soldier died at Hounslow, apparently from the effects of punishment inflicted in the previous month. This sealed the fate of the flogging system. The idea of Frederick John White of the 7th Hussars, “a brave fellow, who walked away whistling,” and was said to be “gentlemanly, affable, and mild,” dying of flogging at John Bull’s very door, was too much for John and his family, and one of the things he could stand no longer. The Commander-in-Chief instantly directed that henceforth fifty lashes should be the maximum. At the time, much of this result was attributed, in the public prints and in Parliament, to Dr. Marshall’s

book. Next session of Parliament more was done for bettering the lot of the common soldier.¹ The present Lord Panmure introduced a bill into Parliament, limiting the period for which a soldier enlists to twelve years in the cavalry and ordnance, and ten in the infantry, instead of as formerly for life, which, after considerable discussion, was passed; continual reference was made in the debates to the *Miscellany*, and its author had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of those cardinal ameliorations. We cannot convey a juster idea of this homely, unpretending volume, than in the generous words of a distinguished Belgian physician (M. Fallot):—"C'est l'ouvrage d'un homme possédant parfaitement la matière, ayant passé la plus grande partie de sa vie à étudier le caractère, les mœurs et les besoins des soldats au milieu desquels il vivait et au bien-être desquels il avait voué son exist-

¹ The sale of spirituous liquors in canteens was abolished at this time, and with the very best results. Colonel the Hon. James Lindsay has the merit of having contributed mainly to the removal of this crying evil. His speech on moving for an inquiry into the canteen system, is a model of the manner in which such subjects should be handled—clear, compact, soldier-like. He makes the following just, but often overlooked distinction—"He believed it would not be difficult to show, that though an habitual drunkard and an habitual drinker were two different things, the one was as great an expense to the country as the other."

ence. Ayant autant d'élévation dans les vues que d'indépendance dans l'esprit, il a aperçu les défauts partout où ils existaient, et a eu le courage de les mettre à nu et de les signaler. A ceux qui craindraient que le mémoire ne fût trop sérieux ou trop monotone, je dois dire que la foule d'anecdotes piquantes, de citations heureuses et opportunes, dont le mémoire est semé, reposent et distraient agréablement l'esprit du lecteur."

Dr. Marshall's last publication on military subjects was in 1849—"Suggestions for the Advancement of Military Medical Literature." These were his parting words for the service he had devoted the energies of a long lifetime to—a sort of legacy bequeathed to those who were going forward in the same good work. He was then labouring under a mortal disease, one of the most painful and terrible to which our flesh is heir—of its real nature and only termination he was, with his usual sagacity, aware from the first, and yet with all this, we never got a kinder welcome, never saw one more cheerful, or more patient in listening to what concerned only others. He used to say, "This is bad, very bad, in its own way as bad as can be, but everything else is good—my home is happy; my circumstances are good; I always made a little more than I spent,

and it has gathered of course ; my life has been long, happy, busy, and I trust useful, and I have had my fill of it ; I have lived to see things accomplished which I desired, ardently longed for, fifty years ago, but hardly hoped ever to see." With that quiet, rational courage, which was one of his chief but hidden qualities, he possessed his soul in patience in the midst of intense suffering, and continued to enjoy and to use life for its best purposes to the last.

Of religion, and especially of his own religion, he was not in the habit of speaking much ; when he did, it was shortly and to the purpose, and in a way which made every one feel that the root of the matter was in him. His views of God, of sin, and of himself, and his relation to his Maker and the future, were of the simplest and most operative kind. When in Ceylon, and living much alone, away from religious books and ordinances, and religious talk, and controversy, and quarrel,—away also from that *religiosity* which is one of the curses of our time,—he studied his New Testament, and in this, as in every other matter, made up his mind for himself. Not that he avoided religious conversation, but he seemed never to get over the true sacredness of anything connected with his own personal religion. It was a favourite expression

of his, that religion resolved itself into wonder and gratitude—intelligent wonder ; humble and active gratitude—such wonder and such gratitude as the New Testament calls forth.

Dr. Marshall, as may readily be supposed, was not what the world calls a genius ; had he been one, he probably would not have done what he did. Yet he was a man of a truly original mind ; he had his own way of saying and doing everything ; he had a knack of taking things at first hand ; he was original, inasmuch as he contrived to do many things nobody else had done : a sort of originality worth a good deal of “ original genius.” And like all men of a well-mixed, ample, and genial nature, he was a humorist of his own and that a very genuine kind : his short stories, illustrative of some great principle in morals or in practical life, were admirable and endless in number ; if he had not been too busy about more serious matters, he might have filled a volume with anecdotes, every one of them at once true and new, and always setting forth and pointing some vital truth. Curiously enough it was in this homely humour, that the strength and the consciousness of strength, which one might not have expected from his mild manner and his spare and fragile frame, came out ; his satire, his perfect appreciation of

the value and size of those he had in view, and his "pawky" intuition into the motives and secret purposes of men, who little thought they were watched by such an eye,—was one of the most striking, and gravely comic bits of the mental picturesque; it was like Mind looking at and taking the measure and the weight of Body, and Body standing by grandly unconscious and disclosed; and hence it was that, though much below the average height, no one felt as if he were little—he was any man's match. His head and eye settled the matter; he had a large, compact, commanding brain, and an eye singularly intelligent, inevitable, and calm.

Dr. Marshall died on the 5th May 1851, at Edinburgh, where he had for many years lived. Though out of the service, he was constantly occupied with some good work, keeping all his old friends, and making new and especially young ones, over whom he had a singular power; he had no children, but he had the love of a father for many a youth, and the patience of a father too. In his married life, to use his own words, "I got what I was in search of for forty years, and I got this at the very time it was best for me, and I found it to be better and more, than I ever during these forty long years had hoped for."

Had such a man as Dr. Marshall appeared in France, or indeed anywhere else than in Britain, he would have been made a Baron at the least. He did not die the less contented that he was not; and we must suppose, that there is some wise though inscrutable final cause why our country, in such cases, makes virtue its own and only reward, and is *leonum arida nutrix*, a very dry nurse indeed.

Besides the publications we have mentioned, in connexion with military statistics and hygiene, Dr. Marshall published a history and description of Ceylon, which, after all the numerous works on "the utmost Indian isle," remains at once the shortest, the fullest, and the best. He also published on the coco-nut tree, and a sketch of the geographical distribution of disease, besides many other occasional papers, in all of which he makes out something at once new and true. In the well-weighed words of Dr. Craigie: "He was the first to show how the multiplied experience of the medical officers of the British Army at home and abroad, by methodical arrangement and concentration, might be applied by the use of computation, to furnish exact and useful results in medical statistics, medical topography, the geographical relations of diseases, medical hygiene, and almost every

other branch of military medicine. *Dr. Marshall must indeed be regarded as the father and founder of military medical statistics, and of their varied applications.*" We end our notice of this truly excellent public servant, with his own dying words:—"In many respects, I consider myself one of the most fortunate individuals who ever belonged to the medical department of the army. Through a long life, I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health, and my duties have been a pleasure to me. Having generally had some literary undertaking on hand, more or less connected with military hygiène, I have enjoyed much intellectual gratification. 'To labour diligently, and to be content (says the son of Sirach), is a sweet life.' My greatest delight has been to promote a melioration of the condition of soldiers, and in the prosecution of this important object, I hope I have done some good. I have much reason to be grateful to Divine Providence for the many blessings I have enjoyed, and continue to enjoy. Although my elementary education was extremely limited, my professional instruction defective, and my natural talents moderate, I have no reason to complain of my progress and standing in the service. Every step of advancement which I gained in the army was obtained without diffi-

culty. When I look back upon my progress in life, it seems to me that I have been led 'in a plain path,' and that my steps have been 'ordered.'"

We had intended giving some account of the medical military worthies who preceded Dr. Marshall, but we have left ourselves no space.

Among them may be reckoned Sir John Pringle, the earliest and one of the best;¹ Drs. Brocklesby, the generous friend of Burke and Johnson; D. Monro; R. Somerville; R. Jackson, whose system of arrangement and discipline

¹ Sir John Pringle was truly what his epitaph in Westminster Abbey calls him, *egregius vir*—a man not of the common herd; a man in advance of his age. He is our earliest health reformer, the first who in this country turned his mind and that of the public to hygiene as a part of civil polity. In the Library of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, there were deposited by him, in 1781, a year before his death, ten large folios of MSS., entitled, "Medical Annotations," forming the most remarkable record we have ever seen of the active intelligence and industry of a physician in the course of an immense London practice. Among other valuable matter, these volumes contain a "Treatise on Air, Climate, Diet, and Exercise," as subjects concerning public as well as personal health, which indicates in a very interesting manner, the infantile condition of this science at that time, and the author's singularly liberal, sagacious, and practical opinions. This treatise is continued from time to time through many volumes, and must have been many years in writing. It is much to be regretted, that by the terms of his gift of these MSS., the College is forbidden ever to publish any of them. When a history of

for the medical department of the army is most valuable and judicious, and far in advance of its date, 1805; Cheyne, Lempriere, and Ferguffon. All these reformers, differing as they often did in the specific objects and expedients they each had in view, agreed in the great, but then imperfectly known and recognised principle, that prevention is not only better, but easier and cheaper than cure—that health is more manageable than disease—and that in military, as in civil life, by discovering and attending to the laws by which God regulates the course of nature, and the

vital statistics and hygiène is written, as we trust it may soon be, and we know of only one man (Dr. Farr) who can fulfil this task, this treatise, dating nearly 100 years back, will deserve its due, as the herald of so much after good.

Besides being, what only one other Scotchman, we believe, ever has been (the Earl of Morton), President of the Royal Society, he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and his observations on the diseases of the army, so famous in his day, with his discourse on some late improvements in preserving the health of mariners, may still be read with advantage for their accurate description, their humane spirit, and plain good sense, and stand out in marked contrast to the error, ignorance, and indifference then prevalent in all matters concerning the *prevention* of disease. His greatest glory in his own day is his least now, his epitaph bearing on its front that he was the man—

“ Quem celcissima Walliæ Princesſa
Regina ſereniſſima,
Ipfius denique Regis Majeſtas,
Medicum ſibi comprobavit.”

health of his rational creatures, immense evils may be prevented with the utmost certainty, which evils, if once incurred, no skill and no art can countervail: in the one case, nature in her courses fights for, in the other against us;—ferious odds!

When and how is the world to be cured of its passion for the game of war? As to the *when*, we may safely say it is not yet come. In her voyage down the great stream, our world has not yet slid into that spacious and blessed Pacific, where

“ Birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.”

We have no more got this length than we have that to which a friend of the author of *The New Moral World* so eagerly looked forward, when she asked him—

“ When shall we arrive at that state of purity,
When we shall all walk about in our native nudity?”

We fear we cannot yet dispense altogether either with our clothes or our cartridges. We cannot afford to beat all our swords into ploughshares. But we as firmly believe that we are on our way to this, and that the fighting peace-men are doing much good. The idea of peace, as a thing quite practicable, is gaining the ear of the public, and from thence it will find its way into

its brain, and down to its heart, and thence out in act by its will. We have no doubt that the time is coming when, for a great trading nation like ours, supplying a world with knowledge, calico, and tools, to keep an immense army and navy will be as manifestly absurd and unbusiness-like, as it would be for a bagman from Manchester, or a traveller from "The Row," to make his rounds among his customers, armed *cap-a-pie*, foliciting orders with his circular in one hand, and a Colt's revolver in the other. As to the *how*, chiefly in three ways: *First*, By the commercial principle of profit and loss,—of a heavy balance against, coming to influence the transactions of nations, as it has long done those of private and social life—free-trade, mutual connexion and intercourse, the proof, publicly brought out, that the interest of the body-politic is also that of every one of its members, and the good of the whole that also specially of each part—the adoption, not merely in theory, but in practice, of a law of nations, by the great leading powers, and the submitting disputes regarding territory, commerce, and all the questions arising out of active multifarious trading among the nations, to reason and fixed rules, and settling them by the arbitration of intelligent, humane men, instead of by the discharge of a park of

artillery. *Secondly*, By the art of war being by scientific discovery so advanced in the degree and the immediateness of its destructiveness, so certain utterly to destroy one of the sides, or it may be both, that it would come to be as much abolished among well-bred, enlightened nations as the duel would be among civilized men were it certain that one or both of the combatants must be extinguished on the spot. "Satisfaction" would not be so often asked by nations or individuals, and dissatisfaction not so often expressed, were this accomplished. *Thirdly*, and chiefly, By nations not only becoming shrewder and more truly aware of their own interests, and of what "pays"—or such "dead shots" as to make the issue of any war rapid and fatal, but most of all by their growing, in the only true sense, better,—more under the habitual influence of genuine virtue, more informed with the knowledge, and the fear, and the love of God and of His laws.

Since finishing this paper, we have seen a copy of the new statistical report on the sickness and mortality of the British army, submitted on the 31st of March to the Secretary at War, and presented the other day to Parliament. It does infinite credit to the energy, and accuracy, and judgment, of Sir A. M. Tulloch and Dr.

Graham Balfour, by whom it has been prepared ; and is one of the most valuable results yet obtained from that method of research of which Dr. Marshall was, as we have seen, the originator. It is not easy to make an abstract of what is itself the concentrated essence of an immense number of voluminous reports—the two valuable public servants above mentioned have always heartily acknowledged their obligations to Dr. Marshall, and they conclude their prefatory notice by saying,—“ The death of Dr. Marshall, inspector-general of hospitals, has deprived us of the valuable aid previously afforded by that officer, in the medical details, for which his long acquaintance with the statistics of his profession so well qualified him.” We shall make a few random extracts, to show how well grounded Mr. Sydney Herbert’s statement is, that the common soldier never was better off than now. The report begins with enumerating the improvements in the condition of the soldier since their last report in 1841. We have already mentioned the chief of these. During seven years upwards of £16,000 have been expended in the purchase of books for barrack libraries, and it is found that the numbers who avail themselves of this new source of occupation

are every year on the increase, and thus much of the time formerly wasted in the canteen, to the injury alike of health and morals, is now devoted to reading. Great improvements have been made in the construction and ventilation of barracks, and the means of ablution. The good-conduct pay is found to work excellently. Prior to 1837, the maximum of pay to a private could never exceed 1s. 2d. per day in the infantry, 1s. 5d. in the cavalry, exclusive of beer-money, even after twenty years' service and the best character; but by the operation of the good-conduct warrants, a soldier by the same service may now obtain 1s. 4d. a day in infantry, and 1s. 7d. in cavalry. This has greatly added to the comforts of old soldiers, some of whom being married, could only support their families by restricting their personal expenditure to an extent hardly compatible with health. The evening meal of coffee or tea and bread, which had been adopted by a few corps in 1837, is now general, and with, as might be expected, the best results. Suicide in the cavalry is more than double that in the infantry, being annually as 5·8 in every 10,000 is to 2·2. This seems strange, as the cavalry is a more popular service and better paid, and the men of a higher class,

and one would think the duties more interesting. The report gives the conjecture, that this may arise from so many of them being men of broken fortunes, who enlist when rendered destitute by extravagance. In the Foot Guards suicide is very rare, but the mortality from disease is very great. The deaths among them annually per 1000, are at the rate of 20·4; in the infantry of the line, 17·9; cavalry, 13·6; and in the civil population of large towns, 11·9. In the household cavalry the mortality is still less: owing to their living better lives, and having larger pay and more comfort, and less exposure and better accommodation, their average per 1000 is only 11·1; but this result is also materially owing to a *weeding process*, by which those who exhibit traces of constitutional disease, or who are injuring their health and bringing discredit on the corps by dissipation, are from time to time discharged—216 of these *mauvais sujets* having been weeded out during the ten years to which the report refers.

“Such a weeding,” the reporters very truly observe, “cannot fail to have a very beneficial effect both on their moral and physical condition, and, if practicable, would be of vast benefit also in other branches of the service.” The

difficulty originates in this, that in the line the rate of pay is less than the average wages of the labouring classes, while in the Horse Guards it is greater.

Under the head of fevers, we find this extraordinary proof of the fatality of typhus in the troops of the United Kingdom:—in the cavalry, of those attacked, 1 in $3\frac{1}{7}$ dies; in the Foot Guards, 1 in $3\frac{1}{2}$; in the infantry, 1 in 4—*which is quite as high as the mortality of the remittent or yellow fever in the West Indies.*

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the report on corporal punishments.

“ This description of punishment has now become so rare, that in the Foot Guards, only one instance has occurred in every 1000 men annually; in the Regiments of the Line the proportion was five times as great. The large number of recruits in the latter, particularly after their return from foreign service, may be assigned as one cause for this difference, as also their being dispersed over the country, and in many instances in quarters where no facilities exist for imprisonment. The establishment of military prisons, to which offenders may be sent from all parts of the country, has of late provided a remedy for this, which will be likely to

render the contrast less striking in future years. The admissions in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, are 3 per 1000 annually, being a mean between the Foot Guards and Infantry of the Line.

“ We have no means of comparing the proportion during the period included in this Report with that of the previous seven years, except for the Cavalry, in which will be found a decrease in the admissions from 8 to 3 per thousand of the mean strength annually; so rare, indeed, is this description of punishment in the present day, that it may almost be considered extinct, except as regards a few incorrigibles, who are, unfortunately, to be found in the ranks of every Regiment, and who are probably equally numerous in civil life. The following Table exhibits the gradual decrease in this description of punishment among the several classes of troops in this country for each year since 1837 :—

		1837	1838	1839	1840	1841	1842	1843	1844	1845	1846	Total
Number Punished.	Dragoon Guards and Dragoons)	14	14	29	17	24	16	7	28	23	11	183
	Foot Guards . . .)	4	3	7	3	2	4	5	5	6	1	40
	Infantry of the Line . . .)	68	92	86	46	56	59	76	107	151	27	768
Ratio per 1000 Punished.	Dragoon Guards and Dragoons)	2.5	2.7	5.5	3.2	4.5	3.2	1.3	4.5	3.9	2.0	3.4
	Foot Guards . . .)	.9	1.0	2.2	.9	.6	1.2	1.0	1.0	1.2	.2	1.0
	Infantry of the Line . . .)	5.7	6.9	5.9	4.9	4.6	4.3	3.8	4.3	6.9	1.4	4.8

“ This reduction in corporal punishment extends not merely to the troops at home, but to the whole Army, as will be seen by the following Summary, prepared from the returns forwarded annually to the Adjutant-General’s Department from every Regiment in the Service :—

Years.	Effective Strength in each Year.	Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.	Ratio per 1000 Sentenced to Corporal Punishment.
1838	96,907	988	10.2
1839	103,152	935	9.1
1840	112,653	931	8.3
1841	116,369	866	7.4
1842	120,313	881	7.3
1843	123,452	700	5.6
1844	125,105	695	5.5
1845	125,252	696	5.5
1846	126,591	519	4.1

“ Thus, instead of 10 men in every thousand throughout the army having undergone corporal punishment, as was the case in 1838, the proportion in 1846 was only 4 per thousand. And not only has there been this great reduction in the frequency, but a corresponding alteration has taken place in the severity also. Even so late as 1832, the number of lashes which might be awarded by a General Court-Martial was unlimited, and in 1825 it is on record that one

man was sentenced to 1900, of which he received 1200. From 1832 to 1837, the maximum number of lashes inflicted by the sentence of such Courts became gradually reduced as follows:—

<u>1832</u>	<u>1833</u>	<u>1834</u>	<u>1835</u>	<u>1836</u>	<u>1837</u>
800	500	600	500	400	200

“ After 1836 no higher number could be awarded, even by a General Court-Martial, than 200 lashes; while a District Court-Martial was limited to 150, and a Regimental one to 100. Since 1847 the maximum of this description of punishment has been limited to 50 lashes; but the effect of that restriction on the admissions into hospital will fall to be considered rather in a subsequent Report than on the present occasion.

“ When this amelioration commenced, grave apprehensions were entertained that it would give rise to such relaxation of discipline as to cause a considerable increase in the description of offences for which corporal punishment had usually been awarded, and that transportation and capital punishment would become more frequent; but never were apprehensions less warranted by the result, as will be seen by the following Table, prepared from the Adjutant-General’s Return, No. XII of Appendix:—

“ In 1838, out of 96,907 men, there were 9·944 Courts-Martial; 441 general, and 4813 district; sentenced to death, 14; transportation, 221. While in 1846, out of 126,591, there were 9·212 Courts-Martial, whereof there were 200 general and 3959 district; sentenced to death, 1; transportation, 114.”

All this has occurred *without any relaxation of discipline*, the army never having been in a more efficient state than at present.

This paper was written in 1853. Since that time much has been done in carrying out genuine army reform and hygiene. The Crimean war, with its glory and its havoc, laid bare and made intolerable many abuses and wants. Above all, it fixed the eyes of their country on the miseries, the wrongs, and the virtues of the common soldier. Whatever may be said by history, of our skill in the art of war, as displayed during that campaign, one thing was tried and not found wanting in that terrible time—the stoutness, the endurance, the “bottom,” of our race,—what old Dr. Caius calls “the olde manly hardnes, stoute courage, and peines of Englande.”¹

¹ From his “Booke or Counseil against the disease called the Sweate, made by Jhon Caius, Doctour in Phisicke, 1552.”

We need not say how much more the nation loved and cared for these noble fellows, when it saw that to these, the cardinal virtues of a soldier, were added, in so many instances, the purest devotion, patience, intelligence, and a true moral greatness. It is the best test, as it is the main glory and chief end of a true civilisation, its caring for the great body of the people. This it is which distinguishes our time from all others,—and the common soldier is now sharing in this movement, which is twice blessed.

But all great and true generals, from King David, Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, the great Frederic, &c., down to our own Sir Colin, have had their men's comforts, interests, and lives at heart. The late Lord Dunfermline—*magni parentis filius haud degener*—when speaking, with deep feeling and anger, to the writer, about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercromby. After his glorious victory, the dying general was being carried on a litter to the boat of the Foudroyant, in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards adjutant-general) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled and said, “ That is a comfort ; that is the very

thing. What is it, John?" "It is only a soldier's blanket, Sir Ralph." "Only a soldier's blanket, Sir," said the old man, fixing his eye feverely on him. "*Whose* blanket is it?" "One of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;"—and everything paused till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night;" and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. "Yes, Doctor," said Lord Dunfermline, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night."

I cannot conclude these remarks more fitly, than by quoting the following evidence, given before the Commissioners on the sanitary state of the Army, by Dr. Balfour, the worthy pupil of Dr. Marshall, and now the medical officer of the Royal Asylum, Chelsea; any man may see from it what good sense, good feeling, and sanitary science, may accomplish and prevent.

"On the retirement of Dr. Marshall, I was associated with Colonel Tulloch in the preparation of the subsequent reports. In the course of that duty I was much struck with the great

amount of mortality generally, and the large proportion of it which appeared to be caused by preventible disease. I subsequently had the opportunity of verifying my opinion on this point, by watching the results which followed the adoption of various sanitary measures which we recommended in our report, and which were carried out to a greater or less extent. The results obtained from these changes fully confirmed my previous opinions, and led me to continue to make the subject my special study.

“ Is the present diet of the soldier well calculated to produce this effect?—I think not; it would scarcely be possible to devise anything worse calculated for the purpose, than the diet of the soldier was when I first joined the service. He had then two meals a day, breakfast and dinner; and the period between dinner and breakfast the following day was nineteen hours. His dinner consisted of perpetual boiled beef and broth. Subsequently the introduction of the evening meal, which had been pressed upon the attention of the military authorities by the medical officers for many years, effected a very great improvement. In other respects, his diet, as laid down by regulation, continues the same as at that period. It is monotonous to a degree. I have frequently seen, in a barrack-room, fol-

diers, and especially the older ones, leave the broth untouched.

“ Would it be possible to improve the soldiers’ diet by infusing into it greater variety? —I know practically it is quite possible to do so. When I was appointed to the Royal Military Asylum, I found the system of feeding the boys pretty much the same as that in the army, but not quite so monotonous, as they had baked mutton on Sundays, suet pudding three days in the week, and boiled beef on the other three days; the meat was always boiled, but they did not get broth, the liquor being thrown away. They had abundance of food, their dinner consisting, on meat days, of eleven ounces of meat, without bone, which is more than is given to the soldier, but they did not eat it with relish, and quantities of food were taken away to the hog-tub. The boys were pale and feeble, and evidently in a very low state of health. Mr. Benjamin Phillips, a very high authority on scrofulous disease, told me, that when he examined the school, while engaged in preparing his work on scrofula for publication, he found the boys lower in point of physique than almost any school he had examined, even including those of the workhouses. After a careful examination of the dietaries of almost all the principal

schools established for children in England and Scotland, I prepared a scale of diet, which was sanctioned by the Commissioners in December 1848, and, with a few slight modifications, is now in use at the asylum. The chief points I kept in view were, to give a sufficient amount of food in varied and palatable forms, and without long intervals of fasting. The following are the old and the present scales of dietaries.

“ The same were delivered in as follows :—

“ ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM, CHELSEA.

“ DIET TABLE OF THE BOYS OF THE ASYLUM IN 1848.

Days of Week.	Breakfast at 8 A.M.	Dinner at 1 P.M.	Supper at 6 P.M.
Sunday . . .	Cocoa $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Beef . . . 11 oz.	} Bread 5 oz. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Tuesday . . .	Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	Potatoes . . 8 "	
and Thursday . . .	Milk $\frac{7}{8}$ gill.	Bread . . . 5 "	
	Bread 5 oz.	Table-beer $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	
Monday . . .	} Ditto . . .	Suet . . . 2 oz.	} Do.
Wednesday . . .		Flour . . . 8 "	
and Friday . . .		Potatoes . . 8 "	
		Bread . . . 5 "	
		Table-beer $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	
Saturday . . .		Rt. mutton 11 oz.	} Do.
		Potatoes . . 8 "	
		Bread . . . 5 "	
		Beer . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.	

Children under eight years of age have 8 oz. of meat instead of 11 oz., and 4 oz. of bread instead of 5 oz.

" DIET TABLE OF THE BOYS OF THE ASYLUM IN JULY 1857.

Days of Week.	Breakfast at 8 A.M.	Dinner at 1 P.M.	At half-past 3 P.M.	Supper at 8 P.M.
Sunday .	{ Cocoa $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ gill Bread 5 oz.	Irish { beef . 6 oz. stew { potatoes 8 " { onions . $\frac{1}{4}$ " Pud- { flour . 2 " ding { suet . $\frac{1}{2}$ " Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	{ Bread . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. .	{ Bread 5 oz. Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Monday	{ Boiled beef . 6 oz. Broth . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. Greens . . . 6 oz. Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	"
Tuesday	{ Roast mutton . 6 oz. Yorkshire { flour 4 " pudding { suet $\frac{1}{2}$ " Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	"
Wednesday	Irish { beef . 6 oz. stew { potatoes 6 " { onions . $\frac{1}{4}$ " Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	"
Thursday	{ Roast mutton . 8 oz. Rice { rice . 2 " pud- { milk . $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. ding { sugar . $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	"
Friday	{ Stewed beef . 6 oz. Rice . . . 3 " Treacle . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ " Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	"
Saturday	{ Boiled beef . 6 oz. Potatoes . . 6 " Broth . . . $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. Bread . . . 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	"	"

Children under eight to have 4 oz. of meat instead of 6 oz.

“ Did the improvement in the dietary greatly increase its cost?—On the contrary, *it saved nearly £300 a year in the feeding of the establishment.* By introducing a greater variety, the boys took the whole of their food with relish, and I was able to get them into good condition by distributing the same amount of meat over seven days that they previously had in four.

“ Were the results satisfactory?—The results were far beyond my expectation. Comparing the sickness and mortality in the establishment for the ten years previous to my appointment, and for the eight years and a half that have passed since these alterations were introduced, I find that the sickness *has been reduced by about one-third*, and the annual mortality has fallen from 9·7 per 1000 of the strength on the average of ten years to 4·9 per 1000 on the average of eight years and a half. This is not entirely attributable to the change of diet, though that was a most important means. At the same time there were other improvements introduced, such as increased space in the dormitories, improved ventilation, and abundant means of cold bathing—all of which are most important elements in preserving health.

“ I may mention another point with regard to health, that on the average of the ten years the

proportion of boys reported unfit for military service by the surgeon was 12·4 per 1000 annually, principally on account of scrofulous cicatrices on the neck that would have prevented them wearing the military stock, and during the eight years and a half it has been reduced to 4·55 per 1000. *It is now very little more than one-third of what it used to be.*"

EXTRACT from a work entitled “Plans for the Defence of Great Britain and Ireland, by Lieutenant-Colonel Dirom, D. Q. M. G. in North Britain, 1797.”

“In the island of Jamaica, in the West Indies, where the troops are generally unhealthy in the garrisons along the coast, and were particularly so in the years 1750 and 1751,—a calamity doubly alarming, as the island was threatened with an attack by the combined forces of France and Spain, the late eminent Sir Alexander Campbell determined to try a new experiment for the accommodation of the troops. He chose an elevated situation on the mountains behind Kingston, called Stony Hill, where there was good water, a free circulation of air, and a temperature of climate in general ten degrees cooler than in the low country along the coast. The wood, which was cleared from the hill, and the soil, which was clay, were the chief materials used in constructing the barracks. The 19th and 38th Regiments were sent there on their arrival from America, and ground was allotted them for gardens. They enjoyed a degree of robust health very unusual in that climate. When not upon duty or under arms they were employed in their gardens, or in amusements, the whole day long. Their wives and children enjoyed equal happiness; and, in the course

of two years, this military colony, for so it appeared, had not at any time a greater, if even so great, a proportion of men sick as they would have had in Europe; and there is reason to believe that during that time they had nearly as many children born in the Regiment as they had lost men by death."

The author was at this time adjutant-general in Jamaica.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainflie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! and is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a

love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely-ignorant woman wish to know, how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting, is a crowd, masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting

wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, “drunk up Efil, or eaten a crocodile,” for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. “Water!” but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. “Bite the tail!” and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of *Yarrow's* tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. “Snuff! a pinch of snuff!” observed sharply a

calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms,—comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, but discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, fauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, grey, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearian dewlaps flaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and

fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, “Did you ever see the like of this?” He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. “A knife!” cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I

turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing: he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his grey horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, flunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone

were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie,"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jefs; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we hadn't much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him, of course, Hector.

Six years have passed,—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainlie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging

that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy faunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up,—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breast—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*,¹ delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth

¹ It is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

hair setting off her dark-grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eye-brows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. “Ailie,” said James, “this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab’s friend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor.” She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

“As I was sayin’, she’s got a kind o’ trouble in her breast, doctor; wull ye tak’ a look at it?” We walked into the consulting-room,

all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully,—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, “so full of all blessed conditions,”—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its grey, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and loveable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. “May Rab and me bide?” said James. “*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself.” “I’se warrant he’s do that, doctor;” and in flunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now: he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and grey like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion’s; his body thick set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have

been ninety pounds' weight, at the least ; he had a large blunt head ; his muzzle black as night ; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it ; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's—but for different reasons,—the remaining eye had the power of two ; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag ; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneoufness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size ; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington ; and he had the gravity¹ of all great fighters.

¹ A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said, " Oh, Sir, life's full o' fairiounfness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'."

You must have often observed the likenesses of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.¹ The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same inevitable eye, the same look,—as of thunder asleep, but ready,—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, “When?” “To-morrow,” said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anti-

¹ Fuller was in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without “the stern delight” a man of strength and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Duncarn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say, that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a buirdly man, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists. He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached—what “The Fancy” would call “an ugly customer.”

cipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J. B. Clerk."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch,

her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, “Maister John, I’m for nane o’ yer stryngie nurse bodies for Ailie. I’ll be her nurse, and on my stockin’ soles I’ll gang about as canny as puffy.” And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit

cafes offered, and indeed submitted to fundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came fafter back, and trotted up the ftair with much lightnefs, and went ftraight to *that* door.

Jefs, the mare—now white—had been fent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtlefs her own dim and placid meditations and confufions, on the abfence of her mafter and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For fome days Ailie did well. The wound healed “by the firft intention;” as James faid, “Oor Ailie’s fkin’s ower clean to beil.” The ftudents came in quiet and anxious, and furrounded her bed. She faid fhe liked to fee their young, honeft faces. The furgeon dressed her, and fpoke to her in his own fhort kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may fuppofe, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a fudden and long fhivering, a “groofin’,” as fhe called it. I faw her foon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; fhe was reftlefs, and afhamed of being

so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle,

“The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;”

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her

tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a “fremyt” voice, and he starting up, surprised, and flinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his “ain Ailie.” “Ailie, ma woman!” “Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!”

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being Sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into

which one day we must all enter,—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who is sucking, and being satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love. “Preserve me!” groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wafting on it her infinite fondness. “Wae’s me, doctor; I declare she’s thinkin’ it’s that bairn.” “What bairn?” “The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she’s in the Kingdom, forty years and mair.” It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined

brain ; it was misread and mistaken ; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child ; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Myfie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sunk rapidly ; the delirium left her ; but as she whispered, she was clean silly ; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said “ James ! ” He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out ; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. “ What is our life ? it is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless : he came forward beside us : Ailie’s hand, which James had held, was hanging down ;

it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger, “I never did the like o' that afore!”

I believe he never did; nor after either. “Rab!” he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. “Maister John, ye'll wait for me,” said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate,

in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of old clean blankets, having at their corners, “A. G., 1794,” in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—unseen but not unthought of—when he was “wat, wat, and weary,” and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while “a’ the lave were sleepin’;” and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James’s bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed, with a light; but he didn’t need it. I

went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air ; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only “ A. G.,”—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens ; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again ; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton brae, then along Roslin muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts ; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past “ haunted Woodhouselee ;” and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbours

mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the trevifs wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempt him wi' kail and meat, but

he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wafna atween this and Thornhill,—but 'deed, fir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

ARTHUR H. HALLAM.

“ PRÆSENS imperfectum,—perfectum, plusquam perfectum
FUTURUM.”—GROTIUS.

“ *The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of thy life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit—
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
Than when thou lived'st indeed.*”—

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ARTHUR H. HALLAM.

IN the chancel of Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, rest the mortal remains of Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of our great philosophic historian and critic,—and the friend to whom “*In Memoriam*” is sacred. This place was selected by his father, not only from the connexion of kindred, being the burial-place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, but likewise “on account of its still and sequestered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.” That lone hill, with its humble old church, its outlook over the waste of waters, where “the stately ships go on,” was, we doubt not, in Tennyson’s mind, when the poem, “Break, break, break,” which contains the burden of that volume in which are enshrined so much of the deepest affection, poetry, philosophy, and

godliness, rose into his “study of imagination”—
“into the eye and prospect of his soul.”¹

¹ The passage from Shakspeare prefixed to this paper, contains probably as much as can be said of the mental, not less than the affectionate conditions, under which such a record as *In Memoriam* is produced, and may give us more insight into the imaginative faculty's mode of working, than all our philosophizing and analysis. It seems to let out with the fulness, simplicity, and unconsciousness of a child—“Fancy's Child”—the secret mechanism or procession of the greatest creative mind our race has produced. In itself, it has no recondite meaning, it answers fully its own sweet purpose. We are not believers, like some folks, in the omniscience of even Shakspeare. But, like many things that he and other wise men and many simple children say, it has a germ of universal meaning, which it is quite lawful to bring out of it, and which may be enjoyed to the full without any wrong to its own original beauty and fitness. A dew-drop is not the less beautiful that it illustrates in its structure the law of gravitation which holds the world together, and by which “the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong.” This is the passage. The Friar speaking of Claudio, hearing that Hero “died upon his word,” says,—

“The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination ;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit—
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed.”

We have here expressed in plain language the imaginative memory of the beloved dead, rising upon the past, like moonlight upon midnight,—

“The gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme.”

This is its simple meaning—the statement of a truth, the utterance of personal feeling. But observe its hidden abstract significance—it is the revelation of what goes on in the depths of the soul, when the dead elements of what once was,

- “ Break, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
- “ O well for the fisherman’s boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!
- “ And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill!
 But O for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!
- “ Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.”

Out of these few simple words, deep and melancholy, and founding as the sea, as out of a are laid before the imagination, and so breathed upon as to be quickened into a new and higher life. We have first the *Idea of her Life*—all he remembered and felt of her, gathered into one vague shadowy image, not any one look, or action, or time—then the idea of her life *creeps*—is in before he is aware, and SWEETLY creeps,—it might have been softly or gently, but it is the addition of affection to all this, and bringing in another sense—and now it is in his *study of imagination*—what a place! fit for such a visitor. Then out comes the *Idea*, more particular, more questionable, but still ideal, spiritual, —*every lovely organ of her life*—then the clothing upon, the mortal putting on its immortal, spiritual body—*shall come apparelled in more precious habit, more moving delicate*—this is the transfiguring, the putting on strength, the *poco più*—the little more which makes immortal,—*more full of life*, and all this submitted to—*the eye and prospect of the soul*.

well of the living waters of love, flows forth all *In Memoriam*, as a stream flows out of its spring—all is here. “I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me,”—“the touch of the vanished hand—the sound of the voice that is still,”—the body and soul of his friend. Rising as it were out of the midst of the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death,

“The mountain infant to the sun comes forth
Like human life from darkness;”

and how its waters flow on! carrying life, beauty, magnificence,—shadows and happy lights, depths of blackness, depths clear as the very body of heaven. How it deepens as it goes, involving larger interests, wider views, “thoughts that wander through eternity,” greater affections, but still retaining its pure living waters, its forgotten burden of love and sorrow. How it visits every region! “the long unlovely street,” pleasant villages and farms, “the placid ocean-plains,” waste howling wildernesses, grim woods, *nemorum-que noctem*, informed with spiritual fears, where may be seen, if shapes they may be called—

“Fear and trembling Hope,
Silence and Foresight; Death the Skeleton,
And Time the Shadow;”

now within hearing of the Minster clock, now of the College bells, and the vague hum of the

mighty city. And over head through all its course the heaven with its clouds, its sun, moon, and stars; but always, and in all places, declaring its source; and even when laying its burden of manifold and faithful affection at the feet of the Almighty Father, still remembering whence it came,

“ That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.”

It is to that chancel, and to the day, 3^d January 1834, that he refers in poem XVIII. of *In Memoriam*.

“ ’Tis well, ’tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

“ ’Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth.”

And again in XIX. :

“ The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken’d heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

“ There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.”

Here, too, it is, LXVI. :

“ When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest,
By that broad water of the west ;
There comes a glory on the walls :

“ Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o’er the number of thy years.”

This young man, whose memory his friend has consecrated in the hearts of all who can be touched by such love and beauty, was in nowise unworthy of all this. It is not for us to say, for it was not given to us the sad privilege to know, all that a father’s heart buried with his son in that grave, all “ the hopes of unaccomplished years ;” nor can we feel in its fulness all that is meant by

“ Such
A friendship as had mastered Time ;
Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this.”

But this we may say, we know of nothing in all literature to compare with the volume from which these lines are taken, since David lamented with this lamentation : “ The beauty of Israel is slain. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,

neither rain upon you. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love for me was wonderful." We cannot, as some have done, compare it with Shakspeare's Sonnets, or with *Lycidas*. In spite of the amazing genius and tendernefs, the never-wearying, all-involving reiteration of passionate attachment, the idolatry of admiring love, the rapturous devotednefs, displayed in these sonnets, we cannot but agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking, "that there is a tendency now, especially among young men of poetical tempers, to exaggerate the beauties of these remarkable productions;" and though we would hardly say with him, "that it is impossible not to wish that Shakspeare had never written them," giving us, as they do, and as perhaps nothing else could do, such proof of a power of loving, of an amount of *attendrissement*, which is not less wonderful than the bodying forth of that myriad-mind, which gave us Hamlet, and Lear, Cordelia, and Puck, and all the rest, and indeed explaining to us how he could give us all these;—while we hardly go so far, we agree with his other wise words:—"There is a weakness and folly in all misplaced and excessive affection;" which in Shakspeare's case is the more distressing, when we consider

that "Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets," was, in all likelihood, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man of noble and gallant character, but always of licentious life.

As for *Lycidas*, we must confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection, seems uppermost in Milton's mind, as it is in ours. The other element, though quick and true, has no glory through reason of the excellency of that which invests it. But there is no such drawback in *In Memoriam*. The purity, the temperate but fervent goodness, the firmness and depth of nature, the impassioned logic, the large, sensitive, and liberal heart, the reverence and godly fear, of

"That friend of mine who lives in God,"

which from these Remains we know to have dwelt in that young soul, give to *In Memoriam* the character of exactest portraiture. There is no excessive or misplaced affection here; it is all founded in fact: while everywhere and throughout it all, affection—a love that is wonderful—meets us first and leaves us last, giving form and substance and grace, and the breath of life and love, to everything that the poet's thick-coming fancies so exquisitely frame. We can recall

few poems approaching to it in this quality of sustained affection. The only English poems we can think of as of the same order, are Cowper's lines on seeing his mother's portrait:—

“ O that these lips had language !”

Burns to “ Mary in Heaven ;” and two pieces of Vaughan—one beginning

“ O thou who know'st for whom I mourn ;”

and the other—

“ They are all gone into the world of light.”

But our object now is, not so much to illustrate Mr. Tennyson's verses, as to introduce to our readers, what we ourselves have got so much delight, and, we trust, profit from—*The Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam, 1834*; privately printed. We had for many years been searching for this volume, but in vain; a sentence quoted by Henry Taylor struck us, and our desire was quickened by reading *In Memoriam*. We do not remember when we have been more impressed than by these Remains of this young man, especially when taken along with his friend's Memorial; and instead of trying to tell our readers what this impression is, we have preferred giving them as copious extracts as our space allows, that they may judge and enjoy for themselves. The italics are our own. We can promise them few finer, deeper, and better plea-

fures than reading, and detaining their minds over these two books together, filling their hearts with the fulness of their truth and tenderness. They will see how accurate as well as how affectionate and “of imagination all compact” Tennyson is, and how worthy of all that he has said of him, that friend was. The likeness is drawn *ad vivum*,

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
He summons up remembrance of things past.”

“The idea of his Life” has been sown a natural body, and has been raised a spiritual body, but the identity is unhurt; the countenance shines and the raiment is white and glistering, but it is the same face and form.

The Memoir is by Mr. Hallam. We give it entire, not knowing anywhere a nobler or more touching record of a father’s love and sorrow.

“Arthur Henry Hallam was born in Bedford Place,¹ London, on the 1st of February 1811. Very few years had elapsed before his parents observed strong indications of his future character, in a peculiar clearness of perception, a

¹ “Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street;
Doors, where my heart was wont to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand.”

In Memoriam.

facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, in an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and adherence to his sense of what was right and becoming. As he advanced to another stage of childhood, it was rendered still more manifest that he would be distinguished from ordinary persons, by an increasing thoughtfulness, and a fondness for a class of books, which in general are so little intelligible to boys of his age, that they excite in them no kind of interest.

“ In the summer of 1818 he spent some months with his parents in Germany and Switzerland, and became familiar with the French language, which he had already learned to read with facility. He had gone through the elements of Latin before this time; but that language having been laid aside during his tour, it was found upon his return that, a variety of new scenes having effaced it from his memory, it was necessary to begin again with the first rudiments. He was nearly eight years old at this time; and in little more than twelve months he could read Latin with tolerable facility. In this period his mind was developing itself more rapidly than before; he now felt a keen relish for dramatic poetry, and wrote several tragedies, if we may so call them, either in prose or verse, with a more precocious display of talents than the

Editor remembers to have met with in any other individual. The natural pride, however, of his parents, did not blind them to the uncertainty that belongs to all premature efforts of the mind; and they so carefully avoided everything like a boastful display of blossoms which, in many cases, have withered away in barren luxuriance, that the circumstance of these compositions was hardly ever mentioned out of their own family.

“ In the spring of 1820, Arthur was placed under the Rev. W. Carmalt, at Putney, where he remained nearly two years. After leaving this school, he went abroad again for some months; and in October 1822, became the pupil of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, an Assistant Master of Eton College. At Eton he continued till the summer of 1827. He was now become a good though not perhaps a first-rate scholar in the Latin and Greek languages. The loss of time, relatively to this object, in travelling, but far more his increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties than such as the acquirement of languages calls into play, will sufficiently account for what might seem a comparative deficiency in classical learning. It can only, however, be

reckoned one, comparatively to his other attainments, and to his remarkable facility in mastering the modern languages. The Editor has thought it not improper to print in the following pages an Eton exercise, which, as written before the age of fourteen, though not free from metrical and other errors, appears, perhaps to a partial judgment, far above the level of such compositions. It is remarkable that he should have selected the story of Ugolino, from a poet with whom, and with whose language, he was then but very slightly acquainted, but who was afterwards to become, more perhaps than any other, the master-mover of his spirit. It may be added, that great judgment and taste are perceptible in this translation, which is by no means a literal one; and in which the phraseology of Sophocles is not ill substituted, in some passages, for that of Dante.

“ The Latin poetry of an Etonian is generally reckoned at that School the chief test of his literary talent. That of Arthur was good without being excellent; he never wanted depth of thought, or truth of feeling; but it is only in a few rare instances, if altogether in any, that an original mind has been known to utter itself freely and vigorously, without sacrifice of purity, in a language the capacities of which are so im-

perfectly understood ; and in his productions there was not the thorough conformity to an ancient model which is required for perfect elegance in Latin verse. He took no great pleasure in this sort of composition ; and perhaps never returned to it of his own accord.

“ In the latter part of his residence at Eton, he was led away more and more by the predominant bias of his mind, from the exclusive study of ancient literature. The poets of England, especially the older dramatists, came with greater attraction over his spirit. He loved Fletcher, and some of Fletcher’s contemporaries, for their energy of language and intenseness of feeling ; but it was in Shakspeare alone that he found the fulness of soul which seemed to slake the thirst of his own rapidly expanding genius for an inexhaustible fountain of thought and emotion. He knew Shakspeare thoroughly ; and indeed his acquaintance with the earlier poetry of this country was very extensive. Among the modern poets, Byron was at this time, far above the rest, and almost exclusively, his favourite ; a preference which, in later years, he transferred altogether to Wordsworth and Shelley.

“ He became, when about fifteen years old, a member of the debating society established

among the elder boys, in which he took great interest ; and this served to confirm the bias of his intellect towards the moral and political philosophy of modern times. It was probably, however, of important utility in giving him that command of his own language which he possessed, as the following *Essays* will show, in a very superior degree, and in exercising those powers of argumentative discussion, which now displayed themselves as eminently characteristic of his mind. It was a necessary consequence that he declined still more from the usual paths of study, and abated perhaps somewhat of his regard for the writers of antiquity. It must not be understood, nevertheless, as most of those who read these pages will be aware, that he ever lost his sensibility to those ever-living effusions of genius which the ancient languages preserve. He loved *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* (to *Euripides* he hardly did justice), *Lucretius* and *Virgil* ; if he did not seem so much drawn towards *Homer* as might at first be expected, this may probably be accounted for by his increasing taste for philosophical poetry.

“ In the early part of 1827, Arthur took a part in the *Eton Miscellany*, a periodical publication, in which some of his friends in the debating society were concerned. He wrote in this, be-

sides a few papers in prose, a little poem on a story connected with the Lake of Killarney. It has not been thought by the Editor advisable, upon the whole, to reprint these lines; though, in his opinion, they bear very striking marks of superior powers. This was almost the first poetry that Arthur had written, except the childish tragedies above mentioned. No one was ever less inclined to the trick of versifying. Poetry with him was not an amusement, but the natural and almost necessary language of genuine emotion; and it was not till the discipline of serious reflection, and the approach of manhood, gave a reality and intenseness to such emotions, that he learned the capacities of his own genius. That he was a poet by nature, these remains will sufficiently prove; but certainly he was far removed from being a versifier by nature; nor was he probably able to perform, what he scarce ever attempted, to write easily and elegantly on an ordinary subject. The lines on the story of Pygmalion, are so far an exception, that they arose out of a momentary amusement of society; but he could not avoid, even in these, his own grave tone of poetry.

“ Upon leaving Eton in the summer of 1827, he accompanied his parents to the Continent, and passed eight months in Italy. This intro-

duction to new scenes of nature and art, and to new sources of intellectual delight, at the very period of transition from boyhood to youth, sealed no doubt the peculiar character of his mind, and taught him, too soon for his peace, to sound those depths of thought and feeling, from which, after this time, all that he wrote was derived. He had, when he passed the Alps, only a moderate acquaintance with the Italian language; but during his residence in the country he came to speak it with perfect fluency, and with a pure Siense pronunciation. In its study he was much assisted by his friend and instructor, the Abbate Pifferi, who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification. The few sonnets, which are now printed, were, it is to be remembered, written by a foreigner, hardly seventeen years old, and after a very short stay in Italy. The Editor might not, probably, have suffered them to appear, even in this private manner, upon his own judgment. But he knew that the greatest living writer of Italy, to whom they were shown some time since at Milan, by the author's excellent friend, Mr. Richard Milnes, has expressed himself in terms of high approbation.

“The growing intimacy of Arthur with Italian poetry led him naturally to that of Dante. No poet was so congenial to the character of his

own reflective mind ; in none other could he so abundantly find that disdain of flowery redundancy, that perpetual reference of the sensible to the ideal, that aspiration for somewhat better and less fleeting than earthly things, to which his inmost soul responded. Like all genuine worshippers of the great Florentine poet, he rated the *Inferno* below the two later portions of the *Divina Commedia* ; there was nothing even to revolt his taste, but rather much to attract it, in the scholastic theology and mystic visions of the *Paradiso*. Petrarch he greatly admired, though with less idolatry than Dante ; and the sonnets here printed will show to all competent judges how fully he had imbibed the spirit, without servile centonism, of the best writers in that style of composition who flourished in the 16th century.

“ But poetry was not an absorbing passion at this time in his mind. His eyes were fixed on the best pictures with silent intense delight. He had a deep and just perception of what was beautiful in this art, at least in its higher schools ; for he did not pay much regard, or perhaps quite do justice, to the masters of the 17th century. To technical criticism he made no sort of pretension ; painting was to him but the visible language of emotion ; and where it did not aim

at exciting it, or employed inadequate means, his admiration would be withheld. Hence he highly prized the ancient paintings, both Italian and German, of the age which preceded the full development of art. But he was almost as enthusiastic an admirer of the Venetian, as of the Tuscan and Roman schools; considering these masters as reaching the same end by the different agencies of form and colour. This predilection for the sensitive beauties of painting is somewhat analogous to his fondness for harmony of verse, on which he laid more stress than poets so thoughtful are apt to do. In one of the last days of his life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna.

“ He returned to England in June 1828; and, in the following October went down to reside at Cambridge; having been entered on the boards of Trinity College before his departure to the Continent. He was the pupil of the Rev. William Whewell. In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occu-

pied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The Editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur's mind. It was however to be regretted, that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict logic of geometry, a little more familiarity

with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculations which he was too fond of indulging. In the philosophy of the human mind, he was in no danger of the materializing theories of some ancient and modern schools; but in shunning this extreme, he might sometimes forget that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psychology.

“ The comparative inferiority which he might show in the usual trials of knowledge, sprung in a great measure from the want of a prompt and accurate memory. It was the faculty wherein he shone the least, according to ordinary observation; though his very extensive reach of literature, and his rapidity in acquiring languages, sufficed to prove that it was capable of being largely exercised. He could remember anything, as a friend observed to the Editor, that was associated with an idea. But he seemed, at least after he reached manhood, to want almost wholly the power, so common with inferior understandings, of retaining with regularity and exactness, a number of unimportant uninteresting particulars. It would have been nearly impos-

sible to make him recollect for three days the date of the battle of Marathon, or the names in order of the Athenian months. Nor could he repeat poetry, much as he loved it, with the correctness often found in young men. It is not improbable, that a more steady discipline in early life would have strengthened this faculty, or that he might have supplied its deficiency by some technical devices ; but where the higher powers of intellect were so extraordinarily manifested, it would have been preposterous to complain of what may perhaps have been a necessary consequence of their amplitude, or at least a natural result of their exercise.

“ But another reason may be given for his deficiency in those unremitting labours which the course of academical education, in the present times, is supposed to exact from those who aspire to its distinctions. In the first year of his residence at Cambridge, symptoms of disordered health, especially in the circulatory system, began to show themselves ; and it is by no means improbable, that these were indications of a tendency to derangement of the vital functions, which became ultimately fatal. A too rapid determination of blood towards the brain, with its concomitant uneasy sensations, rendered him frequently incapable of mental fatigue. He had

indeed once before, at Florence, been affected by symptoms not unlike these. His intensity of reflection and feeling also brought on occasionally a considerable depression of spirits, which had been painfully observed at times by those who watched him most, from the time of his leaving Eton, and even before. It was not till after several months that he regained a less morbid condition of mind and body. This same irregularity of circulation returned again in the next spring, but was of less duration. During the third year of his Cambridge life, he appeared in much better health.

“ In this year (1831) he obtained the first college prize for an English declamation. The subject chosen by him was the conduct of the Independent party during the civil war. This exercise was greatly admired at the time, but was never printed. In consequence of this success, it became incumbent on him, according to the custom of the college, to deliver an oration in the chapel immediately before the Christmas vacation of the same year. On this occasion he selected a subject very congenial to his own turn of thought and favourite study, the influence of Italian upon English literature. He had previously gained another prize for an English essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero.

This essay is perhaps too excursive from the prescribed subject; but his mind was so deeply imbued with the higher philosophy, especially that of Plato, with which he was very conversant, that he could not be expected to dwell much on the praises of Cicero in that respect.

“ Though the bent of Arthur’s mind by no means inclined him to strict research into facts, he was full as much conversant with the great features of ancient and modern history, as from the course of his other studies and the habits of his life it was possible to expect. He reckoned them, as great minds always do, the ground-works of moral and political philosophy, and took no pains to acquire any knowledge of this sort from which a principle could not be derived or illustrated. To some parts of English history, and to that of the French Revolution, he had paid considerable attention. He had not read nearly so much of the Greek and Latin historians as of the philosophers and poets. In the history of literary, and especially of philosophical and religious opinions, he was deeply versed, as much so as it is possible to apply that term at his age. The following pages exhibit proofs of an acquaintance, not crude or superficial, with that important branch of literature.

“ His political judgments were invariably

prompted by his strong sense of right and justice. These, in so young a person, were naturally rather fluctuating, and subject to the correction of advancing knowledge and experience. Ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed, of which, in one instance, he was led to give a proof with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion, he was deeply attached to the ancient institutions of his country.

“ He spoke French readily, though with less elegance than Italian, till from disuse he lost much of his fluency in the latter. In his last fatal tour in Germany, he was rapidly acquiring a readiness in the language of that country. The whole range of French literature was almost as familiar to him as that of England.

“ The society in which Arthur lived most intimately, at Eton and at the University, was formed of young men, eminent for natural ability, and for delight in what he sought above all things, the knowledge of truth, and the perception of beauty. They who loved and admired him living, and who now revere his sacred memory, as of one to whom, in the fondness of regret, they admit of no rival, know best what he was in the daily commerce of life; and his eulogy should, on every account, better come from hearts, which, if partial, have been ren-

dered so by the experience of friendship, not by the affection of nature.

“ Arthur left Cambridge on taking his degree in January 1832. He resided from that time with the Editor in London, having been entered on the boards of the Inner Temple. It was greatly the desire of the Editor that he should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they were, could not but separate him from the everyday business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had, during the previous long vacation, read with the Editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them; and he now went through Blackstone's Commentaries, with as much of other law-books as, in the Editor's judgment, was required for a similar purpose. It was satisfactory at that time to perceive that, far from showing any of that distaste to legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest. In the month of October 1832, he began to see

the practical application of legal knowledge in the office of an eminent conveyancer, Mr. Walters of Lincoln's Inn Fields, with whom he continued till his departure from England in the following summer.

“ It was not, however, to be expected, or even desired by any who knew how to value him, that he should at once abandon those habits of study which had fertilized and invigorated his mind. But he now, from some change or other in his course of thinking, ceased in a great measure to write poetry, and expressed to more than one friend an intention to give it up. The instances after his leaving Cambridge were few. The dramatic scene between Raffaele and Fiammetta was written in 1832; and about the same time he had a design to translate the *Vita Nuova* of his favourite Dante; a work which he justly prized, as the development of that immense genius, in a kind of autobiography, which best prepares us for a real insight into the *Divine Comedy*. He rendered accordingly into verse most of the sonnets which the *Vita Nuova* contains; but the Editor does not believe that he made any progress in the prose translation. These sonnets appearing rather too literal, and consequently harsh, it has not been thought worth while to print.

“ In the summer of 1832, the appearance of

Professor Rossetti's *Disquisizioni sullo spirito Antipapale*, in which the writings of Arthur's beloved masters, Dante and Petrarch, as well as most of the mediæval literature of Italy, were treated as a series of enigmas, to be understood only by a key that discloses a latent Carbonarism, a secret conspiracy against the religion of their age, excited him to publish his own Remarks in reply. It seemed to him the worst of poetical heresies to desert the Absolute, the Universal, the Eternal, the Beautiful and True, which the Platonic spirit of his literary creed taught him to seek in all the higher works of genius, in quest of some temporary historical allusion, which could be of no interest with posterity. Nothing however could be more alien from his courteous disposition than to abuse the license of controversy, or to treat with intentional disrespect a very ingenious person, who had been led on too far in pursuing a course of interpretation, which, within certain much narrower limits, it is impossible for any one conversant with history not to admit.

“ A very few other anonymous writings occupied his leisure about this time. Among these were slight memoirs of Petrarch, Voltaire, and Burke, for the Gallery of Portraits, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful

Knowledge.¹ His time was however principally devoted, when not engaged at his office, to metaphysical researches, and to the history of philosophical opinions.

“From the latter part of his residence at Cambridge, a gradual but very perceptible improvement in the cheerfulness of his spirits gladdened his family and his friends; intervals there doubtless were, when the continual seriousness of his habits of thought, or the force of circumstances, threw something more of gravity into his demeanour; but in general he was animated and even gay; renewing or preserving his intercourse with some of those he had most valued at Eton and Cambridge. The symptoms of deranged circulation which had manifested

¹ We had read these Lives, and had remarked them before we knew whose they were, as being of rare merit. No one could suppose they were written by one so young. We give his estimate of the character of Burke. “The mind of this great man may perhaps be taken as a representation of the general characteristics of the English intellect. Its groundwork was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business; but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment. He saw little, *because it was painful to him* to see anything beyond the limits of the national character. In all things, while he deeply revered principles, he chose to deal with the concrete rather than with abstractions. He studied men rather than man.” The words in italics imply an insight into the deepest springs of human action, the conjunct causes of what we call character, such as few men of large experience can attain.

themselves before, ceased to appear, or at least so as to excite his own attention; and though it struck those who were most anxious in watching him, that his power of enduring fatigue was not quite so great as from his frame of body and apparent robustness might have been anticipated, nothing gave the least indication of danger either to their eyes, or to those of the medical practitioners who were in the habit of observing him. An attack of intermittent fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833, may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow."

To any one who has watched the history of the disease by which "so quick this bright thing came to confusion," and who knows how near its subject must often, perhaps all his life, have been to that eternity which occupied so much of his thoughts and desires, and the secrets of which were so soon to open on his young eyes, there is something very touching in this account. Such a state of health would enhance, and tend to produce, by the sensations proper to such a condition, that habitual seriousness of thought, that sober judgment, and that tendency to look at the true life of things—that deep but gentle and calm sadness, and that occasional sinking of the heart, which make his noble and strong inner

nature, his resolved mind, so much more impressive and endearing.

This feeling of personal insecurity—of life being ready to slip away—the sensation that this world and its ongoings, its mighty interests, and delicate joys, is ready to be shut up in a moment—this instinctive apprehension of the peril of vehement bodily enjoyment—all this would tend to make him “walk softly,” and to keep him from much of the evil that is in the world, and would help him to live soberly, righteously, and godly, even in the bright and rich years of his youth. His power of giving himself up to the search after absolute truth, and the contemplation of Supreme goodness, must have been increased by this same organization. But all this delicate feeling, this fineness of sense, did rather quicken the energy and fervour of the indwelling soul—the *τι θερμόν πρᾶγμα* that burned within. In the quaint words of Vaughan, it was “manhood with a female eye.” These two conditions must, as we have said, have made him dear indeed. And by a beautiful law of life, having that organ out of which are the issues of life, under a sort of perpetual nearness to suffering, and so liable to pain, he would be more easily moved for others—more alive to their pain—more filled with fellow-feeling.

“The Editor cannot dwell on anything later. Arthur accompanied him to Germany in the beginning of August. In returning to Vienna from Pesth, a wet day probably gave rise to an intermittent fever, with very slight symptoms, and apparently subsiding, when a sudden rush of blood to the head put an instantaneous end to his life on the 15th of September 1833. The mysteriousness of such a dreadful termination to a disorder generally of so little importance, and in this instance of the slightest kind, has been diminished by an examination which showed a weakness of the cerebral vessels, and a want of sufficient energy in the heart. Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears, and whose hopes on this side the tomb are broken down for ever, may cling, as well as they can, to the poor consolation of believing that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it enshrined.

“The remains of Arthur were brought to England, and interred on the 3d of January 1834, in the chancel of Clevedon Church in Somersetshire, belonging to his maternal grandfather Sir Abraham Elton, a place selected by the Editor, not only from the connexion of kindred, but on account of its still and seques-

tered situation, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel.

“ More ought perhaps to be said—but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man, his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood a habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment’s pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light.

“ A considerable portion of the poetry contained in this volume was printed in the year

1830, and was intended by the author to be published together with the poems of his intimate friend, Mr. Alfred Tennyson. They were however withheld from publication at the request of the Editor. The poem of Timbuctoo was written for the University prize in 1829, which it did not obtain. Notwithstanding its too great obscurity, the subject itself being hardly indicated, and the extremely hyperbolical importance which the author's brilliant fancy has attached to a nest of barbarians, no one can avoid admiring the grandeur of his conceptions, and the deep philosophy upon which he has built the scheme of his poem. This is however by no means the most pleasing of his compositions. It is in the profound reflection, the melancholy tenderness, and the religious sanctity of other effusions that a lasting charm will be found. A commonplace subject, such as those announced for academical prizes generally are, was incapable of exciting a mind which, beyond almost every other, went straight to the furthest depths that the human intellect can fathom, or from which human feelings can be drawn. Many short poems of equal beauty with those here printed, have been deemed unfit even for the limited circulation they might obtain, on account of their unveiling more of emotion,

than consistently with what is due to him and to others, could be exposed to view.

“ The two succeeding essays have never been printed; but were read, it is believed, in a literary society at Trinity College, or in one to which he afterwards belonged in London. That entitled *Theodicæa Novissima*, is printed at the desire of some of his intimate friends. A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has however some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solution of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculation, with the most humble and reverential piety. It is probable that in many of his views on such topics he was influenced by the writings of Jonathan Edwards, with whose opinions on metaphysical and moral subjects, he seems generally to have concurred.

“ The extract from a review of Tennyson’s poems in a publication now extinct, the *Englishman’s Magazine*, is also printed at the suggestion of a friend. The pieces that follow are reprints, and have been already mentioned in this Memoir.”

We have given this Memoir almost entire, for the sake both of its subject and its manner—for what in it is the father’s as well as for what is the son’s. There is something very touching in the paternal composure, the judiciousness, the truthfulness, where truth is so difficult to reach through tears, the calm estimate and the subdued tenderness, the ever-rising but ever-restrained emotion ; the father’s heart throbs throughout.

We wish we could have given in full the letters from Arthur’s friends, which his father has incorporated in the Memoir. They all bring out in different but harmonious ways, his extraordinary moral and intellectual worth, his rare beauty of character, and their deep affection.

The following extract from one seems to us very interesting :—“ Outwardly I do not think there was anything remarkable in his habits, except an *irregularity with regard to times and places of study*, which may seem surprising in one whose progress in so many directions was so eminently great and rapid. *He was commonly to be found in*

some friend's room, reading, or canvassing. I dare say he lost something by this irregularity, *but less than perhaps one would at first imagine.* I never saw him idle. He might seem to be lounging, or only amusing himself, but his mind was always active, and active for good. In fact, his energy and quickness of apprehension did not stand in need of outward aid." There is much in this worthy of more extended notice. Such minds as his probably grow best in this way, are best left to themselves, to glide on at their own sweet wills; the stream was too deep and clear, and perhaps too entirely bent on its own errand, to be dealt with or regulated by any art or device. The same friend sums up his character thus:—
 "I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety; no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste; no man whose views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, and generous, and enlightened." And all this said of a youth of twenty—*heu nimium brevis ævi decus et desiderium!*

We have given little of his verse; and what we do give is taken at random. We agree entirely in his father's estimate of his poetical gift and art, but his mind was too serious, too thoughtful, too intensely dedicated to truth and

the God of truth, to linger long in the pursuit of beauty ; he was on his way to God, and could rest in nothing short of Him, otherwise he might have been a poet of genuine excellence.

“ Dark, dark, yea, ‘ irrecoverably dark,’
Is the soul’s eye ; yet how it strives and battles
Thorough th’ impenetrable gloom to fix
That master light, the secret truth of things,
Which is the body of the infinite God !”

“ Sure, we are leaves of one harmonious bower,
Fed by a sap that never will be scant,
All-permeating, all-producing mind ;
And in our several parcellings of doom
We but fulfil the beauty of the whole,
Oh, madness ! if a leaf should dare complain
Of its dark verdure, and aspire to be
The gayer, brighter thing that wantons near.”

“ Oh, blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who wast so lovely, and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books, whence knowledge we did gather,
Not these, but others now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears :
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify mine own to peerless good.”

“ Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
 Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall
 On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
 Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
 Seeming received into the blue expanse
 That vaults this summer noon.”

“ Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,
Nor all the music round thee from mine ear ;
Still grace flows from thee to the brightening year,
And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light.

Still am I free to close my happy eyes,
 And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,
 That soft white neck, that cheek in beauty warm,
 And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies :
 With, oh ! the blissful knowledge all the while
 That I can lift at will each curved lid,
 And my fair dream most highly realize.
 The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,
 When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid
 True light restore that form, those looks, that smile.”

“ The garden trees *are busy with the shower*
 That fell ere sunset : now methinks they talk,
 Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
 One to another down the grassy walk.

Hark the laburnum from his opening flower
 This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,
 While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
 Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore,¹

¹ This will remind the reader of a fine passage in *Edwin the Fair*, on the specific differences in the sounds made by the ash, the elm, the fir, &c., when moved by the wind ; and of some lines by Landor on flowers speaking to each other ;

What shall I deem their converse? would they hail
 The wild grey light that fronts yon massive cloud,
 Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?
 Or are they fighting faintly for desire
 That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,
 And dews about their feet may never fail."

In the Essay, entitled *Theodicea Novissima*, from which the following passages are taken to the great injury of its general effect, he sets himself to the task of doing his utmost to clear up the mystery of the existence of such things as sin and suffering in the universe of a being like God. He does it fearlessly, but like a child. It is in the spirit of his friend's words,—

" An infant crying in the night,
 An infant crying for the light,
 And with no language but a cry."

" Then was I as a child that cries,
 But, crying, knows his father near."

It is not a mere exercitation of the intellect, it is an endeavour to get nearer God—to assert his eternal Providence, and vindicate his ways to men. We know no performance more wonderful for such a boy. Pascal might have written it. As was to be expected, the tremendous subject remains where he found it—his glowing love and genius cast a gleam here and there across its

and of something more exquisite than either, in *Consuelo*—the description of the flowers in the old monastic garden, at "the sweet hour of prime."

gloom; but it is brief as the lightning in the collid night—the jaws of darknefs do devour it up—this fecret belongs to God. Acrofs its deep and dazzling darknefs, and from out its abyfs of thick cloud, “all dark, dark, irrecoverably dark,” no fteady ray has ever, or will ever come,—over its face its own darknefs muft brood, till He to whom alone the darknefs and the light are both alike, to whom the night fhineth as the day, fays, “Let there be light!” There is, we all know, a certain awful attraction, a namelefs charm for all thoughtful fpirits, in this myftery, “the greateft in the univerfe,” as Mr. Hallam truly fays; and it is well for us at times, fo that we have pure eyes and a clean heart, to turn afide and look into its gloom; but it is not good to bufy ourfelves in clever fpeculations about it, or briskly to criticife the fpeculations of others—it is a wife and pious faying of Auguftin, *Verius cogitatur Deus, quam dicitur; et verius eſt quam cogitatur.*

“I wifh to be underftood as confidering Chriftianity in the prefent Eſſay rather in its relation to the intellect, as conſtituting the higher philoſophy, than in its far more important bearing upon the hearts and deftinies of us all. I fhall propoſe the queſtion in this form, ‘Is there ground for believing that the exiſtence of moral evil is abſolutely neceſſary to the fulfilment of

God's essential love for Christ?' (*i.e.*, of the Father for Christ, or of *ὁ πατήρ* for *ὁ λόγος*.)

“ ‘ Can man by searching find out God?’ I believe not. I believe that the unassisted efforts of man's reason have not established the existence and attributes of Deity on so sure a basis as the Deist imagines. However sublime may be the notion of a supreme original mind, and however naturally human feelings adhered to it, the reasons by which it was justified were not, in my opinion, sufficient to clear it from considerable doubt and confusion. . . . I hesitate not to say that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism, which without that assistance would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope. *I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book because it is man's book.* It is true that the Bible affords me no additional means of demonstrating the falsity of Atheism; *if mind had nothing to do with the formation of the Universe, doubtless whatever had was competent also to make the Bible;* but I have gained this advantage, that my feelings and thoughts can no longer refuse their assent to *what is evidently framed to engage that assent; and what is it to me that I cannot disprove the bare logical possibility of my whole nature being fallacious?* To

seek for a certainty above certainty, an evidence beyond necessary belief, is the very lunacy of scepticism: we must trust our own faculties, or we can put no trust in anything, save that moment we call the present, which escapes us while we articulate its name. I am determined therefore to receive the Bible as Divinely authorized, and the scheme of human and Divine things which it contains, as essentially true."

"I may further observe, that however much we should rejoice to discover that the eternal scheme of God, the necessary completion, let us remember, of his Almighty Nature, did not require the absolute perdition of any spirit called by Him into existence, we are certainly not entitled to consider the perpetual misery of many individuals as incompatible with sovereign love."

"In the Supreme Nature those two capacities of Perfect Love and Perfect Joy are indivisible. Holiness and Happiness, says an old divine, are two several notions of one thing. Equally inseparable are the notions of Opposition to Love and Opposition to Bliss. *Unless therefore the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable.* Moreover, there is no possibility of continuing for ever partly with God and partly against him: we must either be capable by our nature of entire

accordance with His will, or we must be incapable of anything but misery, further than He may for awhile 'not impute our trespasses to us,' that is, He may interpose some temporary barrier between sin and its attendant pain. *For in the Eternal Idea of God a created spirit is perhaps not seen, as a series of successive states, of which some that are evil might be compensated by others that are good, but as one indivisible object of these almost infinitely divisible modes, and that either in accordance with His own nature, or in opposition to it. . . .*

“ Before the gospel was preached to man, how could a human soul have this love, and this consequent life? I see no way; but now that Christ has excited our love for him by showing unutterable love for us; now that we know him as an Elder Brother, a being of like thoughts, feelings, sensations, sufferings, with ourselves, it has become possible to love as God loves, that is, to love Christ, and thus to become united in heart to God. Besides, Christ is the express image of God's person: in loving him we are sure we are in a state of readiness to love the Father, whom we see, he tells us, when we see him. Nor is this all: the tendency of love is towards a union so intimate as virtually to amount to identification; when then by affec-

tion towards Christ we have become blended with his being, the beams of eternal love falling, as ever, on the one beloved object, will include us in him, and their returning flashes of love out of his personality will carry along with them some from our own, since ours has become confused with his, and so shall we be one with Christ and through Christ with God. Thus then we see the great effect of the Incarnation, as far as our nature is concerned, *was to render human love for the Most High a possible thing.* The Law had said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength;' and could men have lived by law, 'which is the strength of sin,' verily righteousness and life would have been by that law. But it was not possible, and all were concluded under sin, that in Christ might be the deliverance of all. I believe that Redemption" (*i.e.*, what Christ has done and suffered for mankind) "is universal, in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God, but man's own will : that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the abysmal secrets of personality ; but as far as Christ is concerned, his death was for all, since his intentions and affections were equally directed to all, and 'none who come to him will be in any wise cast out.'

“ I deprecate any hasty rejection of these thoughts as novelties. Christianity is indeed, as St. Augustin says, ‘ pulchritudo tam antiqua ;’ but he adds, ‘ tam nova,’ for it is capable of presenting to every mind a new face of truth. The great doctrine, which in my judgment these observations tend to strengthen and illumine, *the doctrine of personal love for a personal God*, is assuredly no novelty, but has in all times been the vital principle of the Church. Many are the forms of antichristian heresy, which for a season have depressed and obscured that principle of life : but its nature is conflictive and resurgent ; and neither the Papal Hierarchy with its pomp of systematized errors, nor the worse apostasy of latitudinarian Protestantism, have ever so far prevailed, but that many from age to age have proclaimed and vindicated the eternal gospel of love, believing, as I also firmly believe, that any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving God, whether it substitute for Him an idol, an occult agency, or a formal creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man.”

The following is from the Review of Tennyson’s Poems ; we do not know that during the lapse of eighteen years anything better has been said :—

“ Undoubtedly the true poet addresses himself, in all his conceptions, to the common nature of us all. Art is a lofty tree, and may shoot up far beyond our grasp, but its roots are in daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state. *But this requires exertion*; more or less, indeed, according to the difference of occasion, but always some degree of exertion. For since the emotions of the poet during composition follow a regular law of association, it follows that to accompany their progress up to the harmonious prospect of the whole, and to perceive the proper dependence of every step on that which preceded, it is absolutely necessary *to start from the same point, i.e.,* clearly to apprehend that leading sentiment of the poet’s mind, by their conformity to which the host of suggestions are arranged. *Now this requisite exertion is not willingly made by the large majority of readers. It is so easy to judge capriciously, and according to indolent impulse!*”

“ Those different powers of poetic disposition, the energies of Sensitive, of Reflective, or Pas-

fionate Emotion, which in former times were intermingled, and derived from mutual support an extensive empire over the feelings of men, were now restrained within separate spheres of agency. The whole system no longer worked harmoniously, and by intrinsic harmony acquired external freedom; but there arose a violent and unusual action in the several component functions, each for itself, all striving to reproduce the regular power which the whole had once enjoyed. *Hence the melancholy which so evidently characterizes the spirit of modern poetry; hence that return of the mind upon itself, and the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies rather than community of interest. In the old times the poetic impulse went along with the general impulse of the nation.*

“ One of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers. . . . He sees all the forms of Nature with the ‘*eruditus oculus*,’ and his ear has a fairy fineness. There is a *strange earnestness in his worship of beauty*, which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it. We think that he has *more definiteness and roundness of general conception* than the late Mr. Keats, and is much more free

from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy. . . . The author imitates nobody; *we recognise the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer.* His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Ferdusi or Calidasa. We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather modes of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused*, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive, to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought

to instruct the understanding *rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart.*"

What follows is justly thought and well said.

"And is it not a noble thing, that the English tongue is, as it were, the common focus and point of union to which opposite beauties converge? Is it a trifle that we temper energy with softness, strength with flexibility, capaciousness of sound with pliancy of idiom? Some, I know, insensible to these virtues, and ambitious of I know not what unattainable decomposition, prefer to utter funeral praises over the grave of departed Anglo-Saxon, or, starting with convulsive shudder, are ready to leap from surrounding Latinisms into the kindred, sympathetic arms of modern German. For myself, I neither share their regret, nor their terror. Willing at all times to pay filial homage to the shades of Hengist and Horfa, and to admit they have laid the base of our compound language; or, if you will, have prepared the soil from which the chief nutriment of the goodly tree, our British oak, must be derived, I am yet proud to confess that I look with sentiments more exulting and more reverential to the bonds by which the law of the universe has fastened me to my distant brethren of the same Caucasian race; to the privileges which I, an inhabitant of the gloomy North,

share in common with climates imparadised in perpetual summer, to the universality and efficacy resulting from blended intelligence, which, while it endears in our eyes the land of our fathers as a seat of peculiar blessing, tends to elevate and expand our thoughts into communion with humanity at large; and, in the ‘sublimar spirit’ of the poet, to make us feel

“That God is everywhere—the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.”

What nice shading of thought do his remarks on Petrarch discover!

“But it is not so much to his direct adoptions that I refer, *as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates.*”

Every one who knows anything of himself, and of his fellow-men, will acknowledge the wisdom of what follows. It displays an intimate knowledge both of the constitution and history of man, and there is much in it suited to our present need:—

“I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature,

and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its dangerous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood. However precipitate may be at any time the current of public opinion, bearing along the mass of men to the grosser agitations of life, and to such schemes of belief as make these the prominent object, there will always be in reserve a force of antagonist opinion, strengthened by opposition, and attesting the sanctity of those higher principles, which are despised or forgotten by the majority. These men are secured by natural temperament and peculiar circumstances from participating in the common delusion: but if some other and deeper fallacy be invented; if some more subtle beast of the field should speak to them in wicked flattery; if a digest of intellectual aphorisms can be substituted in their minds for a code of living truths, and the lovely semblances of beauty, truth, affection, can be made first to obscure the presence, and then to conceal the loss, of that religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these are but dreadful shadows;

if so fatal a stratagem can be successfully practised, I see not what hope remains for a people against whom the gates of hell have so prevailed."

"But the number of pure artists is small: few souls are so finely tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling, untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion. The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral: it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed. Temptations are never wanting: some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands: it is much easier to pander to the ordinary and often recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty. *To raise the many to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others: to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease.* If I may be allowed the metaphor, one partakes of the nature of redemptive power; the other of that self-abased and degenerate will, which 'flung from his splendours' the fairest star in heaven."

"Revelation is a voluntary approximation of

the Infinite Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity. But until this step has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a warrant for loving with all his heart and mind and strength? . . . Without the gospel, nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the difference. It is possible and natural to love the Father, who has made us his children by the spirit of adoption: it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and can succour those in temptation, having been himself tempted. *Thus the Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system."*

There is something to us very striking in the words "Revelation is a *voluntary* approximation of the Infinite Being." This states the case with an accuracy and a distinctness not at all common among either the opponents or the apologists of *revealed religion* in the ordinary sense of the expression. In one sense God is for ever revealing himself. His heavens are for ever telling his glory, and the firmament showing his handiwork; day unto day is uttering speech, and night unto night is showing knowledge concerning him. But in the word of the truth of the gospel, God

draws near to his creatures ; he bows his heavens and comes down :

“ That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,”

he lays aside. The Word dwelt with men. “ Come then, let *us* reason together ;”—“ Waiting to be gracious ;”—“ Behold, I stand at the door, and knock ; if any man open to me, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.” It is the father seeing his son while yet a great way off, and having compassion, and running to him and falling on his neck and kissing him : for “ it was meet for us to rejoice, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found.” Let no man confound the voice of God in his Works with the voice of God in his Word ; they are utterances of the same infinite heart and will ; they are in absolute harmony ; together they make up “ that undisturbed song of pure concert ;” one “ perfect diapason ;” but they are distinct ; they are meant to be so. A poor traveller, “ weary and way-fare,” is stumbling in unknown places through the darkness of a night of fear, with no light near him, the everlasting stars twinkling far off in their depths, and yet unrisen sun, or the waning moon, sending up their pale beams into the upper heavens, but all this is dis-

tant, and bewildering for his feet, doubtless better much than outer darkness, beautiful and full of God, if he could have the heart to look up, and the eyes to make use of its vague light; but he is miserable, and afraid, his next step is what he is thinking of; a lamp secured against all winds of doctrine is put into his hands, it may, in some respects, widen the circle of darkness, but it will cheer his feet, it will tell them what to do next. What a silly fool he would be to throw away that lantern, or draw down the shutters, and make it dark to him, while it sits "i' the centre and enjoys bright day," and all upon the philosophical ground that its light was of the same kind as the stars', and that it was beneath the dignity of human nature to do anything but struggle on and be lost in the attempt to get through the wilderness and the night by the guidance of those "natural" lights, which, though they are from heaven, have so often led the wanderer astray. The dignity of human nature indeed! Let him keep his lantern till the glad sun is up, with healing under his wings. Let him take good heed to the "sure" λόγον while in this ἀρχμηρῶ τοπιῶ—this dark, damp, unwholesome place, "till the day dawn and φωσφόρος—the day-star—arise." Nature and the Bible, the Works and the Word of

God, are two distinct things. In the mind of their Supreme Author they dwell in perfect peace, in that unspeakable unity which is of his essence; and to us his children, every day their harmony, their mutual relations, are discovering themselves; but let us beware of saying all nature is a revelation as the Bible is, and all the Bible is natural as nature is: there is a perilous juggle here.

The following passage develops Arthur Hallam's views on religious feeling; this was the master-idea of his mind, and it would not be easy to overrate its importance. "My son, give me thine heart;"—"Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God;"—"The fool hath said in his *heart*, There is no God." He expresses the same general idea in these words, remarkable in themselves, still more so as being the thought of one so young. "The work of intellect is posterior to the work of feeling. *The latter lies at the foundation of the man*; it is his proper self—the peculiar thing that characterizes him as an individual. No two men are alike in feeling; but conceptions of the understanding, when distinct, are precisely similar in all—the ascertained relations of truths are the common property of the race."

Tennyson, we have no doubt, had this thought

of his friend in his mind, in the following lines ; it is an answer to the question, Can man by searching find out God?—

“ I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle’s wing, or insect’s eye ;
Nor thro’ the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

“ If e’er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice ‘ believe no more,’
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep ;

“ *A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason’s colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer’d, ‘ I have felt.’*

“ No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

“ And what I seem beheld again
What is, and no man understands :
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro’ nature, moulding men.”

This is a subject of the deepest personal as well as speculative interest. In the works of Augustin, of Baxter, Howe, and Jonathan Edwards, and of Alexander Knox, our readers will find how large a place the religious affections held, in their view of Divine truth as well

as of human duty. The last-mentioned writer expresses himself thus:—"Our sentimental faculties are far stronger than our cogitative; and the best impressions on the latter will be but the moonshine of the mind, if they are alone. Feeling will be best excited by sympathy; rather, it cannot be excited in any other way. Heart must act upon heart—the idea of a living person being essential to all intercourse of heart. You cannot by any possibility *cordialize* with a mere *ens rationis*. 'The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,' otherwise we could not 'have seen his glory,' much less 'received of his fulness.'" ¹

Our young author thus goes on:—

"This opens upon us an ampler view in which the subject deserves to be considered, and a relation still more direct and close between the Christian religion and the passion of love. What is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion* which pervades it. Their poets never represent the Deity as an impassive principle, a mere organizing intellect, removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears. He is for them a being

¹ *Remains*, vol. iii. p. 105.

of like passions with themselves,¹ *requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection because capable of feeling and returning it.* Awful indeed are the thunders of his utterance and the clouds that furround his dwelling-place; very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him: but to his chosen people, and especially to the men ‘after his own heart,’ whom he anoints from the midst of them, his ‘still, small voice’ speaks in sympathy and loving-kindness. Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favoured race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God; the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an ‘exceeding weight of glory’ was suf-

¹ “An unfortunate reference (Acts xiv. 15), for the apostle’s declaration is, that he and his brethren were of ‘like passions’ (James v. 17);—liable to the same imperfections and mutations of thought and feeling as other men, and as the Lystrans supposed their gods to be; while the God proclaimed by him to them is not so. And *that* God is the God of the Jews as well as of the Christians; for there is but *one* God. Hallam’s thought is an important and just one, but not developed with his usual nice accuracy.”

For this note, as for much else, I am indebted to my father, whose powers of compressed thought I wish I had inherited.

pended. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his bed, and knew all his thoughts long before. *Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling—a desire for human affection.*¹ Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognised, though invisible, in every blessing that befel them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of *passionate individual attachment* which in the Hebrew authors

¹ Abraham “was called the friend of God;” “with him (Moses) will I (Jehovah) speak mouth to mouth, even apparently,”—“as a man to his friend;” David was “a man after mine own heart.”

always mingles with and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books of the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection, entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.

“ But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, ‘*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior.*’ In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, *there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings.* The idea of the Θεανθρωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly, temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity; this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination. It is the που στῶ, which alone was wanted to move the world. Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make

virtue the object of passion, and to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, *while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love*. The written word and established church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated to this new absorbing passion. The world was loved ‘in Christ alone.’ The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the universe to our narrow round of earth were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to one who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. *Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.*”¹

¹ This is the passage referred to in Henry Taylor’s delightful *Notes from Life* (“Essay on Wisdom”) :—

“Fear, indeed, is the mother of foresight: spiritual fear,

There is a sad pleasure,—*non ingrata amaritudo*, and a sort of meditative tenderness, in contemplating the little life of this “dear youth,” and in letting the mind rest upon these his earnest thoughts; to watch his keen and fearless, but child-like spirit, moving itself aright—going straight onward “along the lines of limitless desires”—throwing himself into the very deepest of the ways of God, and striking out as a strong swimmer striketh out his hands to swim; to see him “mewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eye at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance:”

“Light intellectual, and full of love,
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,
Joy, every other sweetness far above.”

It is good for every one to look upon such a sight, and as we look, to love. We should

of a foresight that reaches beyond the grave; temporal fear, of a foresight that falls short; but without fear there is neither the one foresight nor the other; and as pain has been truly said to be ‘the deepest thing in our nature,’ so is it fear that will bring the depths of our nature within our knowledge. A great capacity of *suffering* belongs to genius; and it has been observed that an alternation of joyfulness and dejection is quite as characteristic of the man of genius as intensity in either kind.” In his *Notes from Books*, p. 216, he recurs to it:—“‘Pain,’ says a writer whose early death will not prevent his being long remembered, ‘pain is the deepest thing that we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.’”

all be the better for it; and should desire to be thankful for, and to use aright a gift so good and perfect, coming down as it does from above, from the Father of lights, in whom alone there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Thus it is, that to each one of us the death of Arthur Hallam—his thoughts and affections—his views of God, of our relations to Him, of duty, of the meaning and worth of this world, and the next,—where he now is, have an individual significance. He is bound up in our bundle of life; we must be the better or the worse of having known what manner of man he was; and in a sense less peculiar, but not less true, each of us may say,

——“ The tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

——“ O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !”

“ God gives us love ! Something to love
He lends us ; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone :

“ This is the curse of time. Alas !
In grief we are not all unlearned ;
Once, through our own doors Death did pass ;
One went, who never hath returned.

“ This star
 Rose with us, through a little arc
 Of heaven, nor having wandered far,
 Shot on the sudden into dark.

“ Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace ;
 Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
 While the stars burn, the moons increase,
 And the great ages onward roll.

“ Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
 Nothing comes to thee new or strange,
 Sleep, full of rest from head to feet ;
 Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.”

Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.—Go in peace, soul beautiful and blessed.

“ O man greatly beloved, go thou thy way till the end, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.”—DANIEL.

“ Lord, I have viewed this world over, in which thou hast set me ; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest, but such things as please me for a while, in some degree, vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo ! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fulness of all things. I

join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life, and spend my days, with whom I aim to dwell for ever, expecting, when my little time is over, to be taken up ere long into thy eternity.”
—JOHN HOWE, *The Vanity of Man as mortal*.

*Neceſſe eſt tanquam immaturam mortem ejus de-
fleam: ſi tamen fas eſt aut flere, aut omnino mortem
vocare, quâ tanti juvenis mortalitas magis finita
quam vita eſt. Vivit enim, vivetque ſemper, atque
etiam latius in memoria hominum et ſermone ver-
ſabitur, poſtquam ab oculis receſſit.*

The above notice was published in 1851. On ſending to Mr. Hallam a copy of the *Review* in which it appeared, I expreſſed my hope that he would not be diſpleaſed by what I had done. I received the following kind and beautiful reply:—

“ WILTON CRESCENT, Feb. 1, 1851.

“ DEAR SIR,—IT would be ungrateful in me to feel any diſpleaſure at ſo glowing an eulogy on my dear eldeſt ſon Arthur, though after ſuch a length of time, ſo unuſual, as you have written in the *North Britiſh Review*. I thank you, on the contrary, for the ſtrong language of admiration you have employed, though it may expoſe me to applications for copies of the *Remains*, which I have it not in my power to comply with. I was very deſirous to have lent you a copy, at your requeſt, but you have ſucceeded elſewhere.

“ You are probably aware that I was prevented from doing this by a great calamity, very similar in its circumstances to that I had to deplore in 1833—the loss of another son, equal in virtues, hardly inferior in abilities, to him whom you have commemorated. This has been an unspeakable affliction to me, and at my advanced age, seventy-three years, I can have no resource but the hope, in God’s mercy, of a reunion with them both. The resemblance in their characters was striking, and I had often reflected how wonderfully my first loss had been repaired by the substitution, as it might be called, of one so closely representing his brother. I send you a brief Memoir, drawn up by two friends, with very little alteration of my own.—I am, Dear Sir, faithfully yours,

HENRY HALLAM.

“ DR. BROWN,
“ Edinburgh.”

The following extracts, from the *Memoir of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam* mentioned above, which has been appended to a reprint of his brother’s *Remains* (for private circulation), form a fitting close to this memorial of these two brothers, who were “ lovely and pleasant in their lives,” and are now by their deaths not divided:—

“ But few months have elapsed since the pages of *In Memoriam* recalled to the minds of many, and impressed on the hearts of all who perused

them, the melancholy circumstances attending the sudden and early death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of Henry Hallam, Esq. Not many weeks ago the public journals contained a short paragraph announcing the decease, under circumstances equally distressing, and in some points remarkably similar, of Henry Fitzmaurice, Mr. Hallam's younger and only remaining son. No one of the very many who appreciate the sterling value of Mr. Hallam's literary labours, and who feel a consequent interest in the character of those who would have sustained the eminence of an honourable name; no one who was affected by the striking and tragic fatality of two such successive bereavements, will deem an apology needed for this short and imperfect Memoir.

“ Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, the younger son of Henry Hallam, Esq., was born on the 31st of August 1824; he took his second name from his godfather, the Marquis of Lansdowne. . . . A habit of reserve, which characterized him at all periods of life, but which was compensated in the eyes of even his first companions by a singular sweetness of temper, was produced and fostered by the serious thoughtfulness ensuing upon early familiarity with domestic sorrow.

“ ‘ He was gentle,’ writes one of his earliest

and closest school-friends, 'retiring, thoughtful to pensiveness, affectionate, without envy or jealousy, almost without emulation, impressible, but not wanting in moral firmness. No one was ever more formed for friendship. In all his words and acts he was simple, straightforward, true. He was very religious. Religion had a real effect upon his character, and made him tranquil about great things, though he was so nervous about little things.'

"He was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1850, and became a member of the Midland Circuit in the summer. Immediately afterwards he joined his family in a tour on the Continent. They had spent the early part of the autumn at Rome, and were returning northwards, when he was attacked by a sudden and severe illness, affecting the vital powers, and accompanied by enfeebled circulation and general prostration of strength. He was able, with difficulty, to reach Siena, where he sank rapidly through exhaustion, and expired on Friday, October 25. It is to be hoped that he did not experience any great or active suffering. He was conscious nearly to the last, and met his early death (of which his presentiments, for several years, had been frequent and very singular) with calmness and fortitude. There is reason to apprehend, from

medical examination, that his life would not have been of very long duration, even had this unhappy illness not occurred. But for some years past his health had been apparently much improved; and, secured as it seemed to be by his unintermitted temperance and by a carefulness in regimen which his early feebleness of constitution had rendered habitual, those to whom he was nearest and dearest had, in great measure, ceased to regard him with anxiety. His remains were brought to England, and he was interred, on December 23d, in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, by the side of his brother, his sister, and his mother.

“ For continuous and sustained thought he had an extraordinary capacity, the bias of his mind being decidedly towards analytical processes; a characteristic which was illustrated at Cambridge by his uniform partiality for analysis, and comparative distaste for the geometrical method, in his mathematical studies. His early proneness to dwell upon the more recondite departments of each science and branch of inquiry has been alluded to above. It is not to be inferred that, as a consequence of this tendency, he blinded himself, at any period of his life, to the necessity and the duty of practical exertion. He was always eager to act as well as speculate; and, in this respect, his character

preserved an unbroken consistency and harmony from the epoch when, on commencing his residence at Cambridge, he voluntarily became a teacher in a parish Sunday-school, for the sake of applying his theories of religious education, to the time when, on the point of setting forth on his last fatal journey, he framed a plan of obtaining access, in the ensuing winter, to a large commercial establishment, in the view of familiarizing himself with the actual course and minute detail of mercantile transactions.

“Insensibly and unconsciously he had made himself a large number of friends in the last few years of his life: the painful impression created by his death in the circle in which he habitually moved, and even beyond it, was exceedingly remarkable, both for its depth and its extent. For those united with him in a companionship more than ordinarily close, his friendship had taken such a character as to have almost become a necessity of existence. But it was upon his family that he lavished all the wealth of his disposition—affection without stint, gentleness never once at fault, considerateness reaching to self-sacrifice:—

“ Di ciò si biasmi il debolo intelletto
E' l'parlar nostro, che non ha valore
Di ritrar tutto ciò che dice amore.

H. S. M.
F. L.”

ART AND SCIENCE.

Περὶ γένεσιν τέχνη—περὶ τὸ ὄν ἐπιστήμη.—ARIST. AN. POST.
ii. xix. 4.

Θεωρητικῆς μὲν (ἐπιστήμης) τέλος ἀλήθεια· πρακτικῆς δ' ἔργον.—ARIST.

Per speculativam scimus ut sciamus; per practicam scimus ut operemur.—AVERROES.

ART AND SCIENCE.

WE give these thoughts with this caution to our readers as well as to ourselves, that they do not run them out of breath. There is always a temptation to push such contrasts too far. In fact, they are more provocatives to personal independent thought than anything else; if they are more, they are mischievous. Moreover, it must always be remembered that Art, even of the lowest and most inarticulate kind, is always tending towards a scientific form—to the discovery and assertion of itself; and Science, if it deserves the name, is never absolutely barren, but goes down into some form of human action—becomes an art. The two run into each other. Art is often the strong blind man, on whose shoulders the lame and seeing man is crossing the river, as in Bewick's tail-piece. No artisan is literally without conscious and systematized, selected knowledge, which is science;

and no scientific man can remain absolutely inoperative ; but of two men one may be predominantly the one, and another the other. The word Science, in what follows, is used mainly in the sense of information, as equivalent to a body of ascertained truths—as having to do with doctrines. The word Art is used in the sense of practical knowledge and applied power. The reader will find some excellent remarks on this subject, in Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, Introduction, and in Mill's *Logic*, book vi. chap. xi.

IN MEDICINE,

ART	SCIENCE
Looks to symptoms and occasions.	Looks to essence and cause.
Is therapeutic and prognostic.	Is diagnostic.
Has a method.	Has a system.
Is <i>ante-mortem</i> .	Is <i>post-mortem</i> .
Looks to function more than structure.	Looks <i>vice versa</i> .
Runs for the stomach-pump.	Studies the phenomena of poisoning.
Submits to be ignorant of much.	Submits to be ignorant of nothing.
Acts.	Speaks.

Science and Art are the offspring of light and truth, of intelligence and will ; they are the parents of philosophy—that its father, this its

mother. Art comes up out of darkness, like a flower,—is there before you are aware, its roots unseen, not to be meddled with safely; it has grown from a seed, itself once alive, perishing in giving birth to its child. It draws its nourishment from all its neighbourhood, taking this, and rejecting that, by virtue of its elective instinct knowing what is good for it; it lives upon the *débris* of former life. It is often a thing without a name, a substance without an articulate form, a power felt rather than seen. It has always life, energy—*automatic* energy. It goes upon its own feet, and can go anywhere across a country, and hunts more by scent than sight. Science goes upon wheels, and must have a road or a rail. Art's leaves and stem may be harsh and uncomely; its flower—when it does flower—is beautiful, few things in this world more so. Science comes from the market, it is sold, can be measured and weighed, can be handled and gauged. It is full of light; but is lucid rather than luminous; it is, at its best, food, not blood, much less muscle—the fuel, not the fire. It is taken out of a nursery, and is planted as men plant larches. It is not propagated by seed; rather by bud, often by cutting. Many stick in leafy branches of such trees, and wonder like children, why they don't grow; they look well

at first, " but having no root they wither away." You may cover a hillside with such plantations. You must court the fowing of the winds, the dropping of the acorns, the dung of birds, the rain, the infinite chances and helps of time, before you can get a glen feathered with oak-coppice or birks. You will soon sell your larches; they are always in demand; they make good sleepers. You will not get a walking-stick out of them, a crutch for your old age, or a rib for a 74. You must take *them* from a wind-fown, wind-welded and heartened tree. Science is like cast-iron; soon made, brittle, and without elasticity, formal, useless when broken. Art is like malleable iron; tough, can cut, can be used up; is harder and has a spring. Your well-informed, merely scientific men, are all alike. Set one agoing at any point, he brings up as he revolves the same figures, the same thoughts, or rather ghosts of thoughts, as any ten thousand others. Look at him on one side, and, like a larch, you see his whole; every side is alike. Look at the poorest hazel, holding itself by its grappling talons on some grey rock, and you never saw one like it; you will never see one like it again; it has more sides than one; it has had a discipline, and has a will of its own; it is self-taught, self-sufficient.

Wisdom is the vital union of Art and Science ; an individual result of the two : it is more excellent than either ; it is the body animated by the soul ; the will, knowing what to do, and how to do it ; the members capable of fulfilling its bidding ; the heart nourishing and warming the whole ; the brain stimulating and quickening the entire organism.

SCIENCE AND ART, A CONTRASTED
PARALLEL.

ART	SCIENCE
Knows little of its birth.	Knows its birth ; registers it, and its after history.
Knows more of its progeny.	Has often no progeny at all.
Invents.	Discovers.
Uses the imperative.	Uses the indicative.
Is founded on experience.	Is antecedent to experience.
Teaches us to do.	Teaches us to know.
Is motive and dynamical.	Is statical, and has no feet.
Is eductive and conductive.	Is inductive and deductive.
Involves knowledge.	Evolves it.
Buys it, making of it what it likes, and needs, and no more.	Makes it up, and sells it.
Has rules.	Has laws.
Is synthetical more than analytical.	Is the reverse.
Is regulative and administrative, and shows the <i>how</i> , cares less about the <i>why</i> .	Is legislative and judicial ; says <i>what</i> ; says little as to <i>how</i> , but much as to <i>why</i> .

ART	SCIENCE
Eats ; makes muscles, and brains, and bones, and teeth, and fingers of it, without very well knowing how.	Makes food, cooks it, serves it up.
Is strong in organic life, and dwells in the <i>non-ego</i> .	Is strong in animal life, and dwells in the <i>ego</i> .
Is unconscious.	Is conscious.
Is a hand that handles tools ; is executive.	Is a sword, or a knife, or a pen, or in a word, an instrument.
Does something, and could do it again.	Says something, and can say it again.
Is gold.	Is coin.
Apprehends.	Comprehends.
Is endogenous, and grows from within.	Is exogenous, and grows from without.
Is often inherited ; dies with its possessor.	Is transmissible.
Forges the mind.	Furnishes it.
Makes knowledge a means.	Makes it an end.
Is a master, and keeps apprentices.	Is a teacher, and has scholars.
Holds by the will.	Holds by the understanding.
Is effect.	Is cause.
Is great in τὸ ὄτι. ¹	Is great in τὸ διότι.
Is science embodied—materialized.	Is art spiritualized.
Is the outflowing of mind into nature.	Is the inflowing of nature into mind.

¹ Ἄρχὴ γὰρ τὸ ὄτι· καὶ εἰ τοῦτο φαίνεται ἀρχαῦτως, οὐδὲν προσδεήσει τοῦ διότι—Principium est enim scire rem ita esse ; quod si satis sit perspicuum, cur ita sit non magnopere considerabitur.—ARIST. ἘΤΗ. Α. ΙV.

ART

Is man *acting* on nature.
Gives form, excellency, and
beauty, to the rude mate-
rial on which it operates.
Uses one eye.

SCIENCE

Is nature *speaking* to man.
Gives form, excellency, and
beauty, to the otherwile
unformed intelligence in
which it resides.
Uses the other.

WISDOM

Uses both, and is stereoscopic, discerning solidity as well as
surface, and seeing on both sides; its vision being the
unum quid of two images.

My friend, Dr. Adams of Banchory, tells me, that Bacon somewhere calls Science and Art a pair of Cyclops, and that Kant calls them twin Polyphemes.

It may be thought that I have shown myself, in this parallel and contrast, too much of a partisan for Art, as against Science, and the same may be not unfairly said of much of the rest of this volume: it was in a measure on purpose. The general tendency being counteractive of the purely scientific and positive, or merely informative current of our day. We need to remind ourselves constantly, that this kind of knowledge puffeth up, and that it is some-

thing quite else which buildeth up.¹ It has been finely said that Nature is the Art of God, and we may as truly say that all art—in the widest sense, as practical and productive—is his science. He knows all that goes to the making of everything, for He is himself, in the strictest sense, the only maker. He knows what made Shakspeare and Newton, Julius Cæsar and Plato, what we know them to have been, and they are his by the same right as the sea is, and the strength of the hills, for He made them, and his hands formed them, as well as the dry land. This making the circle for ever meet, this bringing Omega eternally round to Alpha, is, I think, more and more revealing itself as a great central, personal, regulative truth, and is being carried down more than ever into the recesses of physical research, where Nature is fast telling her long-kept secrets, all her tribes speaking each in their own tongue the wonderful works of God—the sea is saying, It is not in me,—everything is giving up any title to anything like substance, beyond being the result of the one Supreme Will. The more chemistry, and electrology, and life, are searched into by the keenest and most remorseless experiment, the more do we find ourselves admitting

¹ *Advancement of Learning*, pp. 8-11.—Pickering's Ed.

that motive power and force, as manifested to us, is derived, is in its essence immaterial, is direct from Him in whom we live and move, and to whom, in a sense quite peculiar, belongeth power.

Gravitation, we all allow, is not proveable to be inherent in matter; it is *ab extra*; and as it were, the attraction of his offspring to the infinite Parent, their being drawn to Him—the spirit, the *vis motiva*, returning to him who gave it.

The Dynamical Theory, as it is called, tends this way. Search into matter, and try to take it at the quick ere it is aware, the nearer you are to it, the less material it seems; it as it were recedes and shrinks—like moonlight vanishing as soon as scanned, and seems, as far as we can yet say, and as old Boscovich said, little else than a congeries of forces. Matter under the lens, is first seen as made up of atoms swimming in nothing, then further on, these atoms become themselves translucent, and as if scared, break up and disappear. So that, for anything we are getting to know, this may be the only essence of matter, that it is capable of being acted upon, so as to re-act; and that here, as well as in all that is more usually called spiritual and dynamical, God is all in all, the beginning, as he certainly is the ending; and that matter is what it is,

simply by his willing it, and that his willing it to be, constitutes its essence.¹

The more the microscope searches out the molecular structure of matter, the thinner does its object become, till we feel as if the veil were not so much being withdrawn, as being worn away by the keen scrutiny, or rent in twain, until at last we come to the true Shechinah, and may discern through it, if our shoes are off, the words "I AM," burning, but not consumed.

There is a Science of Art, and there is an Art of Science—the Art of Discovery, as by a wonderful instinct, enlarging human knowledge. Some of the highest exercises of the human spirit have been here. All primary discoverers are artists in the sciences they work in. Newton's

¹ The doctrine of the unity of nature, however difficult of physical proof by experiment,—and we might *a priori* expect it to be very difficult, for in such a case we must go up against the stream, instead of, as in analytics, going with it, it is a secret of nature, and she refuses stoutly to give it up, you can readily split the sunbeam into its spectrum, its chemical and electric rays; you cannot so readily gather them up into one,—but metaphysically, it has always seemed to me more than probable. If God is *one*, as we believe, and if he made all worlds out of nothing by his word, then surely, the nearest thing to the essence of all nature, when she came from God, the *materies materiæ*, must partake of his unity, or in words used elsewhere (Preface to Dr. Samuel Brown's *Lectures and Essays*), and somewhat altered: "If we believe that matter and all created existence is the immediate result of the will of the Supreme, who of old inhabited his own eternity, and

guesses that the diamond was inflammable, and many instances which must occur to the reader, are of the true artfman kind; he did it by a sort of venatic sense—knowing somewhat, and venturing more—coming events forecasting their shadows, but shadows which the wise alone can interpret. A man who has been up all night, while the world was asleep, and has watched the day-spring, the light shooting and circulating in the upper heavens, knows that the sun is coming, that “the bright procession” is “on its way.” It shines afar to him, because he has watched it from his Fesole, and presaged the dawn. The world in general has not been an early riser; it is more given to sit late; it frequents the valleys more than the mountain-tops.

dwelt alone; that he said ‘*Fiat!*’ *et fit*,—that Nature is for ever uttering to the great I AM, this one speech—‘THOU ART!’ is not the conclusion irresistible, that matter thus willed, resulting, as it does, in an external world, and, indeed, in all things visible and invisible, must partake of the absolute unity of its Author, and must, in any essence which it may be said to possess, be itself necessarily ONE, being by the same infinite Will made what we find it to be, multiform and yet one:—

‘One God,—one law,—one *element*.’”

In reference to this doctrine, Faraday, and indeed all advanced chemists and physicists, indicate, that they are, as children used to say in their play, “getting warm,” and nearing this great consummation, which will be the true philosophy of material science, its eduction from the multiple and complex, into the simple and one-fold.

Thus it is, that many discoveries, which to us below seem mysterious, as if they had a touch of witchcraft about them, are the plain, certain discoveries of sagacious reason higher up. The scientific prophet has done all this, as Ruskin says, by "the instinctive grasp which the healthy imagination¹ has of possible truth;" but he got the grasp and the instinct, and his means, from long rigorous practice with actual truth.

We ought to reverence these men, as we stand afar off on the plain, and see them going up

¹ The part which imagination plays in all primary discoveries might be here enlarged on, were there room. Here, as everywhere else, the difficulty is to keep the mean, and avoid too much wing, or too little. A geologist or chemist without imagination, is a bird without wings; if he wants the body of common sense, and the brain of reason, he is like a butterfly; he may be a "child of the sun," and his emblazoned wings be "rich as an evening sky," but he is the sport of every wind of doctrine, he flutters to and fro purposeless, is brilliant and evanescent as the flowers he lives on. Rather should he be like the seraphim, "who had six wings, with twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he did fly;" reverence, modesty, and caution—a habit of walking humbly, are as much part of a great philosopher as insight and daring. But I believe there has been no true discoverer, from Galileo and Kepler, to Davy, Owen, and our own Goodfir—the Nimrods of "possible truth"—without wings; they have ever had as their stoutest, staunchest hound, a powerful and healthy imagination to find and "point" the game. None of these men remained within the positive known, they must hypothesize, as Warburton calls it; they must, by a necessity of their nature, reach from the known out into the unknown. The great thing is to start from a truth—to have a *punctum stans* from which to move.

“the mount,” and drawing nearer into the darkness where God dwells : they will return with a message for us.

This foretelling, or power of scientific anticipation, is, as we have said, the highest act of scientific man, and is an interpenetration of *Ἐπιστήμη* and *Τέχνη*.

Such a view as I have given, is in harmony with revelation, and unites with it in proclaiming the moral personality, not less than the omnipotence of God, who thus, in a sense quite literal, “guides all the creatures with his eye, and refreshes them with his influence, making them feel the force of his Almightyness.”—(Jeremy Taylor.)¹ Every one must remember the sublimely simple shutting up of the *Principia*, as by “a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.” The humility of its author has a grandeur in it greater than any pride ; it is as if that lonely, intrepid thinker, who had climbed the heavens by that ladder he speaks of in such modest and homely phrase (patient observation in which, if in anything, he thought he excelled other men,—the never missing a step), after soaring “above the wheeling poles,” had come suddenly to “heaven’s door,” and

¹ Θεὸς περιέχει τῇ βουλήσει τὸ πᾶν, μείζων τοῦ παντος ὡσπερ τῇ οὐσίᾳ, οὕτως καὶ ἀξία.—RESP. AD ORTHOD.

at it looked in, and had prostrated himself before "the thunderous throne."¹

There is here the same strength, simplicity, and stern beauty and surprise, as of lightning and thunder, the same peremptory assertion and reiteration of the subject, like "harpers harping upon their harps," and the same main burden and refrain, as in the amazing chorus which closes Handel's "Messiah." We give it for its own grandeur, and for its inculcation of the personality of God, so much needed now, and without which human responsibility, and moral obligation, and all we call duty, must be little else than a dream.

"Hic omnia regit non ut anima mundi, sed ut universorum dominus. Et propter dominium suum, dominus deus *Παντοκράτωρ* dici solet. Nam deus est vox relativa et ad servos refertur: et deitas est dominatio dei, non in corpus proprium, uti sentiunt quibus deus est anima mundi, sed in servos. Deus summus est ens æternum, infinitum, absolute perfectum: sed ens utcunque perfectum sine dominio non est dominus deus. Dicimus enim deus meus, deus vester, deus *Israëlis*, deus deorum, et dominus dominorum: sed non dicimus æternus meus, æternus vester,

¹ Milton, Vacation Exercise, *anno ætatis* 19.

æternus *Israelis*, æternus deorum ; non dicimus infinitus meus, vel perfectus meus. Hæ appellationes relationem non habent ad fervos. Vox deus passim significat dominum : sed omnis dominus non est deus. Dominatio entis spiritualis deum constituit, vera verum, summa summum, ficta fictum. Et ex dominatione vera sequitur deum verum esse vivum, intelligentem et potentem ; ex reliquis perfectionibus summum esse, vel summe perfectum. Æternus est et infinitus, omnipotens et omnisciens, id est, durat ab æterno in æternum, et adest ab infinito in infinitum : omnia regit ; et omnia cognoscit quæ fiunt aut fieri possunt. Non est æternitas et infinitas, sed æternus et infinitus ; non est duratio et spatium, sed durat et adest. Durat semper, et adest ubique, et existendo semper et ubique, durationem et spatium constituit. . . .

“ Hunc (Deum) cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates ejus et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras et causas finales, et admiramur ob perfectiones ; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Colimus enim ut servi, et deus sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus nihil aliud est quam fatum et natura. A cæca necessitate metaphysica, quæ utique eadem est semper et ubique, nulla oritur rerum variatio. Tota rerum conditarum pro locis ac temporibus diversitas, ab ideis et voluntate entis necessario

existentis solummodo oriri potuit.”—*Principia*, Ed. 3^{ta}, pp. 528-29; London, 1726.

“ Nous accordons à *la raison* le pouvoir de nous démontrer l’existence du Créateur, de nous instruire de ses attributs infinis et de ses rapports avec l’ensemble des êtres ; mais par *le sentiment* nous entrons en quelque sorte en commerce plus intime avec lui, et son action sur nous est plus immédiate et plus présente. Nous professons un égal éloignement et pour le mysticisme—qui, sacrifiant la raison au sentiment et l’homme à Dieu, se perd dans les splendeurs de l’infini—et pour le panthéisme, qui refuse à Dieu les perfections mêmes de l’homme, en admettant sous ce nom on ne fait quel être abstrait, privé de conscience et de liberté. Grâce à cette conscience de nous-mêmes et de notre libre arbitre, sur laquelle se fondent à la fois et notre méthode et notre philosophie tout entière, ce dieu abstrait et vague dont nous venons de parler, le dieu du panthéisme devient à jamais impossible, et nous voyons à sa place la Providence, le Dieu libre et saint que le genre humain adore, le législateur du monde moral, la source en même temps que l’objet de cet amour insatiable du beau et du bien qui se mêle au fond de nos âmes à des passions d’un autre ordre.”—*Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*, par une Société des Professeurs et Savans. Preface, pp. viii., ix.

THE BLACK DWARF'S BONES.

. . . “ *If thou wert grim,
Lame, ugly, crooked, swart, prodigious.*”

KING JOHN.

THE BLACK DWARF'S BONES.

THESE gnarled, stunted, useless old bones, were all that David Ritchie, the original of the Black Dwarf, had for left *femur* and *tibia*, and we have merely to look at them and add



poverty, to know the misery summed up in their possession. They seem to have been blighted and rickety. The *femur* is very short and slight, and singularly loose in texture; the *tibia* is dwarfed, but dense and stout. They were given to me

many years ago by the late Andrew Ballantyne, Esq. of Woodhouse (the Wudefs, as they call it on Tweedside), and their genuineness is unquestionable.

As anything must be interesting about one once so forlorn and miserable, and whom our great wizard has made immortal, I make no apology for printing the following letters from my old friend, Mr. Craig, long surgeon in Peebles, and who is now spending his evening, after a long, hard, and useful day's work, in the quiet vale of Manor, within a mile or two of "Cannie Elshie's" cottage. The picture he gives is very affecting, and should make us all thankful that we are "wiselike." There is much that is additional to Sir Walter's account, in his "Author's Edition" of the Waverley Novels.

" HALL MANOR, *Thursday, May 20, 1858.*

" MY DEAR SIR, — David Ritchie, *alias* Bowed Davie, was born at Easter Happlew, in the parish of Stobo, in the year 1741. He was brought to Woodhouse, in the parish of Manor, when very young. His father was a labourer, and occupied a cottage on that farm; his mother, Anabel Niven, was a delicate woman, severely afflicted with rheumatism, and could not take care of him when an infant. To this

cause he attributed his deformity, and this, if added to imperfect clothing, and bad food, and poverty, will account for the grotesque figure which he became. He never was at school, but he could read tolerably; had many books; was fond of poetry, especially Allan Ramsay; he hated Burns. His father and mother both died early, and poor Davie became a homeless wanderer; he was two years at Broughton Mill, employed in stirring the husks of oats, which were used for drying the corn on the kiln, and required to be kept constantly in motion; he boasted, with a sort of rapture, of his doings there. From thence he went to Lyne's Mill, near his birthplace, where he continued one year at the same employment, and from thence he was sent to Edinburgh to learn brush-making, but made no progress in his education there; was annoyed by the wicked boys, or *keelies*, as he called them, and found his way back to Manor and Woodhouse. The farm now possessed by Mr. Ballantyne, was then occupied by four tenants, among whom he lived; but his house was at Old Woodhouse, where the late Sir James Nasmyth built him a house with two apartments, and separate outer doors, one for himself exactly his own height when standing upright in it; and this stands as

it was built, exactly four feet. A Mr. Ritchie, the father of the late minister of Athelstaneford, was then tenant; his wife and Davie could not agree, and she repeatedly asked her husband to put him away, by making the highest stone of his house the lowest. Ritchie left, his house was pulled down, and Davie triumphed in having the stones of his chimney-top made a step to his door, when this new house was built. He was not a little vindictive at times when irritated, especially when any allusion was made to his deformity. On one occasion, he and some other boys were stealing pease in Mr. Gibson's field, who then occupied Woodhouse; all the others took *leg-bail*, but Davie's locomotion being tardy, he was caught, shaken, and scolded by Gibson for all the rest. This he never forgot, and vowed to be avenged on the "auld sinner and deevil;" and one day when Gibson was working about his own door, Davie crept up to the top of the house, which was low, and threw a large stone down on his head, which brought the old man to the ground. Davie crept down the other side of the house, got into bed beside his mother, and it was never known where the stone came from, till he boasted of it long afterwards. He only prayed that it might sink down through his "*harn-pan*" (his skull). His per-

fional appearance seems to have been almost indescribable, not bearing any likeness to anything in this upper world. But as near as I can learn, his forehead was very narrow and low, sloping upwards and backward, something of the hatchet shape; his eyes deep set, small, and piercing; his nose straight, thin as the end of a cut of cheese, sharp at the point, nearly touching his fearfully projecting chin; and his mouth formed nearly a straight line; his shoulders rather high, but his body otherwise the size of ordinary men; his arms were remarkably strong. With very little aid he built a high garden wall, which still stands, many of the stones of huge size; these the shepherds laid to his directions. His legs beat all power of description; they were bent in every direction, so that Mungo Park, then a surgeon at Peebles, who was called to operate on him for strangulated hernia, said he could compare them to nothing but a pair of cork-screws; but the principal turn they took was from the knee outwards, so that he rested on his inner ankles, and the lower part of his tibias. The position of the bones in the woodcut, gives some, but a very imperfect idea of this; the *thrown* twisted limbs must have crossed each other at the knees, and looked more like roots than legs,

“ And his knotted knees play'd ay knoit between.”

“ He had never a shoe on his feet ; the parts on which he walked were rolled in rags, old stockings, &c., but the toes always bare, even in the most severe weather. His mode of progressing was as extraordinary as his shape. He carried a long pole, or ‘kent,’ like the Alpenstock, tolerably polished, with a turned top on it, on which he rested, placed it before him, he then lifted one leg, something in the manner that the oar of a boat is worked, and then the other, next advanced his staff, and repeated the operation, by diligently doing which he was able to make not very slow progress. He frequently walked to Peebles, four miles, and back again in one day. His arms had no motion at the elbow-joints, but were active enough otherwise. He was not generally ill-tempered, but furious when roused.

“ ROBERT CRAIG.”

“ HALL MANOR, *June 15, 1858.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have delayed till now to finish Bowed Davie, in the hope of getting more information, and to very little purpose. His contemporaries are now so few, old, and widely scattered, that they are difficult to be got at, and when come at, their memories are failed, like their bodies. I have forgotten at what

stage of his history I left off; but if I repeat, you can omit the repetitions. Sir James Namyth, late of Poffo, took compassion on the houseless, homeless *lufus naturæ*, and had a house built for him to his own directions; the door, window, and everything to suit his diminished, grotesque form; the door four feet high, the window twelve by eighteen inches, without glass, closed by a wooden board, hung on leathern hinges, which he used to keep shut. Through it he reconnoitred all visitors, and only admitted ladies and particular favourites; he was very superstitious; ghosts, fairies, and robbers he dreaded most. I have forgotten if I mentioned how he contrived to be fed and warmed. He had a small allowance from the parish poor-box, about fifty shillings; this was eked out by an annual peregrination through the parish, when some gave him food, others money, wool, &c., which he hoarded most miserly. How he cooked his food I have not been able to learn, for his sister, who lived in the same cottage with him, was separated by a stone and lime wall, and had a separate door of the usual size, and window to match, and was never allowed to enter his dwelling; but he brought home such loads, that the shepherds had to be on the out-look for him, when on his annual eleemosynary expeditions, to carry

home part of his spoil. On one occasion a servant was ordered to give him some salt, for containing which he carried a long stocking; he thought the damsel had scrimped him in quantity, and he fat and distended the stocking till it appeared less than half full, by pressing down the salt, and then called for the gudewife, showed it her, and asked if she had ordered Jenny only to give him that wee pickle salt; the maid was scolded, and the stocking filled. He spent all his evenings at the back of the Woodhouse kitchen fire, and got at least one meal every day, where he used to make the rustics gape and stare at the many ghost, fairy, and robber stories which he had either heard of or invented, and poured out with unceasing volubility, and so often, that he believed them all true. But the Ballantyne family had no great faith in his veracity, when it suited his convenience to fib, exaggerate, or prevaricate, particularly when excited by his own lucubrations, or the waggery of his more intellectual neighbours and companions. He had a seat in the centre, which he always occupied, and a stool for his deformed feet and legs; they all rose at times, asking Davie to do likewise, and when he got upon his pins, he was shorter than when sitting, his body being of the ordinary length, and the deficiency all in his legs. On one occasion, a wag named

Elder put up a log of wood opposite his loop-hole, made a noise, and told Davie that the robbers he dreaded so much were now at his house, and would not go away; he peeped out, and saw the log, exclaimed, 'So he is, by the Lord God and my soul; Willie Elder, gi'e me the gun, and see that she is weel charged.' Elder put in a very large supply of powder without shot, rammed it hard, got a stool, which Davie mounted, Elder handing him the gun, charging him to take time, and aim fair, for if he missed him, he would be mad at being shot at, be sure to come in, take everything in the house, cut their throats, and burn the house after. Davie tremblingly obeyed, presented the gun slowly and cautiously, drew the trigger; off went the shot, the musket rebounded, and back went Davie with a rattle on the floor. Some accomplice tumbled the log; Davie at length was encouraged to look out, and actually believed that he had shot the robber; said he had done for him now, 'that ane wad plague him nae mair at ony rate.' He took it into his head at one time that he ought to be married, and having got the consent of a haverel wench to yoke with him in the silken bonds of matrimony, went to the minister several times, and asked him to perform the ceremony. At length the minister

sent him away, saying, that he could not and would not accommodate him in the matter. Davie swung himself out at the door on his kent, much crest-fallen, and in great wrath, shutting the door with a bang behind him, but opening it again, he shook his clenched fist in the parson's face, and said, 'Weel, weel, ye'll no let decent, honest folk marry; but, 'od, lad, I'fe plenish your parish wi' bastards, to see what ye'll mak o' that,' and away he went. He read Hooke's *Pantheon*, and made great use of the heathen deities. He railed sadly at the taxes; some one observed that he need not grumble at them as he had none to pay. 'Hae I no'?' he replied, 'I can naither get a pickle snuff to my neb, nor a pickle tea to my mouth, but they maun tax it.' His sister and he were on very unfriendly terms. She was ill on one occasion; Miss Ballantyne asked how she was to-day. He replied, 'I dinna ken, I ha'na been in, for I hate folk that are aye gaun to dee and never do't.' In 1811 he was seized with obstruction of the bowels and consequent inflammation; blisters and various remedies were applied for three days without effect. Some one came to Mrs. Ballantyne and said that it was 'just about a' owre wi' Davie noo.' She went, and he breathed his last almost immediately. His sister,

without any delay, got his keys, and went to his secret repository, Mrs. Ballantyne thought to get dead-clothes, but instead, to the amazement of all present, she threw three money-bags, one after another, into Mrs. Ballantyne's lap, telling her to count that, and that, and that. Mrs. B. was annoyed and astonished at the multitude of half-crowns and shillings, all arranged according to value. He hated sixpences, and had none, but the third contained four guineas in gold. Mrs. B. was disgusted with the woman's greed, and put them all up, saying, what would anybody think if they came in and found them counting the man's money and his breath scarcely out,—took it all home to her husband, who made out £4, 2s. in gold, £10 in a bank receipt, and £7, 18s. in shillings and half-crowns, in all £22. How did he get this? He had many visitors, the better class of whom gave him half-crowns, others shillings and sixpences; the latter he never kept, but converted them into shillings and half-crowns whenever he got an opportunity. I asked the wright how he got him into a coffin. He replied, 'Easily; they made it deeper than ordinary, and wider, so as to let in his distorted legs, as it was impossible to streek him like others.' He often expressed a resolve to be

buried on the Woodhill top, three miles up the water from the churchyard, as he could never "lie among the common trash;" however, this was not accomplished, as his friend, Sir James Nasmyth, who had promised to carry this wish into effect, was on the Continent at the time. When Sir James returned he spoke of having his remains lifted and buried where he had wished; but this was never done, and the expense of a railing and plantation of rowan-trees (mountain ash), his favourite prophylactic against the spells of witches and fairies, was abandoned. The Woodhill is a romantic, green little mount, situated at the west side of the Manor, which washes its base on the east, and separates it from Langhaugh heights, part of a lofty, rocky, and heathery mountain range, and on the west is the ruin of the ancient peel-house of old Possfo, long the residence of the Nasmyth family. And now that we have the Dwarf dead and buried, comes the history of his resurrection in 1821. His sister died exactly ten years after him. A report had been spread that he had been lifted and taken to dissecting-rooms in Glasgow, which at that period was the fate of many a more seemly corpse than Davie's; and the young men—for Manor had no sexton—who dug the sister's grave in the vicinity of her brother's,

stimulated by curiosity to see if his body had really been carried off, and if still there what his bones were like, lifted them up, and carried them to Woodhouse, where they lay a considerable time, till they were sent to Mr. Ballantyne, then in Glasgow. Miss Ballantyne thinks the skull was taken away with the other bones, but put back again. I have thus given you all the information I can gather about the Black Dwarf that I think worth narrating. It is reported that he sometimes sold a gill, but if this is true the Ballantynes never knew it. Miss Ballantyne says that he was not ill-tempered, but on the contrary, kind, especially to children. She and her brother were very young when she went to Woodhouse, and her father objected to re-setting the farm from Sir James, on account of the fearful accounts of his horrid temper and barbarous deeds, and Sir James said if he ever troubled them that he would immediately put him away; but he was very fond of the younger ones, played with them, and amused them, though when roused and provoked by grown-up people, he raged, stormed, swore terrifically, and struck with anything that was near him, in short, he had an irritable but not a sulky, sour, misanthropic temper. The Messrs. Chambers wrote a book about him and his doings

at a very early period of their literary history. Did I tell you of a female relative, Niven (whom he would never see), saying that she would come and streak him after he died? He sent word, 'that if she offered to touch his corpse he would rive the thrapple oot o' her—he would rather be streakit by Auld Clootie's ain red-het hands.'—Yours, truly obliged,

“ R. C.”

This poor, vindictive, solitary, and powerful creature, was a philocalist: he had a singular love of flowers and of beautiful women. He was a sort of Paris, to whom the blushing Aphrodites of the glen used to come, and his judgment is said to have been as good, as the world generally thinks that of *Œnone's* handsome and faithless mate. His garden was full of the finest flowers, and it was his pleasure, when the young beauties

“ Who bore the blue sky intermixed with flame
In their fair eyes”

came to him for their competitive examination, to scan them well, and then, without one word, present each with a flower, which was of a certain fixed and well-known value in *Davie's standard calimeter*.

I have heard that there was one kind of rose,

his *καλλιστεῖον*, which he was known to have given only to three, and I remember seeing one of the three, when she was past seventy. Margaret Murray, or Morra, was her maiden name, and this fine old lady, whom an Oxonian would call a Double First, grave and silent, and bent with "the pains," when asked by us children, would, with some reluctance, and a curious grave smile, produce out of her Bible, Bowed Davie's withered and flattened rose; and from her looks, even then, I was inclined to affirm the decision of the connoisseur of Manor Water. One can fancy the scene in that sweet solitary valley, informed like its sister Yarrow with pastoral melancholy, with a young May, bashful and eager, presenting herself for honours, encountering from under that penthouse of eye-brows the steady gaze of the strange eldritch creature; and then his making up his mind, and proceeding to pluck his award and present it to her, "herself a fairer flower;" and then turning with a scowl, crossed with a look of tenderness, crawl into his den. Poor "gloomy Dis," flinking in alone.

They say, that when the candidate came, he surveyed her from his window, his eyes gleaming out of the darkness, and if he liked her not, he disappeared; if he would entertain her, he beckoned her into the garden.

I have often thought, that the *Brownie*, of whom the South country legends are so full, must have been some such misshapen creature, strong, willing, and forlorn, conscious of his hideous forbidding looks, and ready to purchase affection at any cost of labour, with a kindly heart, and a longing for human sympathy and intercourse. Such a being looks like the prototype of the Aiken-Drum of our infancy, and of that "drudging goblin," of whom we all know how he

" Sweat

To earn his cream-bowl daily fet,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day lab'ers could not end ;
 Then lies him down, the lubber¹ fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And cropful out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings."

My readers will, I am sure, more than pardon me for giving them the following poem on Aiken-Drum, for the pleasure of first reading which, many years ago, I am indebted to Mr. R. Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, where its "extraordinary merit" is generously acknowledged.

¹ Lob-lye-by-the-fire.

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

THERE cam' a strange wicht to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken ;
He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
 Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumlic cloud has it half o'ercaft ;
Or the struggling moon when she's fair distrest,
 O, firs ! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glow'r till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak,
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

O ! had ye seen the bairns' fricht,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wicht,
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark an' the licht,
 An' graned out, Aiken-drum !

'Sauf us !' quoth Jock, 'd'ye see sic een ?'
Cries Kate, 'There's a hole where a nose should ha' been ;
An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en ;
 Wow ! keep's frae Aiken-drum !'

The black dog growlin' cow' red his tail,
The lassie swarf'd, loot fa' the pail ;
Rob's lingle brack as he mendit the flail,
 At the sicht o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest ;
But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen,
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,

An' his knotted knees play'd ay knoit between ;
 What a sicht was Aiken-drum !

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trail'd on the grun' by his taelefs feet ;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a feore, himsel' did fain,
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane ;
 While the young ane clofer clespit her wean,
 And turn'd frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her braith,
 And she thoct the Bible micht ward aff scaith ;
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it fear'd na Aiken-drum.

' His presence protect us !' quoth the auld gudeman ;
 ' What wad ye, whare won ye,—by sea or by lan' ?
 I conjure ye—speak—by the Beuk in my han' !'
 What a grane gae Aiken-drum !

' I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by ;
 But I'fe dwell noo wi' you if ye like to try—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum ?

' I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sun,¹
 I'll berry your crap by the licht o' the moon,

¹ On one occasion, Brownie had undertaken to gather the sheep into the bught by an early hour, and so zealously did he perform his task, that not only was there not one sheep left on the hill, but he had also collected a number of hares, which were found fairly penned along with them. Upon being congratulated on his extraordinary success, Brownie exclaimed, " Confound thae wee gray anes ! they cost me mair trouble than a' the lave o' them."

An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenn'd tunc,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

' I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, an' I'll turn the bread ;
An' the wildest fillie that e'er ran rede
I'fe tame't,' quoth Aiken-drum !

' To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell—
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell—
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Micht gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

' I'fe feek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark ;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor fark ;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the licht an' the dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife, ' The thing speaks weel ;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal ;
Giff he'll do as he says—be he man, be he de'il,
Wow ! we'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirl'd, ' He's no' be here !
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear ;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
Despair fits brooding aboon his e'e-bree,
And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum.'

' Puir clipmalabors ! ye hae little wit ;
Is't na hallowmas noo, an' the crap out yet ?'
Sae she feelenc'd them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit,
' Sit-yer-wa's-down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that fide what wark was dunc,
 By the streamer's gleam, or the glanee o' the moon ;
 A word, or a wish—an' the Brownie cam func,
 Sac helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he flade aye awa or the sun was up,
 He ne'er could look straught on Maemillan's cup ;¹
 They watch'd,—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
 Nor a spune fought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
 For mony a day a toil'd wicht was he ;
 And the bairns they play'd harmless roun' his knee,
 Sac social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, su' o' rippish freaks,
 Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
 Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
 By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learn'd decide when they convenc,
 What spell was him an' the breeks between ;
 For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
 An' fair mis'd was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
 Crying, ' Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve ;
 For alas ! I hae gotten baith see an' leave,
 O luckless Aiken-drum !'

¹ A communion cup, belonging to M'Millan, the well-known ousted minister of Balmaghie, and founder of the sect of Covenanters of his name. This cup was treasured by a zealous disciple in the parish of Kirkeowan, and long used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons. If, on taking it into his hand, the person trembled, or gave other symptoms of agitation, he was denounced as having bowed the knee to Baal, and sacrificed at the altar of idolatry.

Awa! ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gainst the 'sponsible voice o' a hale country-side
 'On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Tho' the ' Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
 Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, licht loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glasnock mill hae swat wi' fear,
 An' look'd roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fricht,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gaed nae licht,
At the roaring linn in the howe o' the nicht,
 Wi' fughs like Aiken-drum.

We would rather have written these lines than any amount of *Aurora Leighs*, *Festuses*, or such like, with all their mighty "somethingness," as Mr. Bailey would say. For they, are they not the "native wood-notes wild" of one of nature's darlings? Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakeable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like *Tam o' Shanter*, in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour,

word music, dramatic power, even wit—all are here. I have often read it aloud to children, and it is worth any one's while to do it. You will find them repeating all over the house for days such lines as take their heart and tongue.

The author of this noble ballad was William Nicholson, the Galloway poet, as he was, and is still called in his own district. He was born at Tanimaus, in the parish of Borgue, in August 1783; he died *circa* 1848, unseen, like a bird. Being extremely short-sighted, he was unfitted for being a shepherd or ploughman, and began life as a packman, like the hero of "the Excursion;" and is still remembered in that region for his humour, his music, his verse, and his gingham; and also, alas! for his misery and his sin. After travelling the country for thirty years, he became a packless pedlar, and fell into "a way of drinking;" this led from bad to worse, and the grave closed in gloom over the ruins of a man of true genius. Mr. M'Diarmid of Dumfries prefixed a memoir of him to the Second Edition of his *Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems*. These are scarcely known out of Galloway, but they are worth the knowing: none of them have the concentration and nerve of the Brownie, but they are from the same brain and heart. "The Country

Lafs," a long poem, is excellent ; with much of Crabbe's power and compression. This, and the greater part of the volume is in the Scottish dialect, but there is a Fable—the Butterfly and Bee—the English and sense, the fine, delicate humour and turn of which might have been Cowper's; and there is a bit of rugged sarcasm called "Siller," which Burns need not have been ashamed of. Poor Nicholson, besides his turn for verse, was an exquisite musician, and sang with a powerful and sweet voice. One may imagine the delight of a lonely town-end, when Willie the packman and the piper made his appearance, with his stories, and jokes, and ballads, his songs, and reels, and "wanton wiles."

There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer, in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music ; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake, he still heard the strains. He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass-field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes, and walked across the field, everything but that strange wild melody, still and silent in this the

“sweet hour of prime.” As he got nearer the “beasts,” the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun “glintin” on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—“an Orpheus; an Orpheus.” What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: “Me and this quarry are lang acquaint, and I’ve mair pleesure in pipin to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin away afore me.”

OUR GIDEON GRAYS.

Agricolam laudat

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.

“ I would rather go back to Africa than practise again at Peebles.”—MUNGO PARK.

OUR GIDEON GRAYS.¹

IT might perhaps have been better, if our hard-headed, hard-hitting, clever, and not over-manfuete friend "*Fuge Medicos*" had never allowed those "wild and stormy writings" of his to come into print, and it might perhaps also have been as well, had we told him so at once; but as we are inclined to be optimists when a thing is past, we think more good than evil has come out of his assault and its repulse. "F. M." (we cannot be always giving at full length his uncouth Hoffmannism) has, in fact, in his second letter, which is much the better, answered his first, and turned his back considerably upon him-

¹ The following short paper from the *Scotsman* was occasioned by a correspondence in that newspaper, in which doctors in general, and country doctors in particular, were attacked and defended. It is reprinted here as a record of the amazing facts brought out by Dr. Alison's Association. In the attack by "*Fuge Medicos*," consisting of two long letters, there was much ability with not much fairness, and not a little misapplied energy of language, and sharpness of invective.

self, by abating some of his most offensive charges; and our country doctors in their replies have shown that they have sense as well as spirit, and can write like gentlemen, while they of the town have cordially and to good purpose spoken up for their hard-working country brethren.

We are not now going to adjudicate upon the strictly professional points raised by "F. M.," whether, for instance, bleeding is ever anything but mischievous; whether the constitution, or type of disease, changes or not; whether Dr. Samuel Dickson of "the Fallacies" is an impudent quack or the Newton of medicine; whether Dr. Wilkinson is an amiable and bewildered Swedenborgian, with much imagination, little logic, and less knowledge, and a wonderful power of beautiful writing, or the herald of a new gospel of health. We may have our own opinions on these subjects, but their discussion lies out of our beat; they are strictly professional in their essence, and ought to remain so in their treatment. We are by no means inclined to deny that there are ignorant and dangerous practitioners in the country, as well as in the city. What we have to say against "F. M." and in favour of the class he has attacked is, that no man should bring such charges against

any large body of men, without offering such an amount and kind of proof of their truth, as, it is not too much to say, it is impossible for any mere amateur to produce, even though that amateur were as full of will and energy as "F. M.;" and unless he can do so, he stands convicted of something very like what he himself calls "reckless, maleficent stupidity." It is true, "F. M." speaks of "ignorant country doctors;" but his general charges against the profession have little meaning, and his Latin motto still less, if ignorance be not predicated of country doctors in general. One, or even half a dozen worthless, mischievous country doctors, is too small an induction of particulars, to warrant "F. M." in inferring the same qualities of some 500 or more unknown men. But we are not content with proving the negative: we speak not without long, intimate, and extensive knowledge of the men who have the charge of the lives of our country population, when we assert, that not only are they as a class fully equal to other rural professional men in intelligence, humanity, and skill, and in all that constitutes what we call worth, but that, take them all in all, they are the best educated, the most useful, the most enlightened, as they certainly are the worst paid and hardest-worked country

doctors in Christendom. Gideon Gray, in Scott's story of the Surgeon's Daughter, is a faithful type of this sturdy, warm-hearted, useful class of men, "under whose rough coat and blunt exterior," as he truly says, "you find professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science."

Moreover, they have many primary mental qualities in which their more favoured brethren of the city are necessarily behind them—self-reliance, presence of mind, simplicity and readiness of resource, and a certain homely sagacity. These virtues of the mind are, from the nature of things, more likely to be fully brought out, where a man must be self-contained and everything to himself; he cannot be calling in another to consult with him in every anxious case, or indulge himself in the luxury of that safety which has waggishly been expounded as attaching more to the multitude of counsellors than to the subject of their counsel. Were this a fitting place, we could relate many instances of this sagacity, decision, and tact, as shown by men never known beyond their own country-side, which, if displayed in more public life, would have made their possessors take their place among our public great men.

Such men as old Reid of Peebles, Mel-

drum of Kincardine, Darling of Dunse, Johnston of Stirling, Clarkson (the original of Gideon Gray) and Anderson of Selkirk, Robert Stevenson of Gilmerton, Kirkwood of Auchterarder, and many as good—these were not likely to be the representatives of a class who are guilty of “assaults upon life,” “who are let loose upon some unhappy rural district, to send vigorous men and women to their graves,” who “in youth have been reckless and cruel, given to hanging sparrows and cats, and fit for no humane profession,” etc. etc. Now, is there either good sense, good feeling, or good breeding, in using these unmeasured terms against an entire class of men? Assuming—as from the subtlety and hairsplitting character of his arguments, and the sharpness and safety of his epithets, we are entitled to do—that “F. M.” belongs to another of the learned professions, we ask, What would he say if a “*Fuge Juridicos*” were to rise up, who considered that the true reading in Scripture should be, “The devil was a *lawyer* from the beginning,” asserting that all country lawyers in Scotland were curses to the community, that it would be well if the Lord Advocate “would try half a dozen every year,” for devouring widows’ houses and other local villanies; and, moreover, what would he think

of the brains and the modesty of an M.D. making an assault upon the legal profession on purely professional questions, and settling *ab extra*, and off-hand and for ever, matters which the wisest heads *ab intra* have left still in doubt? The cases are strictly parallel; and it is one of the worst signs of our times, this public intermeddling of everybody, from the *Times* down to "F. M.," with every science, profession, and trade. Sydney Smith might now say of the public, what he said of the Master of Trinity, "Science is his *forte*, omniscience is his *foible*." Every profession, and every man in it, knows something more and better than any non-professional man can, and it is the part of a wise man to stick to his trade. He is more likely to excel in it, and to honour and wonder at the skill of others. For it is a beautiful law of our nature that we must wonder at everything which we see well done, and yet do not know how it is done, or at any rate know we could not do it. Look at any art, at boot-closing, at a saddler at his work, at basket-making, at our women with their nimble and exact fingers—somebody is constantly doing something which everybody cannot do, and therefore everybody admires. We are afraid "F. M." does not know many things he could not do.

We repeat that our Gideon Grays are, as a class, worthy and intelligent, skilful and safe, doing much more good than evil.¹ They deserve well of, and live in the hearts of the people, and work day and night for less than anybody but themselves and their wives are likely ever to know, for they are most of them unknown to the Income-tax collectors. They are like the rest of us, we hope, soberer, better read, more enlightened, than they were fifty years ago; they study and trust Nature more, and conquer her by submission; they bleed and blister less, and are more up to the doctrine that prevention is the best of all cures. They have participated in the general acknowledgment among the community, thanks to the two Combes and others, and to the spirit of the age, of those divine laws of health which He who made us implanted in us, and the study and obedience of which is a fulfilling of His word. We can only hope that our clever and pancreatic friend "F. M.," if on his autumn holidays in Teviotdale or Lochaber, he has his shoulder or his lower jaw dislocated, or has a fit of colic or a hernia, or any of those ills which even his robust self is heir to, may have sense left him to send for Gideon Gray, and to trust him, and, making a slight alteration

¹ Note, page 452.

on his Hoffmannism, may be led to cry lustily out, in worse Latin and with better sense—“*Fuge pro Medico*”—Run for the Doctor!

As already said, all of us who have been much in the country know the hard life of its doctors—how much they do, and for how little they do it; but we dare say our readers are not prepared for the following account of their unremunerated labour among paupers:—

In 1846, a voluntary association of medical men was formed in Edinburgh, with the public-hearted Dr. Alison as chairman. Its object was to express their sympathy with their brethren in the remote country districts of Scotland, in regard to their unremunerated attendance on paupers, and to collect accurate information on this subject. The results of their benevolent exertions may be found in the Appendix to the First Report of the Board of Supervision. It is probably very little known beyond those officially concerned; we therefore give some of its astounding and lamentable revelations. The queries referred to the state and claims of the medical practitioners in the rural districts of Scotland, in relation to their attendance upon the permanent or occasional parochial poor. Out of 325 returns, 94 had received *some* remuneration for attendance and outlay. In one

of these instances, the remuneration *consisted of three shillings for twelve years' attendance on seventy constant, and thirteen occasional paupers*; a fine question in decimals—what would each visit come to? But worse remains. One man attended 400 paupers for eight years, and never received one farthing for his skill, his time, or his drugs. Another has the same story to tell of 350, some of them thirty miles off; he moderately calculates his direct loss, from these calls on his time and purse, at £70 a year. Out of 253 who report, 208 state that, besides attending for nothing, they had to give on occasions food, wine, and clothes, and had to pay tolls, &c. 136 of the returns contain a more or less definite estimate, in money value, of their unrequited labours; the sum-total given in by them amounts to *thirty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-seven pounds in ten years! being at the rate of £2.38 for each!* They seem to have calculated the amount of medical attendance, outlay, and drugs, for each pauper annually, at the very moderate average of four shillings.

Is there any other country on the face of the earth where such a state of matters can be found? Such active charity, such an amount of public good, is not likely to have been achieved by men whose lives were little else than the develop-

ment of a juvenile mania for hanging sparrows and cats. We believe we are below the mark when we say, that over head, the country doctors of Scotland do one-third of their work for nothing, and this in cases where the receiver of their attendance would scorn to leave his shoes or his church seats unpaid.

We are glad to see that "F. M." reads Sir William Hamilton. We doubt not he does more than read him, and we trust that he will imitate him in some things besides his energy, his learning, and his hardihood of thought. As to his and other wise men's pleasantries about doctors and their drugs, we all know what they mean, and what they are worth; they are the bitter-sweet joking human nature must have at those with whom it has close dealings—its priests, its lawyers, its doctors, its wives and husbands; the very existence of such expressions proves the opposite; it is one of the luxuries of disrespect. But in "F. M.'s" hands these ancient and harmless jokes are used as deadly solemnities upon which arguments are founded.

To part pleasantly with him, nevertheless, we give him three good old jokes:—The Visigoths abandoned an unsuccessful surgeon to the family of his deceased patient, "*ut quod de eo facere voluerint, habeant potestatem.*" Montaigne, who

is great upon doctors, used to beseech his friends, that if he felt ill they would let him *get a little stronger* before sending for the doctor! Louis the Fourteenth, who, of course, was a slave to his physicians, asked his friend Molière what he did with his doctor. "Oh, Sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes, we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes. I don't take it—and I am cured!"

We end with four quotations, which our strong-headed friend "F. M.," we are sure, will cordially relish:—

"In Juvenc Theologo conscientiæ detrimentum,
In Juvenc Legistâ burfæ decrementum,
In Juvenc Medico cæmeterii incrementum."

"To imagine Nature incapable to cure diseases, is blasphemy; because that would be imputing imperfection to the Deity, who has made a great provision for the preservation of animal life."—SYDENHAM.

"When I consider the degree of patience and attention that is required to follow Nature in her slow manner of proceeding, I am no longer surpris'd that men of lively parts should be always repeating, '*contraria adhibenda.*' But Hippocrates says:—'*Contraria paulatim adhibere oportet, et interquiescere. Periculosius censeo incidere in medicum, qui nesciat quiescere,*

quam qui nesciat contraria adhibere, nam qui nescit quiescere, nescit occasiones contraria adhibendi; quare nescit contraria adhibere. Qui nescit contraria adhibere, tamen, si prudens est, scit quiescere, atque si prodesse non potest, tamen non obest. Præstantissimus vero est medicus eruditus pariter ac prudens, qui novit festinare lente; pro ipsius morbi urgentia, auxiliis instare, atque in occasione uti maxime opportunis, alioque quiescere.’—GRANT ON FEVERS, page 311.

“Philosophi qui vitæ rationem doceant, vitiis eripiant — ærumnus, metus, angustias, anxietates, tristitias, impotentias expugnent tranquillitati, hilaritati *αὐταρκεία* vindicent.”—STAHL.

I don't know who “QUIS” was, but the Hudibrastics are vigorous:—

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

Luckless is he, whom hard fates urge on
 To practise as a country surgeon—
 To ride regardless of all weather,
 Through frost, and snow, and hail together—
 To smile and bow when sick and tired
 Consider'd as a servant hired.
 At every quarter of the compass,
 A surly patient makes a rumpus,
 Because he is not seen the first,
 (For each man thinks his case the worst).
 And oft at two points diametric,
 Called to a business obstetric.

There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who, at the aeme of her fever,
Calls him a savage if he leave her.
For days and nights in some lone cottage
Condemn'd to live on erufts and pottage,
To kiek his heels, and spin his brains,
Waiting, forsooth, for labour's pains ;
And that job over, happy he,
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Now comes the night, with toil opprest,
He seeks his bed in hope of rest ;
Vain hope, his slumbers are no more,
Loud sounds the knocker at the door,
A farmer's wife, at ten miles' distance,
Shouting, calls out for his assistance :
Fretting and fuming in the dark,
He in the tinder strikes a spark,
And, as he yawning heaves his breeches,
Envies his neighbour blest with riches.

QUIS.

Edin. Ann. Register, 1817.

NOTE.—P. 445.

I HAVE to thank his son, Dr. Henry Anderfon, who now reigns in his stead, for the following notes of an ordinary day's work of his father, whose sister was Mungo Park's wife. Selkirk is the "Middlemas" of Sir Walter.

"Dr. Anderfon practised in Selkirk for forty-five years, and never refused to go to any case, however poor, or however deep in his debt, and however far off. One wife in Selkirk said to her neighbours, as he passed up the street, 'There goes my honest doctor, that brought a' my ten bairns into the world, and ne'er got a rap for ane o' them.'

"His methodical habits, and perfect arrangement of his time, enabled him to overtake his very wide practice, and to forget no one. He rose generally at six every morning, often sooner, and saw his severe cases in the town early, thus enabling him to start for his long journeys; and he generally took a stage to breakfast of fifteen or twenty miles.

"One morning he left home at six o'clock, and after being three miles up the Yarrow, met a poor barefoot woman, who had walked from St. Mary's Loch to have two teeth extracted. Out of his pocket with his 'key' (she, of course, shouting 'Murder! murder! mercy!'); down sat the good woman; the teeth were out at once, and the doctor rode on his journey, to breakfast at Eldinhope, fourteen miles up, calling on all his patients in Yarrow as he rode along. After breakfast, by Dryhope, and along St. Mary's Loch, to the famed Tibby's, whose son was badly, up to the head of the Loch of the Lows, and over the high hills into Ettrick, and riding up the Tima to Dalgliegh, and back down the Ettrick, landed at 'Gideon's o' the Singlie' to dinner; and just when making a tumbler of toddy, a boy was brought into the kitchen, with a finger torn off in a thrashing-mill. The doctor left after another tumbler, and still making calls

about Ettrickbridge, &c., reached home about eight, after riding fifty miles; not to rest, however, for various messages await his return; all are visited, get medicines from him, for there were no laboratories in his days, then home to prepare all the various prescriptions for those he had seen during the long day. He had just finished this when off he was called to a midwifery case, far up Ale Water.

“To show how pointed to time he was, one day he had to go to Buccleugh, eighteen miles up the Ettrick, and having to ride down the moors by Ashkirk, and then to go on to St. Boswell’s to see old Raeburn, he wished a change of horse at Riddell—fixed one o’clock, and one of his sons met him at a point of the road at the very hour, though he had ridden forty miles through hills hardly passable.

“I have seen him return from the head of Yarrow half frozen, and not an hour in bed till he had to rise and ride back the same road, and all without a murmur.

“It was all on horseback in his day, as there was only one gig in the county; and his district extended west up the valleys of Ettrick and Yarrow above twenty miles; south in Ale Water seven to ten miles; the same distance east; and north about fourteen miles by Tweedside, and banks of the Gala and Caddon. His early rising enabled him also to get through his other work, for he made up all his books at that time, had accounts ready, wrote all his business letters, of which he had not a few.

“In coming home late in the night from his long journeys, he often slept on horseback for miles together. In fine, he was the hardest-worked man in the shire; always cheerful, and always ready to join in any cheerful and harmless amusement, as well as every good work; *but he killed himself by it, bringing on premature decay.*”

He was many years Provost of the Burgh, took his full share of business, was the personal adviser of his patients, and

had more curatorships than any one else in the county. What a pattern of active beneficence, bringing up three sons to his profession, giving his family a first-rate education, and never getting anything for the half of his everyday's work! We can fancy we see the handsome, swarthy, ruddy old man coming jogging (his normal pace) on his well-known mare down the Yarrow by Black Andro (a wooded hill), and past Foulshiels (Mungo Park's birthplace), after being all night up the glen with some "crying wife," and the cottagers at Glower-ower'im, blessing him as he passed *found asleep*, or possibly wakening him out of his dreams, to come up and "lance" the bairn's eye-tooth.

Think of a man like this—a valuable, an invaluable public servant, the king of health in his own region—having to start in a winter's night "on-ding o' fnow" for the head of Ettrick, to preside over a primiparous herd's wife, at the back of Boodbeck, who was as normal and independent as her cows, or her husband's two score of cheviots; to have to put his faithful and well-bred mare (for he knew the value of blood) into the byre, the door of which was secured by an old harrow, or possibly in the course of the obstetric transaction by a snow-drift; to have to sit idle amid the discomforts of a shepherd's hut for hours, no books, except perhaps a ten-year-old *Belfast Almanac*, or the *Fourfold State* (an admirable book), or a volume of ballads, all of which he knew by heart,—when all that was needed, was "Mrs. Jaup," or indeed any neighbour wife, or her mother. True, our doctor made the best of it, heard all the clavers of the country, took an interest in all their interests, and was so much at home by the side of the ingle, with its bit of "lich" or cannel coal, as he would be next day at Bowhill with the Duches. But what a waste of time, of health! what a waste of an admirable man! and, then, with impatient young men, what an inlet to mischievous interference, to fatal cur-tailing of attendance!

DR. ANDREW BROWN AND
SYDENHAM.

“ Physick of its own nature has no more uncertainty or conjecturalness than these other noble professions of War, Law, Politicks, Navigation, in all which the event can be no more predicted or ascertained than in Physick, and all that the Artist is accomptable for is the rational and prudent conduct that nothing be overdone or undone.”—Epilogue to the Five Papers lately passed betwixt the two Physicians, Dr. O. and Dr. E., containing some remarks pleasant and profitable concerning the usefulness of VOMITING and PURGING in FEVERS, by ANDREW BROWN, M.D.

DR. ANDREW BROWN AND
SYDENHAM.

A HUNDRED and ninety years ago, Dr. Andrew Brown, the laird of Dolphinton, was a well-known and indeed famous man in Edinburgh, and not unknown in London and the general medical world. Who now has ever heard of him? *sic transit*. To us in Edinburgh he is chiefly memorable as having been the ancestor of Dr. Richard Mackenzie, who perished so nobly and lamentably in the Crimea; and whose is one of the many graves which draw our hearts to that bleak field of glory and havoc. We who were his fellows, are not likely to see again embodied so much manly beauty, so much devotion to duty, so much zeal, honour, and affection.

But to the profession in Scotland, his great great grandfather ought to be better known than he is, for he was the first to introduce here the doctrines of Sydenham, and to recommend the use of antimonial emetics in the first stage of

fever. This he did in a little book, called "A Vindictory Schedule concerning the new cure of Fevers, containing a disquisition, theoretical and practical of the new and most effectual method of cureing continual fevers, first invented and delivered by the sagacious Dr. Thomas Sydenham."—Edin. 1691.

This book, and its author's energetic advocacy of its principles by his other writings and by his practice, gave rise to a fierce controversy, and in the library of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, there is a stout shabby little volume of pamphlets, on both sides—"Replies," and "Short Answers," and "Refutations," and "Surveys," and "Looking-Glasses," "Defences," "Letters," "Epilogues," &c., lively and furious once, but now resting together as quietly as their authors are in the Old Greyfriars church-yard, having long ceased from troubling. There is much curious, rude, vigorous, hard-headed, bad-Englified stuff in them, with their wretched paper and print, and general ugliness; much also to make us thankful that we are in our own *now*, not their *then*. Such tearing away with strenuous logic and good learning, at mere clouds and shadows, with occasional lucid intervals of sense, observation, and wit, tending too frequently to *wut*.

Brown was a Whig, and a friend of Andrew Fletcher and King William; and in his little book on "The Character of the True Publick Spirit," besides much honest good sense and advanced politics, there is a clever and edifying parallel drawn between the diseases of the body politic, and those of the body natural, and also an amusing classification of doctors;¹ but for all this, and much more excellent matter, I have no space here. Dr. Brown thus describes his going up to London to visit Sydenham, and see his practice.

"But in the year 1687, perusing the first edition of his *Schedula Monitoria* where he delivers, as confirmed by manifold experience, not only a new, but a quite contrarie method to the common, of curing Continual Fevers: I did long hesitate, thinking that either he, or all other Physicians were grossly deceived about the cure of Fevers; if not, as their patients use to be, they were in an high delirium; and lest the pre-conceived opinion that I had of the man's ingenuity should so far impose upon my credulity, as to draw me into an error likewise with him, and make me to experiment that method, when I knew not but I might run the hazard to sacrifice some to my temerity, nothing could settle

¹ Note, page 469.

my tossed thoughts below the sight and knowledge of the thing itself.

“ Presently, therefore, hastening to London, and having met with the man, and exposed the occasion of my coming, I found all these tokens concerning him and his practice, that use to beget unwary persons and prudent people making serious inquiry, trust, and knowledge. Then *after some months spent in this society*, returning home as much overjoyed as I had gotten a treasure, I presently set myself to that practice: which has proved so successful to me, that since that time, of the many fevers that I have treated, none were unoured, except my Lord Creighton, whose case is related here; and another woman, whose dangerous circumstances made her condition hopeless.”

There is a well-known story of Sydenham, which goes by the name of “ The Lettsom Anecdote.” Dr. Latham says it was communicated by Dr. Lettsom to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of August 1801, and was copied by him from the fly leaf of a copy of the *Methodus curandi febris*, which had been in the possession of Dr. Sherfon's family for fifty years. He then quotes the story. I was much surprised and pleased to find the original in Dr. Brown's Vindictory Schedule; it differs in some respects

from the second-hand one, and no one after reading it can have any doubts that Sydenham bore arms for the Commonwealth.

Dolphinton (as he was called by his townsmen) writes as follows:—

“ Neither can it go well away with good men to think, that this great man, so oft by strange and special Providences pluckt out of the very jawes of death, has been preserved for an imposture, so dismale to mankind: Tho’ I cannot stay to reckon all the dangers among the calamities of the late civil warrs (where he was an actor), that passed with great difficulty over his head, as his being left in the field among the dead, and many other dangers he met with: yet there is one that representing rather a miracle than a common providence, cannot be passed over, *which, as I had from his own mouth*, is thus, at the same time of these civil warrs, where he discharged the office of a captain, he being in his lodging at London, and going to bed at night, with his cloaths loosed, a mad drunk fellow, a souldier likewise in the same lodging, entering the room, with one hand griping him by the breast of his shirt, with the other discharged a loaden pistol in his bosome, yet, O strange! without any hurt to him, most wonderfully indeed, by such a narrow sheild as the

edge of the souldier's hand, was his breast defended; for the admirable providence of God placed and fixed the tottering hand that gripped the shirt into that place and posture, that the edge thereof and all the bones of the metacarpe that make up the breadth of the hand, were situate in a right line betwixt the mouth of the pistol and his breast, and so the bullet discharged neither declining to the one side nor to the other, but keeping its way thorow all these bones, in crushing them lost its force and fell at his feet. O! wonderful situation of the hand, and more wonderful course of the bullet! by any industry or art never again imitable! And moreover within a few days the souldier, taken with a fever arising from so dangerous and complicat a wound, died; surely Providence does not bring furth so stupendous miracles, but for some great and equivalent end."

We may take the Doctor's facts without homologating his conclusions. There is nothing here indicating on what side Sydenham served, but all the probabilities from family connexion, from his own incidental expressions and other circumstances, and his having to flee from Oxford, the head-quarters of the Royalists, &c., go to make it more than likely that he was what his laborious, ineffectual, and latest biographer calls, in his unwieldy phrase, a "Parliamentarian."

This passage is followed by a remarkable statement by Dr. Brown, as to the persecution of Sydenham by his brethren. This is peculiarly valuable as coming from one personally acquainted with the great physician, having heard these things "from his own mouth," and being published two years after his death. Dr. Latham cannot now have any doubt as to the envy and uncharitableness of the profession, and the endeavour of his "collegiate brethren" to banish him out of "that illustrious society," for "medicinal heresy." I give the entire passage, as I have never before seen it noticed.

"And further can it be thought that this great man, who in all the course of his life, gave so full evidence of an ingenuous, generous, and perspicacious spirit, would or could die an impostor and murderer of mankind (which imputation to deserve, he frequently professed, would be more heavy to him, than any punishment could be) for he it was, despising the blandishments of the world, popular applause, riches, and honour, yea his own health wasted with intense and assiduous meditations and thoughtfulness, that liberally sacrificed them all for the publick good: In so far, that after he had long weighed and expended the common and received methods of curing most diseases and therefore

had forsaken and relinquished them as vain and improper, and after his intimate search into the bowels of nature he had discovered others more aposite and powerful ; He thereby only gained the sad and unjust recompence of calumny and ignominy ; and that from the emulation of some of his collegiate brethren, and others, whose indignation at length did culminat to that hight, that they endeavored to banish him, as guilty of medicinal heresie, out of that illustrious society ; and by the whisperings of others he was baulked the imployment in the Royal Family, where before that he was called among the first physicians.”

He then names those who had publicly given in their adhesion to the new doctrines—Dr. Goodal, Dr. Brady, Dr. Paman, Dr. Cole, Dr. Ettmuller of Leipzig, Dr. Doleus, physician to the Landgrave of Hesse, Dr. Spon of Lyons, Dr. Michelthwait of London, Dr. Morton, and Dr. Harris ; all these before 1691.

Amid the dreary unreadable rubbish in this old bundle, there is a most characteristic onslaught by the famous Dr. George Cheyne upon Dr. Oliphant, Dolphinton's friend and defender ; it is his pugilistic, honest, reckless style, and is valuable for the testimony he—(at this time) a free thinker in religion, and a mathematical

and mechanical physician (he is defending Dr. Pitcairn)—gives to the strictly Divine origin of animal species. “All animals, of what kind soever, were originally and actually created at once by the hand of Almighty God, it being impossible to account for their production by any laws of mechanism; and that every individual animal has *in minimis*, actually included in its loins all those who shall descend from it, and every one of these again have all their offspring lodged in their loins, and so on *ad infinitum*; and that all these infinite numbers of animalcules may be lodged in the bigness of a pin’s head.” Our own Owen would relish this intrepid and robust old speculator. But the jewel of this old book is a letter from a physician at London, appended to Dr. Oliphant’s answer to the pretended refutation of his defence. I am sure my readers will agree with the Doctor, that it is “neither impertinent nor tedious,” and that it must have been written “by one whose wit and good humour are equal to his learning and ingenuity.”

There was one man in London, a young Scotch physician, who could have written this, and we may say, *Aut Arbuthnot, aut quis?* All the chances are in favour of its being that famous wit and admirable man, of whom Pope says,

“Swift said ‘he could do everything but walk;’” and Pope himself thinks he was “as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He had shortly before this gone up to London from Aberdeen, and had published in 1697, his Examination of Dr. Woodward’s Account of the Deluge.

“DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the present of your small Treatise about Vomiting in Fevers, but at the same time I approve of your reasons, you must give me leave to condemn your conduct: I know you begin to storm at this; but have a little patience. There was a physician of this town, perhaps the most famous in his time, being called to his patient, complaining (it may be) of an oppression at his stomach; he would very safely and cautiously order him a gentle decoction of *carduus*, sometimes hot water; I don’t know but he would allow now and then fat mutton broth too. The patient was vomited, and the doctor could justify himself that he had not omitted that necessary evacuation; this was his constant practice. Being chid by his colleagues, who well knew he neglected antimony, not out of ignorance or fear, he would roguishly tell them, ‘Come, come, gentlemen, that might cure my patient, but it would kill the distemper,

and I should have less money in my pocket. A pretty business indeed, a rich citizen overgorges himself, which by management may be improved into a good substantial fever, worth at least twenty guineas; and you would have me nip the plant in the bud, have a guinea for my pains, and lose the reputation of a safe practitioner to boot.' The gentleman had reason, all trades must live. Alas! our people here are grown too quick-sighted, they will have antimonial vomits, and a physician dares not omit them, tho' it is many a good fee out of his pocket. Join, I say, with these wise gentlemen; they wish well to the Faculty; procure an order of the Colledge, and banish antimony the city of Edinburgh, and the liberties thereof. 'Tis a barbarous thing in these hard times to strangle an infant distemper; they ought no more to be murdered than young cattle in Lent. Let it be as great a crime to kill a fever with an antimonial vomit, as to fish in spawning time. The Dutch physicians are like the rest of their nation, wise; they banish that heathenish Jesuitical drug that would quickly reduce their practice to a narrow compass in the hopefulest distemper of the country. These rogues that dream of nothing but specifics and panaceas, I would have them all hang'd, not so much for the folly of

the attempt, as the malice of their intention; rascals, to starve so many worthy gentlemen, that perhaps know no otherwise to get their livelihood. Will the glassiers ever puzzle themselves to make glass malleable, would the knitters ever so much as have dreamed of a stocking-loom, or the young writers petition'd to have informations printed; all those are wise in their generation, and must the physicians be the only fools?

“ We all know here there is no danger in antimonial vomits, but this is *inter nos*; you must not tell your patient so, let him believe as I said before, that antimonial vomits are dangerous, deleterial, break the fibres of the stomach, &c., and that you cannot safely give them. So shall you be stiled a cautious safe physician, one that won't spoil the curl of a man's hair to pull him out of a river. We have some dangerous dogs here, that in a quinsy, when a man is ready to be chock'd, will blood him forty ounces at once; is not this extremely hazardous? They cut off limbs, cut for the stone; is this safe? I tell you the reputation of a wary safe physician is worth all the parts of his character besides. Now I hope you will allow I have reason for what I said.

“ I have seen the *Melius Inquirendum*, and

am too well acquainted with the stile and spelling, not to know that it is Dr. Eyzat's; but here I must be with you again, how come you to write against one that says two drams of emetick wine is a sufficient dose for a man. Suffer not such things to come abroad; they will imagine you are not got so far as the circulation of the blood in Scotland; write seriously against such people. Fy upon't, I will never allow them to be above the dispensation of ballads and doggrel, &c.—I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

“LONDON, August 23, 1699.”

Nothing can be finer than the edge of this, nothing pleasanter than its pleasantry; that about murdering young cattle in Lent, and the “curll,” is Charles Lamb all over; we know no one now-a-days who could write thus, unless it be the author of *Esmond*.

NOTE.—P. 459.

CLASSIFICATIONS OF DOCTORS.

1. Those who drive the trade of *bon companionrie* and good fellowship. 2. The high-flown bigots in religion or State. 3. Hangers-on of great families, “as having been domesticks!” 4. Those of “a gentile meen.” Here is Dr.

Beddoes' more elaborate *Iatrologia*, or Linnæan method of physicians, like Baron Born's of the monks.

1. The philanthropic Doctor, having two varieties, α and β , the shy and the renegado. 2. The bullying D., with Radcliffe at their head. 3. The Bacchanalian D. 4. The solemn D. 5. The club-hunting D. 6. The Burr D., *centaurea calcitrapa*. 7. The wheedling D., with the variety of the Adonis wheedling D. 8. The case-coining D. 9. The good-fort-of-man D., with variety, and the gossiping good-fort-of-man D., who "fetches and carries scandal." 10. The sectarian D. variety, α the inspired sectarian D.

Beddoes concludes this Decade of Doctors, with *notandum est in toto hoc genere naturam mirabiles edere lusus*. This is applicable to all the species, there being mules and hybrids, and occasionally monsters magnificent and dreadful, like Paracelsus.

Hartley Coleridge in his pleasant Life of Fothergill, after alluding to this Iatrology, has the following on the exoteric qualifications of a doctor:—

"Of these exoteric qualifications, some are outward and visible; as a good gentlemanly person, *not alarmingly handsome* (for the Adonis Doctor, though he has a fair opening to a wealthy marriage, seldom greatly prospers in the way of business), with an address to suit—that is to say, a genteel self-possession and subdued politeness, *not of the very last polish*—a slow, low, and regular tone of voice (here Dr. Fothergill's Quaker habits must have been an excellent preparative), and such an even flow of spirits as neither to be dejected by the sight of pain and the weight of responsibility, nor to offend the anxious and the suffering by an unsympathetic hilarity. The dress should be neat, *and rather above than below par in costliness*.

"In fine, the young physician should carry a something of his profession in his outward man, but yet so that nobody should be able to say what it was."

FREE COMPETITION IN MEDICINE.

“ That doctors are sometimes fools as well as other people, is not, in the present times, one of those profound secrets which is known only to the learned ; it very seldom happens that a man trusts his health to another, merely because that other is an M.D. The person so trusted has almost always either some knowledge, or some craft, which would procure him nearly the same trust, though he was not decorated with any such title ! Adieu ! my dear doctor ; I am afraid I shall get my lug (ear) in my lufe (hand), as we say, for what I have written.”—
ADAM SMITH to DR. CULLEN, September 20, 1774.

FREE COMPETITION IN MEDICINE.

I HAVE long thought that it was nonsense and worse, the avowed and universal exception of the craft of healing from the action of Adam Smith's law of free competition, introducing legislative enactment and *license* into the public relations of medicine, thus constituting a virtual monopoly. I may be permitted to express this in an extract from a Review of Professor Syme and Dr. Burt's Letters to Lord Palmerston, on Medical Reform.¹

“ And now for a closing word for ourselves. Mr. Syme's scheme is, as we have fully stated, the best, the simplest, and the least objectionable, *if* it be wise and necessary for the State to do anything in the matter. There is much in this *if*; and after consideration of this difficult and little understood subject, we are inclined to hold, that Adam Smith's law of free competition

¹ *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, December 1857.

is absolute, and applies to the doctors of the community as well as to its shoemakers. In a letter to Dr. Cullen, published for the first time by Dr. John Thomson, in his life of that great physician, written before the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, he, with excellent humour, argument, and sense, asserts that human nature may be allowed safely, and with advantage, to choose its own doctor, as it does its own wife or tailor. We recommend this sagacious letter to the serious attention of all concerned. We give some specimens; its date is 1774: ‘When a man has learned his lesson well, it surely can be of little importance where, or from whom he has learnt it. . . . In the Medical College of Edinburgh, in particular, the salaries of the professors are insignificant, and their monopoly of degrees is broken in upon by all other universities, foreign and domestic. I require no other explication of its present acknowledged superiority over every other society of the same kind in Europe. . . . A degree can pretend to give security for nothing but the science of the graduate, and even for that it can give but very slender security. *For his good sense and discretion*, qualities not discoverable by an academical examination, it can give no security at all. . . . Had the Universities of Oxford and Cam-

bridge been able to maintain themselves in the exclusive privilege of graduating all the doctors who could practise in England, the price of feeling a pulse might have by this time risen from two and three guineas' (would that 'Time would run back and fetch that age of gold!') 'the price which it has now happily arrived at, to double or triple that sum. . . . The great success of quackery in England has been altogether owing *to the real quackery of the regular physicians*. Our regular physicians in Scotland have little quackery, and no quack, accordingly, has ever made his fortune among us.'

“ Dr. Thomson did not find in Dr. Cullen's papers any direct reply to the arguments of his friend; but in a Latin discourse pronounced two years afterwards, at the graduation, he took occasion to state in what respects the principles of free competition, though applicable to mechanical trades, do, in his opinion, not extend to the exercise of the profession of medicine. His argument is conducted temperately, and by no means confidently. He remarks, with sagacity and candour, 'that there are some who doubt whether it is for the interest of society, or in any way proper, to make laws or regulations for preventing unskilled or uneducated persons from engaging in the practice of medicine; *and it is very*

obvious, that neither in this nor in most other countries are effectual measures adopted for this purpose.' His argument is the common, and we think unfound one, that mankind can judge of its carpenter, but not of its doctor; and that in the one case, life is at stake, and not in the other, a fallacy easily exposed—a floor may fall in and kill dozens, from bad joinery, as well as a man die from *mala praxis*. We believe that the same common sense regulates, or at least may regulate, the choice of your family doctor, as it does the choice of your architect, engineer, or teacher.

“ If a man choose his architect or engineer from his own personal knowledge of their respective arts and sciences, he must either choose himself, and forget his stair, or make very sure of choosing the wrong man; in this, as in so many things, we depend on testimony and general evidence of capacity and worth.

“ In a word, our petition to Parliament is, Make a clean sweep; remove every legislative enactment regarding the practice of medicine; leave it as free, as unprotected, as unlicensed, as baking or knife-grinding; let our Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Faculties, and Worshipful Companies, make what terms they like for those who choose to enter them; let the Horse Guards, let the Customs, let the Poor Law Boards, let

the Cunard Company, demand and exact any qualification they choose for the medical men they employ and pay, just as Lord Breadalbane may, if he like, require red hair and Swedenborgism, in his Lordship's surgeon to his slate quarries at Easdale. Give the principle its full swing, and, by so doing, be assured we would lose some of our worst Quacks; but we would not lose our Alifons, our Symes, our Christifons, Begbies, and Kilgours, or our Brodies, Lathams, Brights, Watfons, and Clarks; and we would, we are persuaded, have more of the rough-and-readies, as Dr. Burt calls them. Gideon Gray would have an easier mind, and more to feed himself and his horse on, and his life would be more largely insured for his wife and children. And if from the corporate bodies, who are trying to live after they are dead, the ancient cry of compensation rises up wild and shrill, give the *Belisarii* their pence, and let them be contemptible and content."

But let there be no interference, under the name of qualification or license, with free trade in medical knowledge and skill. There is in the body politic, as in the body natural, a self-regulating power to which we ought to take heed, and trust its instincts, and not our own contrivances. This holds in religion, in public morals, in

education; and we will never prosper as we might till we take the advice Henry Taylor relates that an old lady of rank gave to her anxious daughter-in-law, when asked by her what she would advise as to the education of children: "I would advise, my dear, a little wholesome neglect."

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